

Still Casting Shadows

A Shared Mosaic of U.S. History

VOLUME I: 1620-1913



B. Clay Shannon

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to:

- ◆ Debra May "Girlie" Shannon
- ◆ "The folks of the Hydesville area" in 1891, especially Mr. Godfrey
—and—
- ◆ The Winners of the Gold

My Family Arboretum (Shadowcasters)

Cowboys and Indians, Yankees and Europeans

Decorate my family Arboretum

Redwood loggers and Arkansawyers

Course through my Blood

Veins of California Cougar, Marbling

A Streak of Missouri Mule Showing

Ozark Hillbillies and Sodbusters

A Backwoodsman named for a Trustbuster

Passengers on the Mayflower, a New England Sailor

A Civil War Sharpshooter, and a Vietnam Paratrooper

Have all Left an Imprint, and Cast a Shadow Still

-- B. Clay Shannon

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PREFACE

"Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards." -- Søren Kierkegaard

My original hope in writing this account was for it to eventually contain enough information to fill a thin volume. This I would present to my parents on their 50th wedding anniversary in late summer 2006. The compilation was to include as much family information as I could gather, and a little general history to put the lives of our families' ancestors in historical context, so as to better picture them in the milieu in which they lived.

This collection of family and national stories and events, though, quickly took on the proverbial "life of its own." From the expected thin volume, it has expanded to the point where it had to be split into two volumes: Volume I covers 1620-1913, and Volume II covers 1914 to 2006. Although still intended primarily as a 50th anniversary present to my parents, the history it contains has grown not only in sheer size (word count), but also in terms of its "specifics-to-generalities" ratio--that is to say, its volume of purely historical information as compared to family-specific data.

Although certainly not a comprehensive history of the United States (it contains only a brief mention, if any at all, of many important events, such as Bacon's Rebellion; Washington crossing the Delaware and subsequent revolutionary happenings at Trenton, Princeton, etc.; the massacres at Mountain Meadows, Fort Pillow, and My Lai; the building of the Erie Canal; the Gadsden Purchase; various NASA feats; the murder of John Lennon; and several other significant pieces of the American experience montage), this tome has expanded to the point where it can be considered a fairly complete outline of U.S. cultural and social history. This stands in contrast to predominantly political history, which is the perspective of events emphasized in most schools.

I have intended to present a more balanced history than one can normally find encased between two covers. The balance of presentation for which I strove is that between the "important" people (the nationally famous) and the "common man." My intention was also for balance in its coverage of the races. Instead of focusing on political leaders and white people almost exclusively, much about the common people and their experience--not just white, but also black and red--is also included.

Other peoples are given their due, too, but the two minorities specifically mentioned (African-Americans and native Americans) seem to me to be the most important "other" races to examine. I say that because in the former case, they were brought here against their will by the whites, and in the latter case, they were displaced from their ancestral homes when the whites arrived, thrived, and expanded ever westward. Both groups have also profoundly affected and influenced (and have been profoundly affected and influenced by) "white" America's history.

Morgan Freeman recently said, "Black history is American history!" The same could be said about Native Americans. In fact, that very designation (Native American) should be enough to make a claim of their being an intrinsic part of the region's history unassailable. Vine Deloria, Jr., may have said something like "Indian history is American history!" If not, he certainly could have with credibility.

Such information is indeed available elsewhere, but normally you have to read books specifically and exclusively targeted to Indian and African-American audiences, or for use in studies of these groups, to get such. So this book before you is a conglomeration, an amalgamation, of U.S. history in the rough and in the brief.

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Because the book sprang from a desire to paint a family picture with words, and because my parents were intended to be the chief audience, *their* parents feature mightily in the book (their fathers grace the cover: Theodore Roosevelt Shannon on the left, with his mother, and Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn on the right). Yet this book is by no means a dual biography of these two men. In fact, much about them remains shrouded in conjecture and even a bit of mystery. The culpability for some of the “known unknowns” can be placed at my feet.

I am not normally a procrastinator. Regarding my plans to tape record a series of interviews with Albert Kollenborn about his life, however, I uncharacteristically postponed it until it was too late. The time came when his voice was no longer there to be heard, his expressive features stilled, no longer animated as they had been when he had regaled me with tales of his rough-and-tumble youth.

I’ve hung new calendars on the wall upwards of twenty times since Albert died in 1984. For many years, he lived less than a mile from me. I’ve often regretted my foot-dragging on that project. Questions are left unanswered. Stories that may have been practically epic in their proportions now appear, at times, as mere sketches and speculations.

To be specific, I would love to be able to query Albert regarding the following questions that arose while researching the material for this book:

- ◆ Why did his family relocate from Missouri to Oklahoma in the late 1920s--was it in response to the great flood of 1927 (they were living along the Missouri River)?
- ◆ Did the family ever consider moving to California in the “Dirty ‘30s,” that is to say, during the Dust Bowl/Great Depression?
- ◆ What were the details about his throwing the strong man out of the ring at the circus?
- ◆ For how long, and where, had he been a bootlegger?
- ◆ Where and when was it that he (deliberately) ran a locomotive through a house that was being transported across the railroad tracks (“Only stop for sheep. Don’t stop for cows or *anything* else” he had been instructed)?

I’ve found the answer to many questions, including many I didn’t know I had before delving more deeply into Albert’s life. Still, many answers remain elusive, and I can only speculate on their answer.

The same thing can be said about Theodore Roosevelt Shannon. Due to my failure to research their lives when it would have been most convenient to do so--when I could have gotten information directly from the sources themselves--remedial efforts have been required to reconstruct (or “reverse-engineer,” so to speak), the lives of Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn and Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

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In spite of our best intentions, we who have only vicariously experienced periods of time can never really make them our own. We should not delude ourselves into thinking we truly understand those bygone eras, or those who inhabited them, or what life was *really* like for them, or how they felt about the times, their surroundings, or themselves. As Kevin Starr wrote in *Americans and the California Dream, 1850-1915*: "...the past (even the recent past) has a way of reserving its most precious meaning to itself."

I do not presume to intimately know the times, their "feel" and milieu, and certainly not how Albert and Theodore thought and felt, and why they made all the decisions they did. Your guess may be as good as mine; in fact, it may be better, especially if you lived in the same times and places that they did.

Neither Theodore Shannon nor Albert Kollenborn were famous. For just that reason, this book would not interest many book publishing agents. One agent in fact flatly confessed that he didn't want biographies about people who "never did anything." Of course, everybody does *something*, but it was plain what he meant: *If you're not famous for participating in or initiating some earthshaking event, I find your story insignificant and your life worthy of nothing but a curt dismissal.* Pardon my hyperbole, but you must admit that that really is the essence of the matter.

I would like to suggest, though, that the lives of Theodore and Albert, as well as those of so many like them, were productive and are worthwhile to recount. After all, it was men like them who toted the barges, lifted the bales, put hammer to nails, their backs to the plow, and vigorously circulated the grease of their elbows—which is more than can be said of many who supposedly "did something."

Moreover, isn't it true that the famous, by definition, are exceptional and extraordinary? As such, they are not representative of the average person. Studying the lives of the "rich and famous," the powerful and influential, does not often tell us much about what life was like for the majority of people — the so-called "common" men and women of any particular time period. The elite, the "beautiful people," and those in the "ivory towers" often lead lives shockingly isolated and insulated from the day-to-day realities of the masses. As an example of this, recall the first President George Bush's reaction to seeing bar-code scanners in a supermarket, years after they had become old hat to practically everyone else in America. As John Dewey wrote in his 1927 book *The Public and Its Problems*, "A class of [political] experts is inevitably so removed from common interests as to become a class with private interests and private knowledge, which in social matters is not knowledge at all."

Yes, to a certain extent, *STILL CASTING SHADOWS: A Shared Mosaic of U.S. History* seems to be about the aforementioned Theodore Roosevelt Shannon (1902-1979) and Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn (1907-1984). In a broader sense, it *seems to be* about the entire extended Shannon and Kollenborn families from the early 1800s up to present times. Yet it is not just about those two families, but also their wives' families, the Greens and the Nelsons, and so on, spreading wider and deeper back into former generations and outward to more distantly related families--even back to some who arrived on the Mayflower in 1620. In its broadest scope, though, this book is a social history of what it was like for many, if not most, families who have lived in America.

Neither the Shannons, Kollenborns, nor the Greens, Nelsons, or other related families—with the exception, perhaps, of those who arrived on the Mayflower and some of the "fighting" Gorhams--would be considered "special" by any impartial observer. For the most part they were farmers, ranchers, loggers, mechanics, and the like. None of them

have sat on the board of a Fortune 500 company, become a renowned doctor, big-money lawyer, or silver-tongued clergyman; none has chaired a senate subcommittee, won a Big Jackpot Super Duper Lotto, had his life depicted on a “reality” television show, or been otherwise conspicuous for longer than the requisite fifteen minutes (if that).

This is not to say, though, that the lives of those explored in this book were bland and colorless. Among their members are: Mayflower passengers (as mentioned); soldiers who fought in the French and Indian Wars; a Wiyot (WEE-ot) Indian whose people were brutally massacred; a Civil War soldier who was injured during his service as a sharpshooter in the Union army, and who spent his last years pining for his lost love; a young girl who died saving her brother’s life; an engaged WWII veteran who died in a plane crash on the rocky shores of the northern California coast; and a paratrooper who was killed in a fierce battle waged in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam.

Besides the above-mentioned events, this book covers the high points of selected national events that would have caught the attention of the common man. The events discussed are almost exclusively U.S.-centric. An exception to this are the foreign wars in which the country engaged—and is still engaging. Even in these cases, though, what is emphasized is the impact these events had on Americans, and their experiences relative to these events.

Events covered are also heavily weighted towards the areas in which the main protagonists lived, specifically California (where the Shannons have lived since 1889) and the AMOK states (Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas) where Albert Kollenborn spent the first decades of his existence before finally “lighting out for the Territory” and moving to the “Far West” of Idaho, Oregon, and California.

William Shakespeare said: “There is a history in all men’s lives.” The history presented in *Still Casting Shadows* is, to a great extent, the history of many of its readers’ parents, grandparents, and so on further back to even earlier generations.

Can the way history is presented affect the lives of those to whom it is told? And if so, what are the reasons it is presented as it has been? Perhaps an inference can be drawn from the following statement made by Malcolm X: “As long as you are convinced you have never done anything, you can never do anything.”

Note: To avoid awkward and overly formal sounding verbiage, I usually avoid the more specific terms “Native American,” “United States,” and “African-American” in this book. Instead, I customarily use the corresponding terms in common usage, namely “Indian,” “America,” and “Black.” I realize that Native Americans were not from the East Indies (where it is claimed Columbus at first thought he landed), and that America actually includes everything from the top of Canada to the bottom of South America, and that people from Africa do not usually have truly black skin.

Additionally, I am aware that it was South America that was originally called “America,” named for Amerigo Vespucci. At the time, in fact, Vespucci, who had made many business trips to the region in the late 1400s and early 1500s, was a more famous traveler than was Columbus — and had a better sense of direction (In his *Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto*, Vine Deloria, Jr. wrote: “The absence of elephants apparently did not tip off the explorers that they weren’t in India.”). At the risk of appearing ignorant or chauvinistic, I am opting for the more concise/less awkward phrases. I mean no disrespect to anyone.

It may be worthy of note that I also often use the term “White” (as opposed to *Caucasian* or *European-American*, or even “people of a modicum of color”).

INTRODUCTION

“There’s nothing remarkable about it. All one has to do is hit the right keys at the right time and the instrument plays itself.” -- Johann Sebastian Bach

A family’s history is akin to the musical composition known as a fugue, wherein one instrument starts, then another chimes in, then another, and another. Instrumental voices continue to be added to the mix until several instruments are all simultaneously engaged in the performance of the piece. In the case of a family “fugue,” though, the “instruments” never cease being added—there is no end to the new musical voices. For every instrument that fades out, another is added to the ensemble.

The history of a family can also be likened to an improvised yet elaborate ballet. Only after the performance is over can the movements of the dancers be plotted, graphed, and analyzed. Again, though, the performance of a family’s ballet performance is never over--or at least each family hopes as much. Due to the ongoing nature of the drama, we must identify patterns, draw conclusions, and provide commentary, not with a sense of finality, but “on the fly” as it were, while the performance is ongoing.

For better or for worse, the extended Shannon / Kollenborn family has--so far--been involved in American history from the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth in 1620 to the defense of Little Round Top at Gettysburg in 1863 to a disastrous ambush in the jungles of Dak To Province, Vietnam in 1967 and on down to the challenges of contemporary living.

But is it even worthwhile to undertake such an endeavor as this book proposes to do--to examine the lives of “common folk” from a bygone era? Of what use is “history”—is it dead? Meaningless? Trivial? At this point I invite to the stage an assemblage of personages whose opinions on the matter should prove enlightening:

“To know nothing of what happened before you were born is to remain ever a child.” – Cicero

“A generation which ignores history has no past – and no future.” – Robert Heinlein

“The past is prologue.” – William Shakespeare

“The past is never dead. It’s not even past.” – William Faulkner

And as to the validity of writing the biographies of a group of “ordinary” people, these following quotes are telling:

“Social history is the study of ordinary people’s everyday lives. It is history from the bottom up instead of the top down, not focusing exclusively or primarily on the elite and famous. Social historians tend to identify something’s importance by how many people it affected more than by how singular it was. We even organize history differently: by trends rather than by just the actions of ‘great men’.” – from “Bringing Your Family History to Life through Social History” by Katherine Scott Sturdevant

“The subject of history is the life of peoples and of humanity.” – Leo Tolstoy

“It’s not the kings and generals that make history – but the masses, the people.” – Nelson Mandela

“In our society these days, there are stars and bit players. But the fact is that the bit players are the mass that makes the movement go.” – Alice McGrath, quoted in “Coming of Age – the Story of Our Country” by Studs Terkel

“There is no history; there is only biography” – Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ultimately still, regardless of how well-regarded the people quoted above are, whether I have wasted my time in assembling the stories in this tome is a judgment each reader will make for himself. For those who wish to press on, some background information regarding two of the chief protagonists of the book and the milieu into which they were born may prove worthy of consideration.

Both Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn were born early in the 20th Century: Theodore in rural northern California in 1902, Albert in rural northern Missouri five years later.

Theodore was a large man; although not exceedingly tall (he stood right around six feet), he was big and burly, or, as his family described him, he was “husky,” or “barrel-chested.”

Albert, on the other hand, was quite tall--well over six feet--and wiry of build. As a young man, Al’s nickname was “Slim.” Both men, although different of build, were physically strong. In his heyday, Theodore threw 100-lb. sacks of animal feed around like they were so many over-sized bags of cotton candy. Albert, to win the \$50 reward offered to the man who could last five minutes in the ring with the circus strong man, not only remained in the ring for the requisite period of time, but also lifted up the big galoot and tossed him over the ropes and onto the dirt ringside.

Theodore remained in California all his life. Albert lived in seven states, rambling and roaming around the AMOK states of his youth before removing to the Far Western states of Idaho, California, Oregon, and finally back to California for good.

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was well named as, like his namesake the President, he loved ranching and roaming the wilderness. Theodore went to work in the woods as a lumberjack immediately following his formal schooling (8th grade) and also eventually owned and worked his own ranch. “Pop,” as he was known to all, loved his home of Trinity County near the coast in northwestern California. In fact, Pop attributed his imposing size to the clean mountain air of that rugged, mountainous county. He may have had a point: genetics would not seem to account for his size--especially when his father is taken into account, who was a rather small man as regards his physique.

Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn acquired his middle name from his mother, Ruie Lee Elizabeth (Huddleston). He would pass this middle name on to the first of his three daughters (Rosie Lee Kollenborn) and *both* of his middle names, but in reverse order, to the last of his three sons (Benjamin Lee Kollenborn).

It has been written that one could say with veracity of any time period in history that it was an era of great upheaval and change. Although perhaps true, this is indubitably more so of the 1900s than of any other century. The Industrial Revolution reached full fruition, bringing automobiles, airplanes, radios, television, “talking pictures,” and then

merged with or morphed into the information age, bringing computers and the Internet. The transportation, communications, and weapons technologies that came from this technological age made possible two mechanized World Wars. Society was changing rapidly and drastically.

At the start of the 20th Century, the predominantly rural, agrarian society was becoming ever more urban and industrialized. The new frontier was not so much the woodlands and mountain ranges of the west, but machines, science, and technology. The telephone, the telegraph, mail delivery, railroads, X-rays, cars, phonographs, electric light, and indoor plumbing were all new or still relatively “newfangled.” Most Americans were dazzled by this onrush of inventions.

Despite all these advances, railroads, steamboats, and stagecoaches were still the primary forms of public transportation at the Turn of the Century--not everyone had immediate access to all of the new contraptions. Only the better-off urban dwellers had electricity at that time; it wasn't until 1940 that electrification came to farmers and other rural folk. Radios and refrigerators were inexpensive enough by the 1930s that most families had one. From 1907, the year of Albert's birth, to 1941, when his son Benjamin Lee was born, the percentage of electrified households in the U.S. grew tenfold, from 8% to 80%. This increase was even more dramatic when considering absolute numbers, as the population had increased greatly in the mean time (and there were, indeed, some “mean times” between 1907 and the 1940s, as will be shown).

A cross-country trip at the time (via train) took “only” six days; today, traveling by jet airplane, less than six hours are required to cover that distance. Prior to trains, though, a transcontinental trip was a six month ordeal (actually, at the time of the California gold rush, an average time to travel from the east coast to San Francisco was around five months, whether you went overland by stagecoach or “around the Horn,” by sea).

Although the miles of track had fallen from a peak of 193,000 to 149,000, the railroad was still the nation's largest employer in 1900 — farming remained the number one occupation, though. Already, four-fifths of the standing forests in the U.S. had been cut down.

The Turn of the Century was a time of “growing pains” mixed with wild exuberance for America, which was considered to be in its “adolescence.” The U.S. was like a big, raw boy full of robust energy and awkwardness. In his 1912 book “California, An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State” Arthur T. Johnson wrote along these lines: *“If no one really understands the American character—and I do not think they do—it is equally certain that the American himself does not. The truth is, to put it in a few words, the individual, like the nation, is only in the making. Still in the melting-pot of youth, it is too soon yet to make any safe conjecture as to what the people are, or will be.”*

Whether they or anyone else understood them, though, Americans were thriving. On the surface, at least, times were good. Prosperity had taken hold. Most Americans were living better in a material way than they ever had, or than anyone in all history had until then. And with a wondrous number of new inventions and enterprises sprouting everywhere, people felt exhilarated by the possibilities of, in, and for America. The current of American optimism ran powerfully. Hope and buoyancy described the Zeitgeist--for the U.S., everything seemed to be going right, as if it were a charmed nation.

Yes, the world, with America in the lead, seemed to be entering a golden age of progress and renewal. Newspapers and magazines were predicting marvelous things for

the next hundred years: great air-ships would fly across the seas, wireless telephones would span the globe, people would watch moving images in their own homes. Some even predicted that the 20th century would see an end to poverty and war. Almost anything and everything seemed possible, or even inevitable.

In its January 1st, 1901 issue, the Kansas newspaper *The Iola Register* wrote of the 1800s which had just passed:

What a magnificent century it has been! In all the history of the race not one to compare with it. In every art, in every science, in every line of thought and endeavor, in everything that goes to enrich and ennoble life and make it more worth the living, the progress of humanity has been, not by steps, but by leaps and bounds...Better five years of the 19th century than 500 years of another age.

Not all was cheeriness and light at the dawn of the new century, though. Possibly due to more children working in factories in concert with the industrial revolution reaching a crescendo, the literacy rate actually dropped for a time in the United States. Adult literacy was 10.7% at the Turn of the Century, down dramatically from 20% in 1870. Most farm children were literate, although they often only attended grade school (like the majority of those who lived in the rurals, neither Theodore nor Albert attended high school). Another factor influencing the drop in the literacy rate may have been the large number of immigrants flocking to the country—of which there were more than 500,000 in 1900 alone. These were not necessarily truly illiterate—they just didn’t read or write *English* “so good.” Many of them could read and write German, or Russian, or Swedish, Norwegian, French, Spanish, etc. just fine.

There were seventy-six million people in the United States in 1900. Only 1 ½ million of these called California home. This number represented less than 5% of the 35 million that would be living in California at the time of the 2000 census. World population was 1.6 billion (at the time of writing, in 2005, it is 6.3 billion, almost a fourfold increase).

America had cast aside its isolationist tendencies and had become a colonial power, expanding its territory. Following the Spanish War, and the war with the Philippines which followed, America acquired the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Porto Rico (as Puerto Rico was then known).

At the turn of the century, women were wearing corsets and garters, but that would change soon when the “Gibson Girl” look came into fashion. Skirts grew shorter to accommodate stepping into automobiles and trolley cars. High-buttoned shoes, large hats, and hair worn up were common styles favored by the “fairer” sex. And the percentage of women working for wages had doubled in just two decades, from 1880 to 1900.

The piano was the new status symbol at the beginning of the Turn of the Century. Every household “had” to have one. Of course, not all did, but it was a possession many aspired to at least be able to display, if not play.

As for leisure pursuits, many people spent much of their time at family get-togethers, playing baseball, socializing at picnics, and going on Sunday drives in either horse & carriage or by automobile. Evenings were spent singing and playing music. Song “pluggers” transported pianos on horse-drawn carriages, and played songs before crowds, selling sheet music at the end of their performance. Barbershop quartets gave performances Saturday evenings. The idea of playing sports professionally was just beginning to gain popularity.

Life expectancy at birth was 48 for men, and 51 for women. In the United States, one in seven newborns died. Today, the rate is 24 times better—only one in 167 die. This latter figure does not take into consideration those deliberately aborted, though.

The average working hours per week in the U.S. was 52; today it is around 38. The percentage of citizens who are farmers has dropped from 42% then to 3% now. The divorce ratio was 1:13. Now, every other marriage ends in divorce. The number of houses that had a telephone was also then one in thirteen. Today it sometimes seems as if that ratio has been reversed (13 telephones for each household)--at least when you include cell phones, pagers, and PDAs.

Contracts were being signed to begin construction of New York City's subway system. At the close of the year, the last horse-drawn trolley, in Boston, was replaced by an electric bus.

At Theodore's birth in 1902, and even at the time Albert was born in 1907, there were forty-five states in the Union. Later in Albert's birth year, though, Oklahoma became the 46th, being created out of a combining of Oklahoma Territory on the west and Indian Territory on the east. Originally, the entirety of both territories (comprising what is now part of Kansas, part of Arkansas, and all of Oklahoma) had been set aside for the Indians. They were told it would be theirs forever, and were guaranteed it would never become part of a U.S. State or Territory. The word "Oklahoma" even means "red people," as it is a concatenation of the Choctaw words for red ("okla") and people ("houma").

In 1912 the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico became states. Then almost half a century passed before Arkansas and Hawaii were made states 49 and 50.

As much as the world had changed and was still changing at the beginning of the 20th Century, it was soon to undergo an even greater change. In 1914, World War I (called "The Great War" prior to the century's second global military conflagration) broke out. Theodore and Albert were only twelve and seven years old, respectively, at the time. They were too young to be expected to engage in that bloody and world-changing conflict, but old enough, perhaps, to notice a fundamental change in the tone, or mood, of the world. Theodore and Albert were contemporaries of nature photographer Ansel Adams, who said: "I never went to war, too young for the First and too old for the Second. The great events of the world have been tragic pageants, not personal involvements."

It is scarcely possible to overemphasize the sea change that took place with that war, the impact that it had on the world and those in it. While it is true that more people were killed in World War II than in World War I (it is estimated that fourteen million were killed in the First World War, and fifty-five million in the Second), a more drastic shift occurred with the First. Lest any are unconvinced of that, let us turn our attention to a few notables of the day, and their take on the matter:

"I doubt whether most people nowadays realize how enormous and appalling a shock the Great War was – and was universally felt to be. With the possible exception of the Black Death, it was by far the greatest disaster which has ever befallen this country....As I grew older I came to realize that the world has not been the same place since that war. In what respect? In a word, a universal sense of insecurity. Before the Great War, British people for the most part trusted their leaders, were proud of their country and believed in progress. Not any more. The general notion that leaders (and experts) are not to be trusted on any account, and that catastrophe is ever at hand, goes back not to the atom*

bomb but to 1914-18. I absorbed it unconsciously as part of growing up." – from "The Day Gone By," Richard Adams' autobiography.

* By "this country," Adams meant England, but the same could doubtless be said of America.

"The plunge of civilization into this abyss of blood and darkness...is a thing that so gives away the whole long age during which we have supposed the world to be...gradually bettering." – Henry James

"Fifty years ago, when I was a boy, it seemed completely self-evident that the bad old days were over, that torture and massacre, slavery, and the persecution of heretics, were things of the past. Among people who wore top hats, traveled in trains, and took a bath every morning, such horrors were simply out of the question. After all, we were living in the 20th century. A few years later these people who took daily baths and went to church in top hats were committing atrocities on a scale undreamed of." – Aldous Huxley

"Many Americans like myself who were born in the late nineteenth century and brought up in the early twentieth, look upon the years prior to 1914 as a golden age of the Republic. In part, this feeling was due to our youth; in part to the fact that the great middle class could command goods and services that are now beyond their reach. But there was also a euphoria in the air, peace among the nations, and a feeling that justice and prosperity for all was attainable through good will and progressive legislation. Even pessimistic Henry Adams wrote in his "Education" that, owing to Roosevelt's successful efforts to end the Russo-Japanese War, 'for the first time in 1500 years a true Roman Pax was in sight'." – from "The Oxford History of the American People" volume 3 (1869-1963), by Samuel Eliot Morison

"World War I was the most colossal, murderous, mismanaged butchery that has ever taken place on earth." – Ernest Hemingway

"Civilization entered on a cruel and perhaps terminal illness in 1914." – Frank Peters, writing in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, January 27th, 1980

"In 1914 the world lost a coherence which it has not managed to recapture since... This has been a time of extraordinary disorder and violence, both across national frontiers and within them." -- The Economist

"The whole world really blew up about World War I and we still don't know why... Utopia was in sight. There was peace and prosperity. Then everything blew up. We've been in a state of suspended animation ever since." -- Dr. Walker Percy

"Thoughts and pictures come to my mind, ... thoughts from before the year 1914 when there was real peace, quiet and security on this earth, a time when we didn't know fear... Security and quiet have disappeared from the lives of men since 1914." -- Former U.N. General Secretary Konrad Adenauer

“Looking back from the vantage point of the present, we see that the outbreak of World War I ushered in a twentieth-century ‘Time of Troubles’... from which our civilization has by no means yet emerged. Directly or indirectly, all the convulsions of the last half century stem back to 1914: the two World Wars, the Bolshevik Revolution, the rise and fall of Hitler, the continuing turmoil in the Far and Near East, the power struggle between the Communist world and our own. More than 23,000,000 deaths can be traced to one or the other of these upheavals.” -- Arnold Toynbee

“The Great War of 1914-18 lies like a band of scorched earth dividing that time from ours. In wiping out so many lives which would have been operative on the years that followed, in destroying beliefs, changing ideas, and leaving incurable wounds of disillusion, it created a physical as well as psychological gulf between two epochs...” -- Barbara Tuchman

“If ever there was a year that marked the end of an era and the beginning of another, it was 1914. That year brought to an end the old world with its sense of security and began a modern age whose chief characteristic is insecurity on a daily basis.” – A.L. Rowse

“Ever since 1914, everybody conscious of trends in the world has been deeply troubled by what has seemed like a fated and pre-determined march toward ever greater disaster. Many serious people have come to feel that nothing can be done to avert the plunge towards ruin. They see the human race, like the hero of a Greek tragedy, driven on by angry gods and no longer the master of fate.” -- Bertrand Russell

“The credit of European civilization is gone. Over and over again people have said to me that it has been a shock and a surprise to them to see Europe relapse into barbarism. I had no reply—what else can you call the war? How can we, who have managed our own affairs so badly, claim to teach others to manage theirs better?” – Gertrude Bell

The final five quotes regarding World War I are all taken from “Grasping for the Wind – the Search for Meaning in the 20th Century” by John W. Whitehead:

“The splendor of the new age soon faded into the Frankenstein of 1914 and the worst war in history.”

“The lost fathers, brothers, and husbands left an unredeemable spiritual vacuum and a near total destruction of ideals, confidence, and goodwill.”

“The age of mass-produced, industrialized death was ushered in.”

“Simply put, WWI was the beginning of the Destruction of traditional western culture... no one could dream of the horrors of fully mechanized trench warfare.”

“The war irrevocably changed American culture by triggering the beginning of the manipulation of public opinion through an official media machine.”

The foregoing was the milieu into which Theodore and Albert entered soon after their births. Although rural life and farming were still the norm for a majority of Americans, the world was changing at a breakneck pace and was on the cusp of being irrevocably

altered to an even greater and unexpected extent. The pivotal year of 1914 was chosen as the cutoff point between the two volumes because the world fundamentally changed that year.

We are getting a little ahead of ourselves, though. We begin our traipse through time before the Great War/World War I, and even prior to the American Civil and Revolutionary Wars. Our starting point is 1620, with the arrival of the Mayflower on American shores. Among its passengers were the forebears of a family which features prominently in this tome.

Draw back the curtains, dim the lights, initiate the fugue, and let the ballet begin.

1620

Plymouth Rocks

*I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence
Two roads diverged in a wood
And I took the one less traveled by
And that has made all the difference*
-- from "Road Less Traveled" by Robert Frost

"If you come to a fork in the road, take it." – Yogi Berra

"I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land." – King James I of England

"Spit on your hands and take a fresh holt." – from "Lamb in His Bosom" by Caroline Miller

- ◆ Mayflower Voyage
- ◆ John Howland "Takes the Waters"
- ◆ Mayflower Compact
- ◆ "First Encounter" with Indians
- ◆ Establishment of Plymouth Colony

One year after twenty African slaves were brought to Jamestown, Virginia -- the first blacks to be forcibly settled in the North American British colonies (Spaniards had brought slaves from Africa to America in 1526)--a different sort of colony was begun north of there, in what is now part of Massachusetts. These newcomers were a different type of people, who came for a different purpose than those who had settled in Virginia. They had no slaves, although some of them brought along indentured servants. One of these servants was John Howland, who made the trip as a servant to John Carver.

John Howland, and the woman who would become his wife in 1623, Elizabeth Tilley, were among the 102 souls that sailed on the Mayflower. This number was comprised of forty Separatists, twenty-five crew members, thirty-six servants, and Myles Standish, a hired soldier. Elizabeth's parents, John and Joan (Hurst) Tilley, as well as Elizabeth's uncle Edgar Tilley, were also passengers. An eleventh-generation descendant of John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley would marry an Indian woman in northern California almost a quarter of a millennium later. Their great-granddaughter would marry into the Shannon family and further the Mayflower blood along that line.

Some of the Mayflower passengers belonged to a religious group known as "Saints of the Holy Discipline," or just "Saints" for short; the

others on board were referred to by them as “Strangers.” These “Saints” are also sometimes called “Puritans.” Although this is a common term to use for them today, that is not how they referred to themselves. These emigrants, who later gave themselves the sobriquet “Pilgrim,” referred to themselves at the time as “true gospellers” and “the godly.” In fact, those who called them Puritans did so with sarcastic intent. It was akin to designating them “holier than thou” or “self-righteous.” Technically, a “pilgrim” is anybody who embarks on a religious journey.

The most extreme subgroup of the so-called Puritans were the Separatists. The “orthodox” Puritans wanted to reform the Church of England from within; the Separatists, on the other hand--as their title suggests--broke all ties with the church. Those who traveled on the Mayflower were counted among this more radical faction.

The church Reformation had been given impetus by the German Martin Luther (1483-1546). In 1517, scarcely more than a century before the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth, Luther, who at the time was still a member of the fold) nailed his 95 complaints against the Catholic church to the church door in Wittenberg, Germany.

One of the many Protestant religions to be founded as an indirect result of that schism was the Church of England, to which the Shannons belonged – first in Ireland, and later in Canada. According to the lights of the Puritans and Separatists, though, the Church of England had not moved far enough away from Catholicism and its ritualism. Queen Elizabeth (1533-1603), who as the sovereign of the country was also the head of the church, saw Puritanism as a challenge to her authority. Beginning with King Henry VIII in 1531, who declared himself supreme head of the Church of England, the heads of state in England assumed these dual roles.

Attempting to reform the church from within was viewed as heresy by the leaders of the Church of England, and so the Puritans were *persona non grata* there. Before eventually leaving Europe altogether, the Puritans emigrated to the Netherlands, or Holland, as it is more commonly referred to in the United States. Holland, which was at the time enjoying its apex culturally, materially, and politically, prided itself on its open-mindedness and freedom of speech. The same year the Puritans arrived in Holland (1607), the first permanent English colony in America was being founded – the aforementioned one in Jamestown, Virginia.

Note, though, the qualifiers *permanent* and *English*. There had been prior settlements in America, but these had either proved temporary (such as the one on Roanoke Island, founded by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584 from which location the colonists had either mysteriously disappeared — as is usually asserted — or were absorbed into the nearby Croatoan Indian tribe), or had been established by other nations. By way of example, St. Augustine, Florida, had been founded by Spain back in 1565. In the late 1500s, Spanish Jews—seeking refuge from religious persecutors--settled in what is now New Mexico. To the north, France

had established a colony at Port Royal, Acadia (later known as Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia) in 1605, and one at Quebec in 1608. And the Dutch were already in present-day New York by 1614.

Trumping them all, apparently, was the Norwegian Leif Erikson (spelled “Ericsson” in Webster’s dictionary), who, along with his companions, landed on what he called “Vinland”—modern-day Newfoundland—in the year 1000. The Norse apparently remained in America for approximately 500 years—even longer than the English have so far, counting from 1607 until today.

More astounding yet is the following quote from James W. Loewen’s *Lies My Teacher Told Me: Everything Your American History Textbook Got Wrong*, where it is shown that travel between America and Europe began well before this, and indeed from the opposite direction:

Native Americans also crossed the Atlantic: anthropologists conjecture that Native Americans voyaged east millennia ago from Canada to Scandinavia or Scotland. Two Indians shipwrecked in Holland around 60 B.C. became major curiosities in Europe.

So travel between the two continents was nothing new. But the time was ripe, from Europe’s point of view, for taking up business in America in a concerted way. The invention of the printing press made for quick dissemination of information about the “new world,” and a growing enthusiasm for the commercial benefits of colonization played a role in the time being “right” for the following events to unfold.

The Puritans eventually left Holland. This departure was prompted partly out of fear of renewed warfare between Spain and Holland, and partly due to a sort of revivification of the Spanish Inquisition, from which religious non-conformists such as themselves were in danger. The Puritans felt that if they remained in Holland, they might end up facing even worse trials than they had in England.

And, in fact, what eventually became known as the 30 Years War had begun in 1618 in Europe. Opponents in that conflict were a coalition of Catholic nations on the one hand vs. a coalition of Protestant nations on the other.

Another reason the Puritans wanted to leave Holland was that they considered the Dutch children “dissolute,” and didn’t want their progeny to grow up among them. The Puritans, still British subjects, pestered the King of England until he finally gave them permission to leave Europe and sail for America. From Leiden, Holland, they traveled to Plymouth, England. From there they set sail on September 6th, ultimately making land at a place that had six years earlier also been named Plimoth by Captain John Smith. Even prior to Smith’s travels there (whose maps the Mayflower’s crew consulted), a certain Martin Pring had spent six weeks in the area--back in 1603.

John Smith had offered to hire himself out as guide to the Pilgrims, but they declined, telling him that his book was “better cheap” than he was (Smith’s book was entitled “Description of New England”).

Not only was the area not new to all Europeans, it wasn't even new to all of the passengers on the Mayflower: two members of the crew had been there before, having accompanied Smith on his 1614 voyage. Smith, of course, was heavily involved with the colony at Jamestown, Virginia (and, some say, with Pocahontas).

Further regarding the sobriquet "Pilgrim," definitions of just who constituted such differ. Some call all who traveled on the Mayflower, passengers and crew alike, "Pilgrims." Others restrict the term to just the religious dissenters among them. Others include, not only those on the Mayflower, but also those who came over during the next seven years on the ships *Fortune*, *Anne*, *Little James*, and *Charity*. Still others utilize that terminology for all residents of Plymouth Colony up until 1691, when its time as a separate colony ended (following which it was absorbed into the larger and better-situated Massachusetts Bay Colony to the north). There is no modern consensus on just who should be included in the "Pilgrim" category. Many Americans also refer to this same group as "Our Forefathers."

The Mayflower passengers were also divided between those who had been living in Leiden, Holland (at the same time, by the way, that painter Rembrandt van Rijn was growing up there) and those who set sail from London. John Howland was not a "Saint," but his master John Carver was.

It is unknown whether Howland joined the group in Holland or England. He may have come to Leiden in 1620, or he may have joined the group later that year in Southampton, when they arrived there from London just prior to their embarkation.

In the book "The Women Who Came on the Mayflower," the author, Annie Russell Marble, raises a doubt about John being a servant in the usual meaning of the word. She notes that he was, from the beginning, among the leaders in the group, and that he often wrote letters and made records for the other colonists. She says:

His ancestry is still in some doubt in spite of the efforts to trace it to one John Howland, "gentleman and citizen and salter" of London. Probably the outfit necessary for the voyage was furnished to him by Carver, and the debt was to be paid in some service, clerical or other; in no other sense was he a "servant." He signed the compact of The Mayflower and was one of the "ten principal men" chosen to select a site for the colony. For many years he was prominent in civic affairs of the state and church. He was among the liberals towards Quakers as were his brothers who came later to Marshfield, -- Arthur and Henry. At Rocky Neck, near the Jones River in Kingston, as it is now called, the Howland household was prosperous, with nine children to keep Elizabeth's hands occupied.

Why did John Howland come along on the trip to America? His motivation was not religious freedom, as he was not one of the Separatists. Although it's possible that he was already John Carver's servant, and had no choice in the matter--where his master went, he

went — it's also possible that Howland sought out Carver, offering to work as his servant, for the benefits he envisioned in such an undertaking.

The book "Plymouth Colony: Its History and People 1620-1691" by Eugene Aubrey Stratton, says regarding this:

Plymouth could offer something that England could not, the possibility of acquiring free land. This opportunity undoubtedly also attracted some servants from England who perhaps had been craftsmen or otherwise free there. Thus there were servants of different types and backgrounds in Plymouth.

As to the prevalence of servants, the same book states:

In the England of this time servants were very common in all but the poorest of families. Conditions of living were such that the supply of laborers exceeded the demand, and so with even a modest income one could always hire someone a little further down the economic ladder to do the menial work in return for food, lodging, some simple clothes, and perhaps a very little money.

Probably the most famous non-“Saint” on board was the professional soldier Myles Standish. John Carver was to become the first Governor of New Plymouth Settlement (or “Plimoth,” as they usually spelled it).



The Mayflower was not ordinarily a passenger vessel. In fact, there was no such thing at the time. It was a small vessel which had earlier in its life been engaged in transporting tar, lumber, and fish, but had more recently become a “sweet” ship by dealing in spices, oil, and wine in the Mediterranean. Despite any pleasing aroma the ship may have exuded, it was no pleasure cruise that those aboard had embarked on. There was nowhere to go for privacy, quarters were cramped (adults were allotted a space below-decks that was just 7' by 2 ½', and children's accommodations were smaller yet), food was stale and monotonous, and there was boredom and sea-sickness to deal with.

And if all that were not bad enough, the Mayflower encountered much severe weather. It was on one such occasion that John Howland was referred to as "a lusty young man" by Plymouth governor William Bradford in his book *Of Plymouth Plantation, The Pilgrims in America*. By "lusty," Bradford wasn't attributing sexual overzealousness to John. What he meant--the meaning of the term at the time--was someone who was lively or happy--the word had no sexual connotation.

After mentioning some severe storms they had endured, Bradford recorded John Howland being swept overboard into the boiling sea. The original spelling used by Bradford (which is atrociously bad by modern

standards, but stems from a time that predates dictionaries as we know them and when rules of spelling had not yet been formalized) has been retained:

In sundrie of these storms the winds were so feirce, & the seas so high, as they could not beare a knote of saile, but were forced to hull, for diverse days togither. And in one of them, as they thus lay at hull, in a might storme, a lustie yonge man (called John Howland) coming upon some occasion above the grattings, was, with a seele of the shipe throwne into sea; but it pleased God that he caught hould of the top-saile halliards, which hung over board, & rane out at length; yet he held his hould (though he was sundrie fadomes under water) till he was hald up by the same rope to the brime of the water, and then with a boat hooke & other means got into the shipe againe, & his life saved; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church & commone wealthe.

Although “sundry fathoms” underwater, John hung on and through strenuous and vigorous exertions--and with a little help from his friends--was able to pull himself back on deck.

{{ PilgrimOverboard_MikeHaywood.tif -- half page }}

"Pilgrim Overboard" painting by Mike Haywood. Used by permission.

The only really noteworthy event during the passage from old England and old Plymouth to New England and new Plymouth other than John Howland's breathtaking swim in the ocean was the death of one of the sailors. This member of the crew doesn't evoke much empathy in Bradford's account, though. In fact, Bradford even goes so far as to call his death providential:

And I may not omite hear a spetiall worke of God's providence. There was a proud & very profane younge man, one of the sea-men, of a lustie, able body, which made him the more hauty; he would allway be contemning the poore people in their sickness, & cursing them dayly with grevous execrations, and did not let to tell them, that he hoped to help to cast halfe of them over board before they came to their journeys end, and to make mery with what they had; and if he were by any gently reproved, he would curse and swear most bitterly. But it plased God before they came halfe seas over, to smite this young man with a greeveous disease, of which he dyed in a desperate maner, and so was him selfe the first that was throwne overboard. Thus his curses light on his owne head; and it was an astonishmente to all his fellows, for they noted it to be the just hand of God upon him.

The new settlers arrived in America later in the year than they had originally planned due to problems with one of their ships. Besides the *Mayflower*, they also had the *Speedwell* lined up for their use.

Unfortunately, the *Speedwell* had to be taken back for repairs a first time, to repair some leaks, and then a second time, at which time the emigrants abandoned the vessel as unseaworthy. As it turned out, there was nothing fundamentally wrong with The *Speedwell*. In fact, it sailed for years after that, ultimately staying in service longer than the *Mayflower*. Apparently the captain got “cold feet” and didn’t want to make the journey after all.

Some of the passengers from the *Speedwell* joined those in the already-crowded *Mayflower*. In fact, John Howland was one of these, along with his master John Carver. Carver had been governor of the group on the *Speedwell*, and then filled the same position on the *Mayflower* after making the switch to that vessel. Others who had been on the *Speedwell* postponed or canceled their trip to the New World. Due to the delay, the Puritans got a September rather than an August start to their trip. Thus, instead of arriving on America’s shores in October, as they had planned and hoped, they didn’t arrive until November 19th. This delay was to have a severe impact on them.

Another change in plans that was forced by circumstances concerned their destination. After discussing various possible points of debarkation--including Guyana in South America (best known among modern Americans as the place where Jim Jones and his followers committed mass suicide and homicide)--the “Saints” had agreed upon northern Virginia as their destination, and had been given a “patent” for a tract of land there by their sponsors. The Pilgrims ended up eschewing Virginia, though, for Cape Cod. Reportedly, a combination of faulty navigation and bad weather caused them to decide on this change of venue. Their original goal in what was then considered northern Virginia was located approximately where Manhattan is today. One rumor is that the Dutch bribed the *Mayflower*’s captain to sail north, away from the Dutch stronghold there at New Amsterdam (later to be renamed New York).

Some suggest that it was in actuality something else that caused them to veer to the north and make land at Cape Cod. Yet another hypothesis is that the crew was bribed by the Pilgrims to land at Plymouth instead of northern Virginia so that they would be free from domination by England, as their contract, or “patent,” was for northern Virginia only, and they would not be subject to British law if they alighted elsewhere. If this was their motive, their plan threatened to backfire on them, as the “Strangers” also felt they would there be above and outside any man’s law--including that of the “Saints.” To circumvent anarchy on the part of the “Strangers,” a contract was drawn up on November 21st. By agreeing to this covenant, known as the “Mayflower Compact,” each agreed to band together and follow a unified governmental system.

This event was described in *Mourt’s Relation, A Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth*, by Robert Cushman, *et al*, as follows:

This day before we came to harbor, observing some not well affected to unity and concord, but gave some appearance of faction, it was thought good there should be an association and agreement that we should combine together in one body, and to submit to such government and Governors as we should by common consent agree to make and choose, and set our hands to this that follows word for word.

A footnote to this passage reads:

Members of the Leiden congregation were fearful of mutiny and other abuses by some of the many “Strangers” who had joined the group in England. The party had no patent for New England, so that they would have been a people outside the law as soon as they disembarked, and individual license could have posed a real threat.

Although William Bradford was the chief proponent of the compact, and its writer, the man chosen to become the colony's first Governor was a younger man, John Howland's master John Carver.

The Mayflower Compact, as recorded in the book noted above, reads:

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

Having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancements of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these present solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one of another, covenant, and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony: unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names; Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord King James, of England, France and Ireland eighteenth and of Scotland fifty-fourth, Anno Domini 1620.

The mortality rate on ships traveling from England to America could be 50% or more. The Mayflower, with 102 passengers and twenty to thirty crew members, only lost one person on the voyage over. One baby was born on ship, the aptly named Oceanus Hopkins, so the Pilgrims arrived in Plymouth, Massachusetts with the exact same number of passengers as they had left Plymouth, England.

Although fortunate regarding the mortality rate on the voyage, within two to three months of their arrival, half of the new arrivals were dead. In January and February, due primarily to the cold (and dearth of proper

housing at first), many died from pneumonia. At the end of March, 1621, William Bradford wrote:

This month, thirteen of our number die...there die sometimes two or three a day. Of one hundred persons scarce fifty remain: The living scarce able to bury the dead; the well not sufficient to tend the sick...

John Howland was among the small number who volunteered to go on a discovery trip on shore shortly after the arrival in Cape Cod. Others in that group included Myles Standish, John Carver, William Bradford, and John's future father-in-law John Tilley as well as his brother Edward Tilley.

Both the Howland and the Tilley families were from east-central England, the Howlands being from Huntingdonshire, and the Tilley's hailing from just south of there, in Bedfordshire.



The initial contact with the natives of the area did not bode well for the future. In an episode hence referred to by the Pilgrims as "The First Encounter," arrows and bullets were exchanged as the first "messages" between the two peoples. John Howland, as a member of the group who had gone exploring ashore, was present and presumably took part in this skirmish.

In his book, which he called "New England's Memorial," Nathaniel Morton, clerk of Plymouth Colony, recorded:

On the 6th of December they concluded to send out their shallop again on a third discovery. The names of those who went upon this discovery were

Mr. John Carver, Mr. William Bradford, Mr. Edward Winslow, Capt. Miles Standish, Mr. John Howland, Mr. Richard Warren, Mr. Stephen Hopkins, Mr. Edward Tilly, Mr. John Tilly, Mr. Clark, Mr. Coppin, John Allerton, Thomas English, and Edward Doten, with the master gunner of the ship, and three of the common seamen. These set sail of Wednesday, the sixth day of December, 1620, intending to circulate the deep bay of Cape Cod, the weather being very cold, so as the spray of the sea lighting on the coats they were as if they had been glazed; notwithstanding, that night they got down into the bottom of the bay, and as they drew near the shore, they saw some ten or twelve Indians, and landed about a league off them (but with some difficulty, by reason of the shoals in that place) where they tarried that night. Next morning they divided their company to coast along, some on shore and some in the boat, where they saw the Indians had been the day before, cutting up a fish like a grampus; and so they ranged up and down all that day, but found no people, nor any place they liked, as fit for their settlement; and that night, they on shore met their boat at a certain creek where they made them a barricado of boughs

and logs, for their lodging that night, and, being weary, betook themselves to rest.

The next morning about five o'clock (seeking guidance and protection from God by prayer,) and refreshing themselves in way of preparation, to persist on their intended expedition, some of them carried their arms down to the boat, having laid them up in their coats from the moisture of the weather; but others said they would not carry theirs until they went themselves. But presently, all on a sudden, about the dawning of the day, they heard a great and strange cry, and one of their company being on board, came hastily in and cried, Indians! Indians! And withal, their arrows came flying amongst them; on which all their men ran with speed to recover their arms; as by God's good providence they did. In the meantime some of those that were ready, discharged two muskets at them, and two more stood ready at the entrance of their rendezvous, but were commanded not to shoot until they could take full aim at them; and the other two charged again with all speed, for there were only four that had arms there, and defended the barricado which was first assaulted. The cry of the Indians was dreadful, especially when they saw the men run out of their rendezvous towards the shallop, to recover their arms, the Indians wheeling about upon them; but some running out with coats of mail and cuttle-axes in their hands, they soon recovered their arms, and discharged amongst them, and stayed their violence. Notwithstanding there was a lusty man, and no less valiant, stood behind a tree within half a musket shot, and let his arrows fly amongst them; he was seen to shoot three arrows, which were all avoided, and stood three shot of musket, until one taking full aim at him, made the bark or splinters of the tree fly about his ears, after which he gave an extraordinary shriek, and away they went all of them; and so leaving some to keep the shallop, they followed them about a quarter of a mile, that they might conceive that they were not afraid of them, or any way discouraged.

Thus it pleased God to vanquish their enemies, and to give them deliverance, and by his special providence so to dispose, that not any of them was either hurt or hit though their arrows came close by them; and sundry of their coats, which hung up in the barricado, were shot through and through. For which salvation and deliverance they rendered solemn thanksgiving unto the Lord.

In his book “The Pilgrims: Their Journeys & Their World” regarding this skirmish, Francis Dillon writes: “Now there is a tablet and comfort station to mark the spot.” In other words (translating British English into American English), now there is a historical marker and a rest room designating the site.



The Mayflower lay at anchor in Cape Cod for half as long as the trip across the Atlantic had taken. Finally, on December 21st, three months and ten days after leaving Plymouth in the Old World, the ship unloaded its contribution of people onto shore at the Plymouth in the New World.

Merchants in England had financed the trip, and the Pilgrims were to pay for their passage by working for them seven years, sending produce grown in America back to England. In effect, then, the "Saints" as a group were indentured servants to this group of speculators in London, who called themselves the Merchant Adventurers. The "Adventurers" portion of their name did not at the time imply that they were thrill seekers--the contemporary definition meant people who were placing their capital at risk, hoping for gain--in other words, they were what we would now call venture capitalists.

The Pilgrims' closest neighbors were sixty Wampanoag Indians. Being, as they were, from the East, the tribal designation Wampanoag fittingly means "People of the Dawn" or "People of the Breaking Day."

Massasoit, the leader of the Wampanoags, proved to be a faithful friend to the Pilgrims throughout his life. It bears noting that the Indian known as Massasoit was actually named Ousamequin. Massasoit was his title, which meant "great sachem" ("sachem" being a word for the chief of a North American Indian tribe). It was Massasoit's brother Quadequine who introduced the colonists to popcorn, also (in 1630).

The Pilgrims would not get along as well with Massasoit's son Metacomet, though—more on that later.

The area the Pilgrims called Plymouth was known to the Wampanoags as Patuxet, meaning "Little Bay" or "Little Falls." Patuxet had been a Wampanoag village until 1617, when an epidemic, one of five major epidemics brought by Europeans in the five years preceding the landing of the Mayflower, wiped out the village. In terms of percentage of people killed, the plagues brought by the Europeans to the native Americans was even worse than the black/bubonic plague that killed 30% of Europeans between 1348 and 1350.

Squanto, a native of the village of Patuxet, had inadvertently been saved from becoming a victim of this epidemic by a certain Captain Hunt, who captured him in 1614. It was only due to Squanto's absence from Patuxet during the time of the epidemic that he was spared from dying along with the rest of his townsmen.

Squanto's captor took him to Europe, where he was sold into slavery in Spain. Squanto eventually made his way to London. In 1618, he accompanied Captain Thomas Dermer to New England. Upon arrival in his home territory, Squanto jumped ship and returned to his village, only to find it devoid of people—all had perished.

The first Indian the Pilgrims met was not Squanto but Samoset, of the Abenaki tribe. Samoset surprised the Pilgrims by saying, in English, as he strode into their settlement: "Welcome. My name is Samoset. I come not from here, but from Monhegan to the north, by sail with a strong wind a day, by land five." He had learned to speak English from British sailors who had spent time in his area fishing.

It was this Indian from what we now call Maine who introduced Squanto to the Pilgrims. Squanto, who spoke even better English than Samoset due to his many years in England, served as a trading liaison between the Pilgrims and the Massachusetts tribe, which had valuable beaver furs to barter.

The Pilgrims' greatest fear in the New World had probably been the "savages," or "Indians" that they would meet there. And their fears had not been without foundation. The reason they were not attacked by the Indian tribes which had been plentiful in the region was mainly due to the afore-mentioned epidemic (possibly bubonic plague, introduced by earlier Euro-Americans) that had wiped out Patuxet. At least some of the Pilgrims considered this thinning of the native population to be an evidence of divine providence. Squanto doubtless felt differently.

At the same time as the arrival of the Pilgrims in Massachusetts--on the other end of the continent, in what is now northern California--a tribe of Indians now known as Wiyots were living life as they had for untold thousands of years. A quarter of a millennium later, a descendant of John Howland would marry a Wiyot Indian.

While Mayflower descendants are not exactly a dime a dozen, there are many. It is estimated that there are 35,000,000 living Mayflower descendants in the world. Assuming a world population of 6.3 billion, this is a ratio of about 1:180. Well-known descendants of John Howland include U.S. Presidents Franklin Delano Roosevelt and both George Bushes. Descendants of John's brother Howard include Presidents Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. Winston Churchill was a descendant of Arthur, another of John Howland's brothers.

The Pilgrims were by no means the first British in America. Back in 1579, Britisher Sir Francis Drake had claimed California for his country, christening it "New Albion." Even on the east coast, there had been attempts at colonies in Virginia since the late 1500s. Portions of the east coast had been sailed as early as 1524 by the Italian Giovanni de Verrazzano.

In 1585, Sir Walter Raleigh arrived in Virginia but shortly thereafter returned to England. Two years later, he gave Virginia another try. After establishing the colony, Raleigh left again for England. On his return in 1590, nobody was left. It is an unsolved mystery just what happened to that group of one hundred fifty settlers who had been left in the area now known as Roanoke Island, North Carolina.

So why is it that Plymouth is sometimes thought of as the first *permanent* settlement established by the British in America, when Jamestown had been established thirteen years earlier? When the "Pilgrim Forefathers" were first lionized, in the early 19th century, those at Jamestown were found lacking as candidates for hero worship because 1) They came primarily for material gain, not for freedom 2) They had problems with the local Indians (in their case Powhatans) right from the start. The Pilgrims at Plymouth, on the other hand--at least some of them--came for religious freedom, and they got along fairly well with

most of the Indians indigenous to that area--for the first half century, anyway.

The Pilgrims were not averse to simultaneously making a buck while enjoying their freedom, though. The newcomers were impressed by two things in particular that put dollar (or British pound) signs in their eyes: 1) The superabundance of whales "hard by them" (in close proximity to where they had landed). On seeing these, they expected Cape Cod would prove to be better fishing grounds than the customary whaling areas around Greenland. 2) The goodly supply of sassafras trees growing in the area. As the bark and root of such was sold as medicine throughout the Old World at the time, this represented a good cash crop, readily at hand.

1621

International Harvesters

“Native Americans do not celebrate the arrival of the pilgrims and other European settlers... To them, thanksgiving day is a reminder of the genocide of millions of their people, the theft of their lands, and the relentless assault on their culture.” -- Inscription on statue of Wampanoag Chief Massasoit in New England

“We didn’t land on Plymouth Rock -- Plymouth Rock landed on us!” -- Malcolm X

“Many Indians, of course, believe it would have been better if Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrims than the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock” -- Vine Deloria, Jr., from “Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto”

“Howdy, Pilgrim!” – John Wayne

- ◆ Elizabeth Tilley’s parents and grandparents die
- ◆ John and Kathrine Carver die
- ◆ Peace Treaty with the Wampanoags
- ◆ Few are Invited, but Many Come

Life was not easy for the new colonists. As mentioned in the previous chapter, they had gotten a late start, been delayed on their journey, and to add insult to injury, the first winter was an especially harsh one. Elizabeth Tilley’s parents, John and Joan, as well as her paternal uncle Edgar, died the first winter in Plymouth, as did approximately half of the Pilgrims within the first three months.

Scarcity of food was not the problem—the settlers knew in advance that they wouldn’t arrive in time to plant and harvest crops their first year. It was more the cold and lack of know-how in dealing with the new environment that did so many of the colonists in. As for food, the survivors were in even better shape after half of their compatriots died, as there were then fewer mouths to feed.



John Howland’s master John Carver also died, in April, and a few days later Carver’s wife Kathrine joined him. As the Carvers had no surviving children (apparently their only two had died in Holland, one in 1609 and the other in 1617), John Howland was apparently their heir. Howland immediately purchased his freedom. Orphaned Elizabeth Tilley was accepted into what was left of the Carver--now the John Howland--household. Desire Minter, for whom John and Elizabeth would apparently name their first-born child, had been in the care of the Carvers and also remained a part of the household. Other members

included a manservant named Roger Wilder, two boys, Jasper More and William Latham, and an unnamed servant maid.

Although not literally one, Jasper More was considered to be an orphan. His siblings were with him in America, but they were not all together in the same household. His brother Richard and sister Mary were living with the William Brewster family (who had adopted William Bradford earlier), and another sister, Ellen, was with the Edward Winslow family. The More children were all results of their mother's infidelity. They were sent to America by Mr. More so as to be away from the prejudice they would face in England due to their illegitimacy. All of the original Carver household died the first winter except for John Howland, Desire Minter, and William Latham. That left a household of four people, taking Elizabeth Tilley into account.

The More children are the only Mayflower passengers proven to have been of royal descent. At least two of them later moved to Salem (Massachusetts): Richard became a sea captain there, and his sister Mary suffered the loss of her husband Giles Corey, who was executed after having been branded a "wizard" during the infamous Salem Witch Trials. The Witch trials began in 1692, the year after Plymouth colony merged with the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The trials lasted until 1696, when the Massachusetts legislature finally put a stop to them.



Squanto, who died the next year (1622), was useful not only in aiding the Pilgrims' trade, but also in dealing with the local Indian tribes. Understanding both Wampanoag and English, he served as interpreter and peace-broker between that local tribe and the Pilgrims particularly in March of this year. The Wampanoags had a nearby enemy in the Narragansetts, and they felt having the English and their impressive guns on their side was to their distinct advantage. The crux of the treaty was:

1. The Pilgrims and Wampanoags would not harm one another, neither by physical violence nor by theft.
2. If an Indian injured a Pilgrim, he would be delivered over for punishment.
3. The Pilgrims and Wampanoags would defend one another against enemies.
4. When the Pilgrims and Wampanoags visited one another, they would leave their weapons outside the camp being visited.

The time would come when the Wampanoags and Narragansetts, instead of fighting one another, would join forces against the English. In fact, John Howland's future son-in-law John Gorham would die fighting the Narragansetts a half century after this treaty.

Perhaps just as importantly as being the peace broker, Squanto served as agricultural adviser and consultant to the Pilgrims. He showed

them that they needed to add fish to their corn hills in order to get a good crop. Yes, there would have been no harvest of corn for the Pilgrims had the Indians not provided seed (without being asked--the Pilgrims had initially raided some of the Wampanoags corn caches in order to have seed to plant) and agricultural expertise.

This situation was similar to that down south in Jamestown, Virginia, where the Powhatan's helped the English settlers make it through the harsh winter of 1607-1608.

Squanto was, perhaps, not totally altruistic in his role as peace broker. Massasoit would later request of the Pilgrims that they chop off Squanto's head and hands, and send these body parts to him via his emissaries. Apparently, Squanto had taken advantage of his bilingualism to play the colonists against the Wampanoags to his own material advantage. At any rate, that is what Massasoit thought.



The Pilgrims did grow a fine crop of corn that first year. To their first harvest feast, the colonists invited Wampanoag Chief Massasoit. Much to the chagrin of the Pilgrims, Massasoit in turn invited ninety of his people. Perhaps Massasoit misunderstood the invitation; or perhaps he found it too niggardly. It's possible that he was actually doing the Pilgrims a favor by inviting those Indians who had earlier been robbed of their corn cache. It could be that the feast was accepted by these as a recompense and a plea for forgiveness.

Regardless of the motives of the Pilgrims--be they selfish, selfless, or ulterior--the Indians did contribute to the festive board with five deer. The Wampanoags actually had been observing fall harvest celebrations for centuries before the arrival of the English. They believed that, as the creator had been so generous in sharing good things with them, it was only mete on their part to generously share their bounty with others.

This first harvest feast in Plymouth was later dubbed "Thanksgiving." Within a few dozen years, though, the Wampanoag Indians were the target of attacks by the whites. "King Philip's War," which was fought against Massasoit's son Metacomet (alternately known as Pometacom and Metacomet, whom the whites derisively called "King Philip"), took place just a few short decades later, in 1675. The Wampanoags would be practically exterminated, and John Gorham I, one of the forefathers of the Shannon family, would also be killed during that war.

Depending on which authority you lend credence, the first Thanksgiving celebration in America actually took place in:

- ◆ 1540, in what is now known as the Texas panhandle
- ◆ c. 1570, in Florida
- ◆ Early 1600s, in Maine
- ◆ 1619, in Virginia

Even if Plymouth Colony was the venue of the first “Thanksgiving” celebrated by Euro-Americans, it probably took place in late September, not in November. The first national Thanksgiving was not proclaimed until 1789, by George Washington, a man Indians of the Iroquois League called “The Destroyer of Towns.” It was not celebrated again until 1863, when Abraham Lincoln made it a national holiday.

1623

Who Gives This Woman?

“Even if you’re on the right track, you’ll get run over if you just sit there.” – Will Rogers

“This we know: The Earth does not belong to us, we belong to the Earth. We did not weave the web of life—we are merely strands in it. Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves.” -- Chief Seattle, Suquamish

- ◆ Division of Land in Plymouth Colony
- ◆ John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley wed

A division of land took place in Plymouth Colony this year. John Howland received four acres. This land was divided with his future wife Elizabeth Tilley, the Carver's former servant girl Desire Minter, and their former servant boy William Latham, each of them receiving an acre.

Also this year, the first shipment of goods (furs and lumber) was sent from Plymouth Colony back to England.



Elizabeth Tilley was apparently not quite sixteen years old when she married John Howland. John would eventually be placed in charge of a trading post in present-day Augusta, Maine, where he purchased furs from the Indians. Later in life, he held many public offices, such as court representative, assessor, surveyor of highways, deputy of the general court, and selectman.

Some estimate the year for the Howland/Tilley wedding as being circa 1626; if such was actually the case, then Elizabeth would have been around nineteen years of age instead of sixteen. As their first child, Desire, was born 1625, though, it is most likely that they were married prior to 1626, and probably prior to 1625. The most likely year for their marriage, in spite of the orphaned Elizabeth's young age at the time, is indeed 1623.

1625

Desire of the Pilgrims

“My home is America.” – Ernie Pyle

“Don’t say you don’t have enough time. You have exactly the same number of hours per day that were given to Helen Keller, Pasteur, Michaelangelo, Mother Teresa, Leonardo da Vinci, Thomas Jefferson, and Albert Einstein.” -- H. Jackson Brown

- ◆ Desire Howland born Plymouth Colony

Five years after the Mayflower landed, John Howland and his wife Elizabeth produced one of the first Euro-American babies born in the British Colonies of America: Desire Howland. She was by no means *the* first baby, as Peregrine White had been born December 7th, 1620, shortly after the Pilgrims’ arrival in the “New World.”

Desire was a common English name of the time period. Other common given names include Thankful, Mehitable, Temperance, Prudence, Ebenezer, and Shubael; even babies named Experience and Content (with the emphasis, presumably, on the latter syllable) weighed in on occasion.

The Howland’s firstborn child was no doubt a comfort to them, especially to Elizabeth, who had lost her parents four years prior, in 1621.

The John Howland family later moved six miles from Plymouth to Rocky Nook peninsula overlooking Plymouth Bay, near present-day Kingston. This house is currently the site of an ongoing archaeological dig.

At Plimoth Plantation, a living history site located near Plymouth, interpreters portray various individuals from 1627 in first person (acting as if they are a particular person living at that time). Key personages living there at that time--as far as the Howland/Gorham/Silva/Nelson/Shannon line is concerned--were the three currently under discussion: John and Elizabeth Howland and their daughter Desire. Of course, no interpreter portrays Desire, who was two years old in 1627.

There are also Wampanoag and Abenaki Indians who speak in “third-person.” In other words, they do not pretend to be living in 1627, or that they are someone they are not. In this way, they can speak with visitors of both the past and the present. Interestingly, the Abenaki (Samoset’s tribe) are related to the aforementioned Wiyots, both descending from the Algonquin people.

1627

Raghorne the Heifer

“Let’s make a deal!” – Monty Hall

“I’ll gladly pay you on Tuesday for a hamburger today.” – Popeye’s friend Wimpy

“Pay attention to me, boy. I’m not talkin’ just to hear my head roar.” – Foghorn Leghorn

- ◆ Eight Undertakers Make a Deal
- ◆ Division of Livestock in Plymouth Colony

The year before, John Howland had been among fifty-three “Purchasers” at Plymouth who bought out the Merchant Adventurers, the group in England which had invested in Plymouth Colony.

This year, a smaller number agreed to assume the Colony’s debts in return for some considerations from the rest of the settlers. John Howland was one of eight leading men in Plymouth, referred to as “Undertakers” in this endeavor. In this instance, the word “undertaker” does not refer to morticians, but simply those who undertake something. In modern terminology, they would perhaps be called entrepreneurs.

Besides John Howland, the undertakers were William Bradford, Myles Standish, Isaac Allerton, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, John Alden, and Thomas Prence. In exchange for assuming responsibility for the Colony’s debts, certain monopolies were granted them, such as in the fur trade.

This explains why John Howland ended up running an Indian trading post a few years later on the Kennebec River in what is today part of the state of Maine.



Also this year, a division of livestock took place among those in the Colony. The 156 people in the Colony were divided into twelve groups of thirteen people each. John Howland was the head of one group which included his family, the John Alden family, and several others. According to the written audit of the proceedings, “To this lot fell one of the 4 heifers Came in the Jacob Called Raghorne” (“Jacob” being the name of a ship).

The head of the Alden family is probably best-known for his appearance in Longfellow’s poem “The Courtship of Miles Standish,” wherein he is asked by a girl to whom he was supposedly functioning as matchmaker for Standish: “Why don’t you speak for yourself, John Alden?”

1634

Patronized Saints

"I look upon the whole world as my fatherland, and every war has to me the horror of a family feud." – Helen Keller

"Hail, holy Lead! --of human feuds the great And universal arbiter; endowed With penetration to pierce any cloud Fogging the field of controversial hate, And with a swift, inevitable, straight, Searching precision find the unavowed But vital point. Thy judgment, when allowed By the chirurgeon, settles the debate. O useful metal! --were it not for thee We'd grapple one another's ears alway: But when we hear thee buzzing like a bee We, like old Muhlenberg, "care not to stay." And when the quick have run away like pellets Jack Satan smelts the dead to make new bullets..." – Ambrose Bierce

♦ Deadly Dispute Between Plymouth and Piscataqua

Although today the best known of the early British colonies in America, Plymouth Plantation was neither the first chronologically, nor was it at this point in history the largest. Not only had Jamestown been established in 1607, thirteen years before Plymouth, but the Massachusetts Bay Colony, founded in 1630 in an area north of Plymouth with Boston at its center, by this early date already had a much larger population than Plymouth.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony was made up of Puritans. In this they differed from the Separatists in Plymouth, who had severed ties with the Church. Both groups were considered Puritans, but those in the Massachusetts Bay Colony were not Separatists (they remained members of the Church of England).

Perhaps due to their superior numbers, and possibly also because they considered themselves to be a more reasonable and moderate people than the “radicals” in Plymouth, the Massachusetts Bay Colony inserted itself into a brouhaha that arose between two other New England settlements, their “older sister” Plymouth being one of them.

Our man in Plymouth, John Howland, was in the thick of things. He was at this time heading the Indian trading post up on the Kennebec River, near what is today Augusta, Maine. Stratton's “Plymouth Colony” relates:

The Bradford Patent gave Plymouth the right to settle or trade on the Kennebec River and to seize all persons, ships, and goods that might attempt to trade with the Indians on the Kennebec. Plymouth set up a trading post there under John Howland. A trading ship from the Piscataqua settlement under John Hocking ignored repeated warnings from Howland's group that it had no right to be there. Howland ordered one of his men to cut the moorings of Hocking's ship so it would drift down

the river. Hocking shot and killed the man, Moses Talbot, and one of Talbot's companions in turn shot and killed Hocking.

Howland actually sent four men to cut the moorings of Hocking's ship. Besides Talbot, Howland had with him John Irish, Thomas Savory, and William Reynolds, all Plymouth men. The account goes on to say that John Alden, who was in Kennebec at the time delivering supplies, but who was not involved in the incident, was imprisoned when he arrived at the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Myles Standish was then dispatched with letters explaining the facts of the matter, and Alden was subsequently released.

An article that appeared in the January 1992 issue of *The Mayflower Descendant*, entitled "John Howland in Maine" points out that Howland was probably in Maine just a short time, as records show him being in Plymouth shortly before the incident and soon after it, also. Governor Bradford, in his account of the troubles, said that "now [April] was the season for trade," implying, at least, that the trading post was only operational in the Spring.

The article printed the full text of a deposition made concerning the Kennebec incident, which shows that John Howland did what he could to protect his men, even offering himself up as a target in their stead:

This deponent saieth that upon the [date not filled in] day of Aprill John Hocking Riding at ankor w[ith] in ou[r] limitts above the howse m[r] John Howland went up to him w[ith] ou[r] barke and charged the said Hocking to waye his Ankors and depart who answered hee would not w[ith] foul speeches demaunding whie he spake not to them that sent him fourth: answerewas mad by John Howland that the last yeare a boat was sent having no other business to know whether it was theire mind that hee should thus wronge vs in ou[r] trade who returned answer they sent him not thether and therfore m[r] Howland tould him that hee would not now suffer him ther to ride, John Hocking demaunded what the would doe whether he would shout; M[r] Howland answered no but he would put him from thence John Hocking said and swore he would not shoot but swore if we came abord him he would send us [blank space] thus passing him we came to an ankcor sumthing nere his barke m[r] Howland bid three of his men goe cutt his Cable whose names weare John Irish Thomas Savory & William Rennoles who p[re]sently cut one but were put by the other by the strength of the streme m[r] Howland seeing they could not well bring the Cannow to the other cable caled them abord & bad Moses Talbott goe w[ith] them who accordingly went very reddyly & brought the Canow to Hockings cable he being upon the deck came w[ith] a carbine & a pistole in his hand & P[re]sently p[r]esented his peece at Thomas Savory but the canow w[ith] the tide was put nere the bow of the barke w[hich] Hocking seeing p[r]esently put his peece almost to Moyses Talbotts head, w[hich] m[r] Howland seeing called to him desiering him not to shut his man but take himselfe for his mark saying his men did but that w[hich] hee commaunded them and therfore desiered him not to hurt any of them if

any wrong was don it was himselfe that did it and therfore caled againe to him to take him for his marke saying he stod very fayer but Hocking would not heare nor looke towards ou[r] barke but p[re]sently shooteth Moyses In the head, and p[re]sently tooke up his pistell in his hand but the lord stayed him from doing any further hurt by a shot from ou[r] barke himselfe was presently strooke dead being shott neare the same place in the head wher he had murderously shot Moyses.

The writer of the article, Robert Wakefield, concluded by saying: "It would be interesting to know who made the deposition. If it were John Howland, one would think it would say "I" instead of his name. The handwriting seems to be Edward Winslow's, so perhaps he is making the deposition. The other possibility is John Alden, who arrived with supplies shortly after the incident (and was jailed in Boston on the way back even though he was not involved).

The irony of Hocking's reasoning bears mentioning: When called to account for trespassing by John Howland, he wonders why Howland doesn't accuse Hocking's employer ("demaunding whie he speake not to them that sent him fourth"). So, Hocking in effect says, "I'm just following orders." Yet, he kills one of Howland's men who were...doing what? Simply carrying out Howland's orders.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony pursued the matter further, though, demanding that Myles Standish appear in court to get the matter straightened out. Eventually it was, but not before the sensibilities of the two disputing settlements were irritated over the Bay Colony's presumption to take over adjudication of the matter. Stratton's account goes on to opine:

...the Bay Colony had no jurisdiction over Plymouth, Piscataqua, or the Kennebec River, and their assuming a right to put themselves in the role of judge was sheer arrogance on their part.

Reasons for the Massachusetts Bay Colony asserting itself in this way, based on the explanation of their action by their governor John Winthrop, were apparently twofold: First, they didn't want people to think the New England colonists were going around killing each other over fur. Second--and perhaps more importantly--they didn't want the incident to provoke King James I into sending a General Governor from England to oversee the Colonies and make them "toe the line" in strict subservience to the Crown.

1637

Setting Fire to the Fox's Tail

“Why does everything have to have a name?”

“So we know which houses to burn.” – from the play “Bach at Leipzig” by Itamar Moses

“There is always a deeper level of detail than you are currently aware of.” – Danny Thorpe

“My father is with me, and there is no Great Father between me and the Great Spirit.” – Crazy Horse, Sioux

“In case you lay siege to a city many days by fighting against it so as to capture it, you must not ruin its trees by wielding an ax against them; for you should eat from them, and you must not cut them down, for is the tree of the field a man to be besieged by you?” – Deuteronomy 20:19

♦ Pequot War

At the time the English colonies were starting out in America in the early 1600s, Indians were much more numerous in Virginia than in New England. Epidemics introduced by Europeans had killed perhaps 80% of the Indians in New England from 1617-1619, just prior to the arrival of the Mayflower. That was not to be the only way the Euro-Americans were to reduce the numbers of the natives, though.

A war that would set the tone and stage for many to come took place this year between the Euro-Americans and the Indians. On this occasion, it was the Pequots who were the subject of the newcomers' attention.

The whole affair had been touched off by the murder of a certain Captain John Stone three years earlier, in 1634. Stone was no paragon of propriety. He was a failed pirate (he had attempted to hijack a vessel in New Amsterdam, as New York was known until 1664), and otherwise a criminal: He had threatened the Governor of Plymouth Colony with a knife, and had been deported from the Massachusetts Bay Colony for drunkenness and adultery. Additionally, Indians claimed that Stone had kidnapped some of their tribespeople.

Besides the foregoing, which is a hint that perhaps Stone got just what he deserved, and that the natives may have had just cause to be incensed with him, the Pequots were not the perpetrators of the murder. However, apparently the Niantics, a tribe nominally under Pequot control, *were* responsible for Stone's demise.

Bending over backwards to avert a war, the Pequots followed a path of appeasement. They accepted responsibility for the murder and agreed to a punitive treaty with the Massachusetts Bay Colony (who, as was mentioned, didn't have much use for Stone themselves). The Pequots paid a large fine, relinquished a vast tract of their Connecticut land, and

agreed to surrender those of their number who were “guilty” of the murder. They also consented to the demand placed upon them to trade only with the English (to the exclusion of the Dutch).

Time passed and a portion of the fine had been paid. When pressed for the responsible parties, though, the Pequots claimed that all the murderers were unavailable: one had been killed by the Dutch, one had died of smallpox, and two others had escaped. For a time, the colonists did nothing about this “breach of treaty” as they termed it. But then, a new wrinkle appeared: Another English captain, John Oldham, was killed. This time, either the old enemies of the Wampanoags, the Narragansetts (or a tribe subject to them) were the guilty party. A punitive force of white colonists was sent to deal with the Narragansetts. Their goods were to be confiscated, their men slaughtered, and their women and children captured and sold as slaves. But the Narragansetts, expecting just such a response from the colonists, had fled their home on Block Island, off the coast of Massachusetts. Oldham’s frustrated avengers turned their attention to the “next best thing,” attacking and burning Pequot villages outside of Fort Saybrook.

At one point during the war, Captain John Mason led ninety Connecticut soldiers against the Pequots, who had two main forts. One Pequot fort consisted mainly of warriors; the other was peopled mostly by women, children, and old men. Mason decided to attack the latter.

These depredations set fire to the fox’s tail. The Pequots retaliated, torching English settlements throughout the Connecticut Valley. The colonists, predictably, responded with a further escalation of aggression.

Why, though, would Captain John Endecott, the soldier sent to punish the Narragansetts, touch off what would become a long drawn-out holocaust against the Indians? As in so many conflicts, the quest for material advantage was behind it all. The Indians were used as pawns in a competition between the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the settlers of the Connecticut Valley, who wrangled over possession of that valley. Those with dominion over the Pequots, whose country was in the Connecticut Valley, would have a strong legal claim to their territory. The Pequots would not retain the Valley, that was a given; the real question was, which faction of the English would end up with it--those in Massachusetts, or those in Connecticut?

An example of Indians being used as pawns is reported in the book “The First Way of War: America War Making on the Frontier” by John Grenier. “Father” Jean-Louis Le Loutre, a vehemently anti-British Jesuit priest, is recorded therein as having said:

I think that we cannot do better than to incite the Indians to continue warring on the English; my plan is to persuade the Indians to send word to the English that they will not permit new settlements to be made in Acadia... I shall do my best to make it look to the English as if this plan comes from the Indians and that I have no part in it.

The Jesuits were not above stretching facts a smidgen in order to get the Indians on their side. One Indian who was allied with the French, Chief Bomaseen, told an Englishman that he was himself indeed a Christian. He went on to explain what he had been taught by the Jesuits: the Virgin Mary was a French lady whose son Jesus was murdered by Englishmen, had then been resurrected to heaven, and all who wanted to earn his favor must avenge his death.

What the Jesuits did *not* teach the Indians was perhaps just as bad as the lies they had taught them. The omissions in their Christian education can perhaps be inferred from the following account about a raid by French-allied Abenaki Indians on a British settlement in Massachusetts, as recorded in Howard H. Peckham's "The Colonial Wars: 1689-1762":

Because the baby cried, a warrior seized it by the feet and bashed its head against a tree... Night and morning the Catholic Indians prayed with their rosaries.

Endecott was not an English soldier *per se*. That is to say, he was English and he was a soldier, but he was not in the service of England. He was in the employ of the Massachusetts Bay Company. In other words, he was a mercenary. And because the settlers in Connecticut did not want the Massachusetts Bay Company to beat them out in their bid for the Valley's bounty, those in the Connecticut Valley did not fight against the Pequots at first. The Massachusetts Bay Colony eventually had to enlist the aid of rival Indian tribes to defeat the Pequots--among them the Narragansetts, the very tribe that they had sought to destroy at the start of the debacle.

It should be noted that the Pequot War in New England was not the first war between Euro-Americans and Indians. The colonists in Jamestown, Virginia, had fought a war with the Powhatans in 1609. They also engaged in what is misnamed "The First Indian War" against that same tribe from 1622-1632.

In fact, Grenier's aforementioned "First Way of War" shows that the Euro-Americans waged war against the Indians for almost three hundred years, from 1609 to 1890, when the Massacre at Wounded Knee put the finishing touches on a quarter-millennium plus of warfare. This "First Way of War" consisted of what is known today as "guerrilla warfare," and is marked by an attempt to completely exterminate the enemy (not just defeat them) by destroying their crops and homes and even killing non-combatants. During the late 1700s, at the latest, it was the Americans, not the Indians, who had a reputation for fierceness—for killing men, women, and children in wholesale brutal slaughterings of grisly, gory grotesqueness.

Sometimes, in fact, when the Indians took prisoners it was as a recompense for numbers they had lost—and their captives were at times "adopted" into the tribe, and treated well. On one occasion, when French forces rescued a large number of their landsmen from a group of

Iroquois, only thirteen women and children were willing to be repatriated. All of the men refused to return to Canada and “New France”; they enjoyed the free, simple life the Indians led (and, perhaps, the dusky maidens).

This “First Way of War,” which differs from the traditional “European” style of professional soldiers lining up in neat rows on a battlefield and firing volleys into one another’s ranks, has marked many American wars besides those against the Indians. Examples of these are: Sherman’s March to the Sea during the Civil War, the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki at the end of World War II, and the wanton and wholesale destruction wreaked upon any Vietnamese suspected of being in league with the Viet Cong in the 1960s and 1970s. Other “First Way of War” style terrorists included “Bloody Bill” Anderson, William Quantrill, and Jesse and Frank James, when these border ruffians raided around their home state of Missouri and into neighboring Kansas before, during, and after the Civil War.

George Bodge’s “*Soldiers in King Philip’s War: Being a Critical Account of That War, with a Concise History of the Indian Wars of New England,*” says regarding the Pequot War:

The result of this war was that the Indians of New England were so dismayed at the irresistible force of the English soldiers, that for nearly forty years there was no further formidable outbreak, though they knew that they were wronged, cheated, and oppressed in many ways by the colonists. Some time after the war was over, the actual number of the Pequods still surviving was found to be about two hundred. In 1638, a treaty was concluded between the Colonies, Narragansets, and Mohegans, by which the surviving Pequods were equally distributed between the two larger tribes, forced to adopt their names, and drop their own forever.

1643

Uniting of Couples and Colonies

"We are of course a nation of differences. Those differences don't make us weak. They're the source of our strength...The question is not when we came here...but why our families came here. And what we did after we arrived." – Jimmy Carter

"I can cipher some, but I expect I've got my own notions about spelling." – Scipio le Moyne, in Owen Wister's novel "The Virginian"

*Boast not proud English of thy birth and blood,
Thy brother Indian is by birth as good
Of one blood God made him, and thee, and all
As wise, as fair, as strong, as personal.*
– from a poem by Roger Williams

"One small candle may light a thousand." – William Bradford

- ◆ John Gorham and Desire Howland wed
- ◆ New England Colonies Unite for War
- ◆ Howland Brothers on ATBA List

In 1621, the first of many John Gorhams we will encounter was born in England. Raised a "Puritan," John came to Plymouth as a young man, sometime prior to 1638. John arrived with his father Ralph, born 1575, who apparently died shortly after coming to America. The only mention of Ralph in historical documentation which seems interesting enough to note is that he was charged with beating Webb Adey (sometimes known, conversely, as Adey Webb) in 1639. Adey or Webb was apparently the town drunk and ne'er-do-well.

Since Ralph was a widower, John inherited his father's property when he died.

John Gorham married John and Elizabeth Howland's daughter Desire on March 25th of this year, a date that was on or about New Years at the time. This is sensible, as it is near the beginning of springtime, when hibernating animals come out of their dens, and long-dormant plants begin sprouting again. A little over a century later, in 1752, the calendar changed to the Gregorian (the one still in use today). The Gregorian calendar, perversely enough, begins each new year near the beginning of winter (January 1st).

Note: When you see dates within the range January 1st to March 25th prior to 1752, two years may be given, such as: March 10, 1675/1676. This is because according to their way of reckoning the year at that time, it was 1675 (as the new year did not begin until March 26th) but according to the Gregorian/current view of dating, it would have been 1676. France, Italy, Portugal, and Spain, had switched to the Gregorian

calendar in 1582, one hundred seventy years before Britain and its colonies did. Russia resisted the change until 1918.

Desire was eighteen when she married; John was twenty-one or possibly twenty-two (depending on the precise date of his birth, which is unknown).

Notwithstanding their location on the coast, John's title of "Captain" was not assigned to him from activity on the high seas. In his case, "Captain" was a military title that he was to attain when in his fifties. And so, he was not a Captain at the time they married; in fact, as we will see in the 1675 chapter, he was only a captain for a very brief period of time. As would be at least one of their sons, John was by profession a tanner. He also owned a grist mill, and was Marshfield constable in 1648.

Being a constable was not always the most pleasant and sought-after type of employment. In fact, some who had been chosen to serve in such capacity refused to do so, such as a certain Robert Parker in Barnstable in 1669. Stratton's "Plymouth Colony" says about this:

The constable was probably the most common interface between the law and the individual, and resentment against some types of laws, such as paying tax for the magistrates' meals or the ministers' maintenance, or the harsh treatment given to Quakers, made this a most undesirable position.

Spelling was not as uniform in the middle ages as it is today, even as regards proper names. The surname "Gorham" is sometimes spelled "Goram," "Gorum," or "Goram" in old documents.

After living in Plymouth for a time, where a girl named for Desire was born, the Gorhams moved to Marshfield (where four more children were born, including John Jr.), then Yarmouth (where their sixth child was born). Thereafter, according to a great-grandson, they relocated again, this time to Barnstable. It was in this town that Desire gave birth to children seven through eleven. Besides naming their first child for its mother, there was also an Elizabeth (for Desire's mother) and a John, for its father (and possibly grandfather, too), both born in Marshfield.

The Gorhams were by no means the only residents of Plymouth to leave that settlement. In the 1644 section of his book *Of Plymouth Plantation*, William Bradford speaks of what some historians refer to as "declension" (Pilgrims leaving Plymouth): "Many having left this place (as is before noted) by reason of the straightnes & barrennes of the same, and their finding of better accommodations elsewhere, more suitable to their ends & minds;..."

Bradford's history was missing for over two hundred years. It was finally discovered in England, and subsequently printed, in 1856.



Feeling threatened by the Naragansett tribe, the United Colonies of New England was formed this year. Member colonies included Plymouth, the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and New Haven. Rhode Island, the renegade colony of freethinker (read: religiously tolerant) Roger Williams (who had lived in Plymouth from 1632 to 1633) was conspicuous by its absence from the confederation. Within just three decades, though, Rhode Island would seek membership and be sought for membership in preparation for warfare against another tribe—in fact, the war in which John Gorham Sr. would be killed.

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The Plymouth Colony “Able to Bear Arms” List compiled this year contained four Howlands: John Sr. and Jr. in Plymouth proper, and their brothers and uncles Arthur in Marshfield and Henry in “Duxborrow” (Duxbury). John Gorham also appears on the list. According to Bodge’s “King Philip’s War,” those admitted to the list were only those who were “freemen, honest, and of good repute, and by the election of the members of the company. Training exercises were begun and ended with prayer. Each man, upon election, must provide himself with a musket or sword, rest, bandoleers, etc.”

1648

Marshfield Marshal

"I can calculate the motion of heavenly bodies but not the madness of people." -- Isaac Newton

"The world is a stage, but the play is badly cast." -- Oscar Wilde

- ◆ Grisly Proceedings
- ◆ John Gorham becomes Marshal of Marshfield

William Bradford, the second Governor of Plymouth Colony, wrote about John Howland in "Of Plymouth Plantation" that John became a "profitable" member of society. After gaining his freedom shortly after his arrival, John was indeed "upwardly mobile," becoming a pillar of the community, in both civil and church matters. Over the years he served as a court deputy and as an Assistant to the Governor (an Assistant was similar to a Lieutenant Governor, or at least a Deputy).

One court case in which John took part involved the murder of a little girl. The original record of the case reads:

These sheweth, that on Jul the 22, 1648, wee, whosse names are underwritten, were sworne by Mr Bradford, gouerner, to make inquiry of the death of the child of Allis Bishope, the wife of Richard Bishope.

Wee declare, yt coming into the house of the said Richard Bishope, wee saw at the foot of a ladder wh leadeth into an vpper chamer, much blood; and going vp all of vs into the chamber, wee found a woman child, of about foure yeares of age, lying in her shifte vpon her left cheeke, with her throat cut with diuers gashes crose wayes, the wind pipe cut and stuke into the throat downward, and a bloody knife lying by the side of the child, with wh knife all of vs judg, and the said Allis hath confessed to fие of vs at one time, yt shee murdered the child with the said knife.

*JOHN HOWLAND, JAMES COLE,
JAMES HURST, GYELLS RICKARD,
ROBERT LEE, RICHARD SPARROW,
JOHN SHAWE, THOMAS POPE,
FRANCIS COOKE, FRANCIS BILLINGTON,
JOHN COOKE, WILLIAM NELSON.*

Rachell, the wife of Joseph Ramsden, aged about 23 yeares, being examined, saith that coming to the house of Richard Bishope vpon an erand, the wife of the said Richard Bishope requested her to goe fetch her som buttermilke at Goodwife Winslows, and gaue her a kettle for that purpose, and she went and did it; and before shee wente, shee saw the

child lyinge abed asleep, to her best deserning, and the woman was as well as shee hath knowne her att any time; but when shee came shee found her sad and dumpish; shee asked her what blood was that shee saw at the ladders foot; shee pointed vnto the chamber, and bid her looke, but shee perseiued shee had kiled her child, and being afraid, shee refused, and ran and tould her father and mother. Morouer, shee saith the reason yt moued her to thinke shee had kiled her child was yt when shee saw the blood shee looked on the bedd, and the child was not there.

Alice Bishop, who had confessed to killing her child, was hanged.

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John Gorham was this year selected as Marshal of Marshfield, a town which is located fifteen miles north of Plymouth.

1650

Sole Survivors

"The true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops, but the kind of man that the country turns out." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

"I think the captain of a ship ought to understand navigation. Whether he does or not, he will have to take a captain's share of the blame, if the crew bring the vessel to grief." -- Mark Twain

♦ Plymouth Colony Accounting

Thirty years after the founding of Plymouth colony, William Bradford recorded what had happened to all the original passengers--those who had died, those who had married and multiplied, those who had moved away, and what became of them.

John Howland was the only surviving member of the John Carver household, and had been such for some years. Bradford wrote:

Mr. Caruer and his wife dyed the first year; he in the spring, she in the sommer; also, his man Roger [Wilder], and the little boy Jasper [More] dyed before either of them, of the commone infection. Desire Minter returned to her freinds, and proved not very well, and dyed in England. His servant boy Latham, after more than 20 years stay in the country, went into England, and from thence to the Bahamy Islands in the West Indies, and ther, with some others, was starved for want of food. His maid servant maried, and dyed a year or tow after, here in this place. His servant, John Howland, maried the daughter of John Tillie, Elizabeth, and they are both now living, and have 10 children, now all living; and their eldest daughter hath 4 children. And there 2 daughters, one, all living; and other of their children mariagable. So 15 are come of them.

The eldest daughter Bradford mentioned, who at the time of writing had given birth to four children, was Desire Gorham. Bradford concluded his accounting by writing:

Of these 100 persons which came first over in this first ship together, the greater halfe dyed in the generall mortality; and most of them in 2 or 3 months time. And for those which survi[v]ed, though some were ancient and past procreation, and others left the place and cuntrie, yet of those few remaining are sprung up above 160 persons, in this 30 years, and are now living in this presente year, 1650 besides many of their children which are dead, and come not within this account.

And of the old stock ther are yet living this present year, 1650 nere 30 persons. Let the Lord have the praise, who is the High Preserver of men.

John Gorham was made a freeman this year.

1651

Barnstable Constable

“Let America add Mexico to Texas, and pile Cuba upon Canada; let the English overswarm all India, and hang out their blazing banner from the sun; two thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer’s. For the sea is his; he owns it...” -- from “Moby Dick” by Herman Melville

“Merchant and pirate were for a long period one and the same person. Even today mercantile morality is really nothing but a refinement of piratical morality.” -- Friedrich Nietzsche

- ◆ John Gorham II born Massachusetts

Desire Gorham gave birth to a son, named for his father, in Marshfield, Massachusetts this year. John Sr. was also made a member of the Grand Inquest of Plymouth Colony. The next year they would move to Yarmouth.

John and Desire’s son John Jr. eventually shared not just a name with his father but also a profession, that of tanner. At Captain John Gorham’s death, his son John received his father’s “tan vats, bark mill, tools, stock and the other half of the upland” (of which his brother James had received the first half). Also like his father before him, John held many public offices, such as constable, and deputy to the general court, at Barnstable.

John Gorham II was united in matrimony with Mary Otis in 1674. A few years after the marriage, John got involved in the lucrative whale trade for which the region is so well-known (Nantucket is the land setting for the beginning of Herman Melville’s epic whale-of-a-tale, *Moby Dick*).

Rather than wait for the fluke occurrence of a whale foundering on the beach, watchers were commissioned to give notice when a whale spouted in the bay. A certain man named Lopez from Long Island (for some reason referred to as a “Dutchman,” although his name seems anything but Dutch) taught the men of Barnstable how to kill whales. After one of the giant sea creatures had been sighted, whalers would then put out in small boats and give chase. John Gorham made a tidy fortune out of the business “first fixt out with old Lopez whaling in ye year about 1680.”

Besides the large specimens that normally come to mind when one thinks of whaling, there was also a lucrative business in “shore whaling,” involving Blackfish. These are small whales (but very large fish). Although called Blackfish today, the early colonists referred to them as “grampus.” These could be hunted in small boats just offshore, and driven ashore in great numbers to be stranded at ebb tide.

Although written a century later, this 1793 description of “Cape Whaling” by Levi Whitman is informative:

It would be curious indeed to a countryman, who lives at a distance from the sea, to be acquainted with the method of killing blackfish. Their size is from four to five tons weight, when full grown. When they come within our harbors, boats surround them. They are as easily driven to the shore as cattle or sheep are driven on land. The tide leaves them, and they are easily killed. They are a fish of the whale kind, and will average a barrel of oil each. I have seen nearly four hundred at one time lying dead on the shore.

Apparently it was indeed “a tidy fortune” that John had accumulated in the whaling game, as the inventory of his goods at his death was calculated to be worth 1,200 English pounds. At the time, one hundred pounds was considered a good annual living. In his will, John divvied up his material possessions between his wife Mary and their children. He made arrangements for his servant Robin to go free after a further two years of service to his wife. Among his worldly goods enumerated was also ‘an Indian servant Jeffrey.’

1654

Cruelty and Hard Usage

"How came it to pass that so many wicked persons and profane people should so quickly come over into this land?" -- William Bradford

"There never was a good war or a bad peace." -- Benjamin Franklin

- ◆ John Howland testifies in a Manslaughter Trial
- ◆ War with Holland Averted

A fourteen-year old servant boy named John Walker died this year as a result of extreme neglect and sadistic cruelty. John Howland, along with a certain John Adams, testified against Walker's master Robert Latham, telling the court that, on the morning of the day that Walker died, they had heard Latham say he had beaten the boy. Recall that a William Latham had been a part of the Carver, and then Howland, household. Robert may have been a son or other relative of William's.

At any rate, the coroner's jury was called upon to view the body and made this report:

That the body of John Walker was blackish and blew, and the skine broken in divers places from the middle to the haire of his head, viz, all his backe with stripes given him by his master, Robert Latham, as Robert himselfe did testify; and also wee found a bruise of his left arme, and one of his left hipp, and one great bruise of his brest; and there was the knuckles of one hand and one of his fingers frozen, and alsoe both his heeles frozen, and one of the heeles the flesh was much broken, and alsoe one of his little toes frozen and very much perished, and one of his great toes frozen, and alsoe the side of his foot frozen; and alsoe, upon reviewing the body, wee found three gaules like holes in the hames, which wee formerly, the body being frozen, thought they had been holes; and alsoe wee find that the said John was forced to carry a logg which was beyond his strength, which hee indeavoring to doe, the logg fell upon him, and hee, being downe, had a stripe or two, as Joseph Beedle doth testify; and we find that it was some few daies before his death; and wee find, by the testimony of John Howland and John Adams, that heard Robert Latham say that hee gave John Walker som stripes that morning before his death; and alsoe wee find the flesh much broken of the knees of John Walker, and that he did want sufficient food and clothing and lodging, and that the said John did constantly wett his bedd and his cloathes, lying in them, and so suffered by it, his clothes being frozen about him; and that the said John was put forth in the extremity of cold, though thuse unabled by lamenes and sorenes to performe what was required; and therefore in respect of crewelty and hard usage he died.

The trial jury found Latham guilty of manslaughter. Latham was sentenced to be burned in the hand and to have all his personal property confiscated.

John Gorham was surveyor of highways in Barnstable this year, where he also owned a grist mill and a tannery.

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The British Colonists almost got involved in a war with the Dutch this year. As a conflict seemed imminent, preparations were made beginning in 1653. A "Council of War" was appointed that year to take charge of these preparations. A group of men from Plymouth were appointed to join an expedition that was to be sent out to join the other colonies, with Capt. Myles Standish (naturally) as Commander. Two barques were also prepared. However, peace broke out between the two nations before the colonies actually commenced warfare.

1657

A Sword or a Gun in the Belly

"I don't believe an accident of birth makes people sisters or brothers. It makes them siblings, gives them mutuality of parentage. Sisterhood and brotherhood is a condition people have to work at." -- Maya Angelou

"Our siblings. They resemble us just enough to make all their differences confusing, and no matter what we choose to make of this, we are cast in relation to them our whole lives long." -- Susan Scarf Merrell

"Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits." – Mark Twain

♦ Arthur and Henry Howland Run Afoul of the Law

John Howland started out a “stranger” but became a fellow Separatist after living among them in Plymouth. John’s brothers Arthur and Henry, who came to Plymouth later, belonged to the new “Quaker” religion (founded 1650, and officially designated “The Society of Friends”). This was no doubt a source of bemusement to some, that so prominent an individual in the community as John Howland had as brothers such “radicals.” As being a Quaker, or even associating with Quakers, was illegal in Plymouth Colony (as it was also regarding Anglicans, Baptists, and Catholics), this may have been a source of some embarrassment to John.

Stratton’s *Plymouth Colony* says about the matter:

...few families were more identified with the Quakers than those of Arthur and Henry Howland, the two brothers of Mayflower passenger... John Howland.

One Quaker meeting which convened at Arthur’s house on December 22nd, 1657, was interrupted by constable John Phillips of Marshfield, who attempted to arrest Quaker leader Robert Huchin. Phillips complained that he had been unable to take Huchin into custody because Howland threatened Phillips that “hee would have either a sword or a gun in the belly of him” if he persisted in his efforts to apprehend Huchin. Howland apparently literally threw Phillips out of his house while or immediately after making that threat.

Captain Myles Standish, who would otherwise perhaps had something to say in the matter, being a friend of John Howland, and presumably a moderate as he was not a member of the Plymouth Church, was no longer around--he had died the year before.

Arthur was not the only “black sheep” of the family. He and John’s other brother Henry had been fined for hosting an illegal meeting in his home (doubtless an assembly of Quakers) early in the year, on March 2nd.

On October 6th, 1659, Arthur Howland was disenfranchised (deprived of the rights of citizenship) for aiding and entertaining Quakers. Henry was fined twice more in 1660 for entertaining Quaker meetings in his house.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony was even tougher on Quakers than those in Plymouth were. In 1659, the Bay Colony executed two Quakers for their religious beliefs. Like the Pilgrims, these Quakers had crossed the ocean from England to America to escape religious persecution.

It was Quakers who, on February 18th, 1688, in Germantown, Pennsylvania, adopted the first formal antislavery resolution in America. Pennsylvania later became the first U.S. state to abolish slavery, on March 1st, 1780.

1661

Which Witch is Which?

"I am wronged. It is a shameful thing that you should mind these folks that are out of their wits." -- Martha Carrier (hanged for witchcraft in 1692 in Salem, Massachusetts)

"We have a criminal jury system which is superior to any in the world; and its efficiency is only marred by the difficulty of finding twelve men every day who don't know anything and can't read." -- Mark Twain

"Of all the variable things in creation, the most uncertain of all are the action of a jury, the state of a woman's mind, and the conditions of the Missouri River." – from a Sioux City, Iowa, newspaper

♦ Accusations of Witchcraft

Compared to the Massachusetts Bay Colony to the North, Plymouth Colony had a reputation for being more moderate and fair in legal matters (notwithstanding the fact that those at Massachusetts Bay were Puritans while those in Plymouth were the more extreme Separatists). An example of the relative moderation of those in Plymouth took place this year when William Holmes' wife was accused of being a witch by a certain Dinah Silvester.

To its credit, the Plymouth court found the *accuser* guilty and gave her three options: Pay a fine, issue a public apology, or be whipped. It is not known which punishment Dinah chose. Regardless of which it was, Dinah probably thought long and hard before bringing forth such accusations again.

There was another case in Plymouth where such an accusation arose, fifteen years later in 1676, and the result was similar: the accused, Mary Ingham, was found not guilty.

The more infamous witch trials, which would take place a little to the north in Salem, were only three decades in the future. Those found guilty would be executed by being drowned, hanged or by being “pressed to death.”

1667

A Courtship Interrupted by the Court

*Ev'ry night I watch the lights from the house upon the hill
I love a little girl who lives up there and I guess I always will
But I don't dare knock upon her door, 'cause her daddy is my boss man
So I got to try to be content, to see her whenever I can*

...
I love her, she loves me, but I don't fit in her society

-- from the song "Down in the Boondocks" written by Martin L. Gore

"All right, Guv'ner, I told him, 'you run the show, and I'll take the tickets!'" -- from
"The Jungle" by Upton Sinclair

"Place me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm; because love is as strong
as death is, insistence on exclusive devotion is as unyielding as Sheol is. Its blazings are
the blazings of a fire, the flame of Jah." -- Song of Solomon (Canticles) 8:6

- ♦ Arthur Howland marries the Governor's daughter

On March 5th of this year, John Howland's nephew Arthur Howland, Jr. was fined for "inveigling of Mistris Elizabeth Prence and makeing motion of marriage to her, and prosecutng the same contrary to her parrents likeing, and without theire consent, and directly contrary to theire mind and will." The court implied that the affection was not one-sided, as it went on to order that Arthur "desist from the use of any meanes to obtaine or retaine her affections as aforsaid."

Elizabeth's father, one of the "parrents" who did not consent to this courtship of their daughter with the Quaker Howland, had the judicial system on his side: he presided over that court case. The struggle was apparently an ongoing one. Four months later, on July 2nd, Howland "did sollemlly and seriously engage before this Court, that he will wholly desist and never apply himself for the future, as formerly he hath done, to Mistris Elizabeth Prence in reference unto marriage."

Arthur had not only breached etiquette, in that he bypassed the parents and appealed directly to their daughter in asking her to marry him, but he was also breaking the law. As of 1638, it had been illegal to act as Henry did. The law stated that no man should propose to a girl unless he had previously secured the consent of the girl's parents or, if she was a servant, of her master.

In her book "In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers," Mary Crawford writes about this law:

To be sure the young gentleman sometimes persisted and won out against a hard-hearted father. A case of this kind...Arthur Howland, Jr., who

finding the daughter of Governor Prence not averse to his attentions, apparently asked her to marry him,--instead of asking her father if he might ask her.

Arthur must have been a brave young man ... to defy his father-in-law elect, for contemporary writers describe Governor Prence as possessed of "a countenance of majesty."

Apparently, one of the reasons for this strict control over who married whom was to seek to prevent social-climbing males from marrying females whose family was “above” their station.

Despite parental pressure and social differences, Arthur Howland and Elizabeth Prence did marry five months later, on December 9, 1667. Although having a governor as his father-in-law may have provided him with a measure of protection for a time, Arthur was to end up in prison in 1684 for failure to pay a tax supporting the local minister.

1672

A Gentleman and a Scholar

"Truly the universe is full of ghosts, not sheeted churchyard spectres, but the inextinguishable elements of individual life, which having once been, can never die, though they blend and change, and change again for ever." -- from "King Solomon's Mines" by H. Rider Haggard

"He was a good old disciple, & had bin sometime a magistrate here, a plaine-hearted christian." -- Plymouth Church minister John Cotton, speaking of John Howland at his funeral

- ◆ John Howland dies

John Howland was apparently a man given to Bible study, as among his effects at the time he died on February 23rd, 1672 (he did not survive quite long enough to celebrate he and Elizabeth's 50th wedding anniversary) were "one great Bible and Annotations on the five books of Moses," also "Mr. Tindall's works" (apparently the writings of Bible scholar, translator, and martyr William Tyndale).

As previously noted, John had not been one of the "Saints" at the time the voyage began. Perhaps his dip in the sea and unlikely survival of it had "put the fear of God into him."

Unlike many of the other husbands of Plymouth Colony, John trusted his wife to be executrix of his estate. The law only stipulated that 1/3 be left to a widow if her husband died intestate (without leaving a will). John did not allow that to happen, and left Elizabeth in control of *all* that he had owned.

The Plymouth records contain John's obituary:

The 23rd of February, 1672/[73], Mr John Howland, Senir, of the towne of Plymouth, deceased. Hee was a godly man and an ancient professor in the wayes of Christ; hee lived untill hee attained above eighty yeares in the world. Hee was one of the first comers into this land, and proved a usefull instrument of good in his place, & was the last man that was left of those that came over in the shipp called the May Flower, that lived in Plymouth; hee was with honor interred att the towne of Plymouth on the 25 of February, 1672.

John lived in Plymouth for more than half a century. A few other Mayflower passengers remained living, but those few had moved elsewhere--with at least one exception: While true that John Howland was the last *man* who had been on the Mayflower living in *Plymouth*, he wasn't the last *person* who had been a Mayflower passenger. Assuming that his wife Elizabeth was still living with him in Plymouth at the time of

his death, *she* was the last remaining Mayflower passenger in that colony. Elizabeth survived John for fifteen years, living until 1687.

Mayflower passenger John Cooke, by this time a resident of Dartmouth, lived until 1695. Cooke had been excommunicated from the Plymouth Church for Anabaptistry (denying the validity of infant baptism). At least one person born *on* the Mayflower, although not during the passage over, lived even longer: Peregrine White, who survived until 1704. White had been born while the Mayflower lay at bay in Cape Cod. Oceanus Hopkins was born on the voyage over, but died at a young age, sometime prior to 1627.

1675

The Severity of the Season

"We joined our forces together and marched in pursuit to find our enemy, but God hath been pleased to deny us any opportunity therein." -- Capt. John Gorham, in an Oct. 1, 1675 letter to Massachusetts Governor Edward Winslow

"I am resolved not to see the day when I have no country." – King Philip (Metacom)

"The very ink with which all history is written is merely fluid prejudice." – Mark Twain

- ◆ King Philip's War Decimates New England
- ◆ The Great Swamp Fight
- ◆ Arthur Howland, Sr. dies

Unfortunately, just one generation removed from the peace that had existed between Wampanoag Chief Massasoit and the Pilgrims, relations between the Euro-Americans and Indians had deteriorated by this time. Remarking on the root causes of their problems, Dodge's "Soldiers in King Philip's War" notes:

It will not be necessary to discuss the causes leading up to the war. It is enough to say here, that the English had assumed the government of the country, and followed their course of settlement with small regard to the rights of the natives. In some of the plantations, the settlers purchased their lands of the Indians, as a matter of precaution; partly that they might have that show of title in case any other claim should be set up in opposition to theirs, and partly to conciliate the savages, whose hostility they feared, and whose friendship was profitable in the way of trade, in furs and other products of the hunt. The Indians were always at disadvantage with the English, in all the arts of civilized life. The English paid no heed to Indian laws or customs or traditions; and ruthlessly imposed their own laws, customs, and religious ideas, with no apparent thought of their intolerance and injustice. They made treaties with the savages in the same terms which they would have used had they been dealing with a civilized nation. They made out deeds, in language which only the learned framers themselves could understand.

Massasoit had died in 1661. Massasoit's son Wamsutta, or Alexander, became the new sachem in 1662. Wamsutta did not live long, though. Upon hearing rumors of an Indian uprising, aggravated by the news that Wamsutta had sold land to the colony in Rhode Island (considered by those in Plymouth to be radicals), a contingent of Plymouth men under Josiah Winslow captured Wamsutta/Alexander, and under threat of death if he resisted, marched him to Plymouth to give an accounting of himself and his tribe respecting these rumors.

Within a few days, Wamsutta was dead. Many today believe he was either deliberately poisoned by colonists in Plymouth, or died as a result of medical malpractice by the Plymouth physician. At the time, the Wampanoags believed their chief had been killed by their former allies. Wamsutta's brother Metacomet, or Philip, replaced his brother as Wampanoag sachem.

Wamsutta and Metacomet had been given, at their father Massasoit's request, English names in addition to their birth names. The names given them were those of ancient kings of Greece, Alexander and Philip.

Metacomet originally honored the treaties made by his father with the Euro-Americans, but after years of further encroachment, destruction of the land, slave trade, and slaughter--not to mention the bad blood engendered by the events surrounding his brother's demise--Metacomet had had enough. Another exacerbating circumstance was the perception of the Indians that the Euro-Americans seemed to be growing ever more arrogant. The Euro-Americans felt that they were meant by God to own the land. This attitude resulted in an atmosphere of antagonism replacing that of amity and mutual aid that had prevailed among the first generation of Euro-Americans and Indians.

Metacomet was ridiculed by the Euro-Americans for the "airs" he displayed by insisting on dressing in European-style clothing. Derisively, they gave him the sobriquet "*King Philip*." Metacomet (sometimes called Metacomet or Pometacom) formed a coalition of Indian tribes to fight against the Euro-Americans.

Three of Metacomet's counselors were killed for the murder of a Christian Indian who had allegedly warned Plymouth Governor Josiah Winslow (Edward's son) that the Wampanoags were preparing for war. This made that informant's warning something of a self-fulfilling prophecy.

But were the three accused really guilty of the murder of John Sassamon, the Indian who had fought alongside the English in the Pequot war and had studied at Harvard? It may have been an accident--Sassamon's body was found under the ice long after he had disappeared. Perhaps he had fallen through and drowned. Even if it was murder, who was guilty? The accuser of Metacomet's counselors was an Indian who claimed to have witnessed the attack from afar; the "witness" however also owed a gambling debt to one of the Indians he implicated.

Regardless of whether it was murder or accident--or, if the latter, who was responsible--Sassamon's death was a watershed event. It has been compared to the killing of Archduke Ferdinand in Sarajevo which precipitated World War I.

Another death of an Indian also played a large role in the igniting of hostilities. Differing from the outbreak of the Pequot war, this time it was a colonist that had killed an Indian. On June 11th, a farmer shot the Indian as he observed him stealing his cattle. Metacomet sought justice from the local garrison but was rebuffed. The Wampanoags then took

matters into their own hands, killing not only the farmer, but also his father and five others.

From there, the violence segued into out-and-out warfare. The war lasted two years and bears the name derisively given Metacom. Based on the percentage of citizens killed, King Philip's war was the most destructive fought in American History--one in sixteen male colonists of age to serve in the military were killed during the course of the war. The natives suffered even more.

Half of the colonist's towns were badly damaged during the war; twelve of them were completely destroyed. Swansea, where John and Elizabeth Howland's daughter Lydia Browne (or Brown) lived, was one of the hardest hit, and in fact was the place where the war actually began, with the killing of the farming family noted above. In June, many of that town were compelled to flee due to raids by the Indians. Besides the physical danger, the war also battered the economy as a result of the disruption in the fur trade, the fishing business, and trade with the West Indies.

Also similar to the situation in the Pequot War, the first months of the war went the Indians' way due to disorganization among, and internal rivalries between, the Euro-Americans. Only after combining as the "United Colonies" of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, and New Hampshire were the colonists able to turn the tide and eventually win the war. The Gorham family would lose their American patriarch in the process.

It would be amiss and remiss not to note, though, that without the participation of the Iroquois on the side of the colonists, an English victory probably would have been impossible.



John Gorham the elder (Desire's husband) served as a Captain in the militia in King Philip's war. His son John Gorham II, who had married the previous year, was also with him and participated in the war.

At the battle which took place at present day South Kingston, Rhode Island, in December of 1675, known as "The Great Swamp Fight," the elder John was wounded "by having his powder horn shot and split against his side." A fatal fever resulted. Not helping matters was the fact that, even though they had won the battle, the Colonists then found themselves stuck in enemy territory in bad weather with little provisions.

It didn't have to be that way. Had the Colonists plundered the corn stored at the Narragansett's fort in the swamp, they would have had provisions. Instead, in their destruction of the enemy fortress they burned up these foodstuffs, along with many aged women and children. It is said there were upwards of 500 wigwams in the fort. Many had been engineered to be bullet-proof. This was accomplished by lining the inner walls with large tubs of grain. The non-combatants (the aged, women, and children) assembled in these "safe houses."

The Indians' fort was normally inaccessible, or at least hard to approach, due to its strategic location. Situated on a few acres of land in the midst of a great cedar swamp, it was surrounded by a natural moat of sorts. The Indians had a fallen tree placed just beneath the water at a precise location known only to them, so that they could travel to and from the fort without resorting to swimming.

The fort was still a "work in progress," as there were several trees that had been fallen but not yet put into place as a defensive breastworks. In "Soldiers in King Philip's War," George Bodge wrote that "the works were rude and incomplete, but would have been almost impregnable to our troops had not the swamp been frozen."

Besides the strategic location, the Narragansetts and their guests had the Colonists outnumbered. The only problem the Indians had was that they ran out of gun powder.

As mentioned, on the bitter cold day in late December when the fort was attacked by the English, the swamp was iced over. This made approach to the fort relatively easy. The attackers also had the advantage of an Indian scout. Bodge wrote, "Either by chance, or the skill of Peter, their Indian guide, the English seem to have come upon a point of the fort where the Indians did not expect them."

This is not to say that getting there was "a walk in the park" for the English soldiers. They had been mustered into service at Dedham Plain, near Boston, on December 9th for the expedition against the Narragansetts. The Colonists had determined to go on the offensive. They had heard that the hostile Indians were wintering amongst the Narragansetts. Rather than simply defending their towns and erecting blockhouses at various locations, the Colonists decided to march to the Indians' stronghold in the Great Swamp.

Veteran colonial troops were recalled and reorganized; an army of one thousand men was equipped for a winter campaign. On November 2nd, the colonies formally declared war on the Narragansetts at a meeting held in Boston. The soldiers were promised that "if they played the man, took the Fort, & Drove the Enemy out of the Narragansett Country, which was their great Seat, that they should have a gratuity in land besides their wages."

This carrot was apparently thought necessary, even though the address of the Plymouth Court to the "Gentlemen Souldiers" had already called on them with a "glorious summons to duty and a fervent appeal to loyalty."

Two companies of soldiers from Plymouth Colony, one led by Capt. John Gorham, and the other by Major William Bradford, combined with others from Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut for this attack.

Plymouth had been attacked on March 12th. A force of Indians, feigning hard going and smaller numbers than they actually had (a trick that would later be used by Plains Indians against the U.S. cavalry), lured Plymouth men into a trap and surrounded them, wiping them out. A total of 52 English and 11 allied Indians were killed in the ambush.

The night prior to the march to the Narragansett's fort, the army had had to bivouac in the open air in a driving snow-storm, because the Indians had burned down the colonist's garrison house just a few days prior.

Before daybreak on Sunday, December 19th, the colonists began their march towards the fort. This army of one thousand strong has been called the "largest and best organized that had ever been in the field in the American colonies."

The experience at the fort, especially as regards those from Plymouth, is described in Dodge's "Soldiers in King Philip's War" as follows:

Many of the Indians, driven from their works, fled outside, some doubtless to the wigwams inside, of which there were said to be upward of five hundred, many of them large and rendered bullet-proof by large quantities of grain in tubs and bags, placed along the sides. In these many of their old people and their women and children had gathered for safety, and behind and within these as defences the Indians still kept up a skulking fight, picking off our men. After three hours hard fighting, with many of the officers and men wounded or dead, a treacherous enemy of unknown numbers and resources lurking in the surrounding forests, and the night coming on, word comes to fire the wigwams, and the battle becomes a fearful holocaust, great numbers of those who had taken refuge therein being burned.

The fight had now raged for nearly three hours, with dreadful carnage in proportion to the numbers engaged. It is not certain at just what point the Plymouth forces were pushed forward, but most likely after the works were carried, and the foremost, exhausted, retired for a time, bearing their dead and wounded to the rear; but we are assured that all took part in the engagement, coming on in turn as needed. It is doubtful if the cavalry crossed the swamp, but were rather held in reserve and as scouts to cover the rear and prevent surprises from any outside parties.

When now the fortress and all its contents were burning, and destruction assured, our soldiers hastily gathered their wounded and as many as possible of their dead, and formed their shattered column for the long and weary march back to Wickford.

...They were some sixteen miles from their base of supplies (it is doubtful if they had noted the Indian supplies until the burning began). There was no way of reaching their provisions and ammunition at Wickford except by detaching a portion of their force now reduced greatly by death, wounds and exposure. The numbers of Indians that had escaped, and were still in the woods close at hand, were unknown, but supposed to be several thousand, with report of a thousand in reserve about a mile distant. These were now scattered and demoralized, but in a few hours might rally and fall upon the fort, put our troops, in their weakened condition, upon the defensive, and make their retreat from the swamp extremely difficult if not

utterly impossible, encumbered as they would be by the wounded, whose swollen and stiffened wounds in a few hours would render removal doubly painful and dangerous. Added to this was the chance of an attack upon the garrison at Wickford, and the dread of the midnight ambuscade.

Although admitting the cruelty perpetrated by the Colonists, Bodge's opinion was: "I believe this must be classed as one of the most glorious victories ever achieved in our history, and considering conditions, as displaying heroism, both in stubborn patience and dashing intrepidity, never excelled in American warfare."

Bodge went on to write:

Of the details of the march to Wickford very little is known; through a bitter cold winter's night, in a blinding snowstorm, carrying two hundred and ten of their wounded and dead, these soldiers, who had marched from dawn till high noon, had engaged in a desperate life-and-death struggle from noon till sunset, now plodded sturdily back to their quarters of the day before, through deepening snows and over unbroken roads.

A certain John Raymond claimed to have been the first soldier to enter the fort. He may have been an ancestor of Mary Raymond, who would marry William Gorham, great-great-great grandson of John Gorham, in the early 1800s.

Two months before the battle at Narragansett, Capt. John Gorham had sent the following letter from the field to Edward Winslow, the Governor of Massachusetts:

Mendum, Oct. 1, 1675

Much Honored;--

My service with all due respect humbly presented to yourself and unto the rest of the council hoping of your health, I have made bold to trouble you with these few lines to give your honors an account of our progress in your jurisdiction. According unto your honors orders and determination, I arrived at Mendum with fifty men, and the next day Lieutenant Upham arrived with thirty-eight men, and the day following we joined our forces together and marched in pursuit to find our enemy, but God hath been pleased to deny us any opportunity therein: though with much labor and travel we had endeavored to find them out, which Lieut. Upham hath given you a more particular account. Our soldiers being much worn, but having been in the field this fourteen weeks and little hopes of finding the enemy, we are this day returning towards our General, but as for my own part I shall be ready to serve God and the country in this just war so long as I have life and health, not else to trouble you I rest yours to serve in what I am able.

John Gorham

The “Great Swamp Fight” was the single bloodiest day of the War. The book “King Philip’s War: The History and Legacy of America’s Forgotten Conflict” by Eric B. Schultz and Michael J. Tougias, says of the battle:

Early on the afternoon of December 19, 1675, the combined army of Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, and Connecticut attacked a large, fortified Narragansett village located in the Great Swamp (present-day South Kingston, Rhode Island). The Great Swamp Fight would last for most of the afternoon and become one of New England’s bloodiest battles. In the end, perhaps six hundred Narragansett died and Puritan historians declared it a great victory; in retrospect, however, it brought the still-powerful Narragansett into the war and so incapacitated the colonial army that it was incapable of continuing the winter campaign.

Although the colonists won the battle, they were not in the best of shape themselves, in the aftermath. Benjamin Church (who, like John Gorham, had been wounded during the battle) reported that those from Plymouth were out of food. Church had witnessed their last biscuit being doled out before the battle began. The colonists burned up the Indians’ houses and provisions inside the fort, and then had to return the way they came, despite the cold storm.

Once they made it back to their fort, relief arrived in the nick of time in the form of provisions from Boston. If not for this, John Gorham may have died that night or very soon thereafter. Benjamin Church wrote of this situation in his diary, which was eventually published by his son Thomas under the long-winded title “Entertaining Passages Relating to King Philip’s War Which Began in the Month of June 1675. As also of Expeditions more lately made against the Common enemy, and Indian Rebels, in the Eastern Parts of New England: with some account of the Divine Providence Towards Benj. Church Esq.” The pertinent passage reads:

And I suppose everyone that is acquainted with the circumstances of that night’s march deeply laments the miseries that attended them, especially the wounded and dying men. But it mercifully came to pass that Captain Andrew Belcher arrived at Mr. Smith’s that very night from Boston with a vessel loaded with provisions for the army, who must otherwise have perished for want. Some of the enemy that were then in the fort have since informed us that nearly a third of the Indians belonging to all that Narraganset country were killed by the English and by the cold that night, that they fled out of their fort so hastily that they carried nothing with them, that if the English had kept in the fort, the Indians had certainly been necessitated either to surrender themselves to them or to have perished by hunger and the severity of the season.

Jabez Howland, Desire Gorham’s brother and thus Capt. John Gorham’s brother-in-law, was apparently also engaged at the Great Swamp Fight, as he served with Benjamin Church. In Church’s

recollection of the battle, quoted from above, he mentioned Howland several times. The Jabez Howland house, built 1666, still stands, and is said to be “the last house left in Plymouth whose walls have heard the voices of Mayflower Pilgrims.”

Church was perhaps prone to stretch the truth at times. In “King Philip’s War,” George Bodge says of him:

Many have taken him as a historian of the war, and neglected the real authorities, like Hubbard, Mather, and Gookin. His narrative is simply a compilation of an old man’s reminiscences, written out some forty years after their actual occurrence, and we can readily understand that the long years and the frequent relation of his experiences would tend to make his memory fertile in graphic details and personal achievements which contemporaries knew nothing about.

Church later fought in King William’s War in 1690, as did John Gorham’s namesake son, who served under Phips as a Lieutenant Colonel in that campaign.

As bad as the war was for the Euro-Americans (a higher percentage were killed than during the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, or World War II), it was even worse for the Indians. As can be deduced from the chart below, one in seven Indians died, and one in 65 English colonists:

<u>War</u>	<u>Deaths per 100,000</u>
Revolutionary	180
WWII	206
Civil	857
King Philip's	
English	1,538
Indian	15,000

So where was King Philip during this decisive battle, one from which the English suffered serious losses, but the Indians were even more devastated? Bodge wrote about this also:

In December, 1675, Philip retired beyond the Connecticut, and before the first of January was encamped some forty miles above Albany. It is probable that he was there negotiating with the Mohawks, by his agents, for their cooperation in the spring, and it is believed that he had assurance from the French, of ammunition and arms, together with a body of Canadian Indians to reinforce him... Canonchet, and his Narragansets, had not yet committed themselves, nor seemed inclined to do so.

This last—that the Narragansetts might not join the cause, was very bad news indeed to Philip. Oddly, then, this led to Philip and his confederation actually being happy about the defeat of the Narragansetts and the disastrous destruction of their great fortress at the Great Swamp Fight. Bodge goes on to write on this score:

There was great rejoicing by the Indians that they had been thus struck down by the English, whom they had been so slow to fight. Their rejoicing was equally great, because of the immense acquisition of the strong tribe and valiant chief, the prestige of whose name and numbers turned all faltering and hesitation into willing and eager adherence. And as they had been last to break into hostility against the settlers, so their causes of hatred and desire for revenge were deeper.

Prior to the Great Swamp Fight, Canonchet had been coerced into making a treaty with the English, not just of neutrality, which position he had already taken, but of active warfare against Philip and his group. Bodge wrote on this subject:

Canonchet, thus standing aloof from participation in the war, and fearing nothing from the English, who were constantly exercised against him by the wily arts of the Mohegans, was summoned to Boston, where he appeared before the Council and bore himself with manly dignity, but was constrained by his situation and by the threats of the Council, to sign a treaty binding him to fight against the hostile Indians, and to seize and deliver up all those Indians who had taken part in the war, and were now fled to his territories for shelter. This demand, so impossible for him to fulfil, he was induced to promise, under the pressure of present danger, knowing well that a refusal to accede to their demands would be taken as confirmation of the charges against him, and would result in his detention and perhaps death. He had no idea of the sacredness of his promise in this treaty, and his experiences with the English in former treaties, had not tended to give him exalted ideas of treaty promises.

When Canonchet was finally taken captive, his strong personality was again on display. He told a young interpreter, who came to discuss matters with him: "You much child, no understand matters of war; let your brother or your chief come, him I will answer." On being told that he would suffer the death penalty, Canonchet replied that he "liked it well, that he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken anything unworthy of himself."

Bodge eulogized Canonchet thus:

There is no nobler figure in all the annals of the American Indians, than Canonchet, son of Miantonomoh, Sachem of the Narragansets. As he had become the real head and life of the Indians at war, so his capture was the death-blow to their hopes.

The southern colonies in Virginia were not exempt from uprisings at this time, either. At the same time that King Philip's War was raging to the North, Bacon's Rebellion, comprised of frontiersmen, servants, and slaves, was threatening the colony there. This group was sizable enough to wreak havoc and raise real concern, as during the colonial period half

of the colonists were servants. And, as it turned out, the dissidents burned down the settlement there in 1676.

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John Howland's brother Arthur Howland, Sr., also died this year, a couple of months before John Gorham was wounded. Arthur was buried October 30th in Marshfield.

1676

Burden of Beasts

"There are many humorous things in the world; among them, the white man's notion that he is less savage than the other savages." – Mark Twain

"I am not an animal! I am a human being. I am a man." -- John Hurt as John Merrick in the movie "The Elephant Man"

- ◆ John Gorham dies of his wounds
- ◆ King Philip killed, beheaded
- ◆ Gorham's Rangers formed

Regarding the effects to John Gorham from the Great Swamp Fight of 1675, the pamphlet *The Gorham Family*, by Henry S. Gorham, mentions the fever but not the wound: "At Swamp Fort in the Narragansett country, Dec. 19, 1675, the power of the Narragansetts was crushed. Capt. Gorham never recovered from the cold and fatigue to which he was exposed on this expedition. He was seized with a fever and died at Swansea, where he was buried Feb. 5, 1676, age 54."

To better understand John Gorham's experience, a letter from a fellow soldier, who was also wounded during the Great Swamp Fight, proves illuminating:

To his Ecelency Joseph Dudly Esq Ca Jenerall Gouernor and Commander in Cheef in and ouer Her Magistis prouince of the Masetusits Bay in Nuiingland and Honered Councle and Representatiuies in jenerall Court assembled. The petision of John Booll humbly shueth y in the yere 1675 your humble petisinor was impresed in to His Magistis seruis and marched to Maregansit fort fight under y Command of Ca Johnson who was there slaine in Battel myself sorely wounded by A bulet being shot into my back aftor I was wounded I was caried some twenty mils in a uery could Night and laid in A could chamber, a wooden pillo my couering was y snow the wind droue on me a sad time to war in to be wounded the in a lettle time I was moued to Rodisland from thence hom to Hingham where I remained two yers and upward helples my diit and tendence cost the cuntry not one peny after I came home had I not bin helped by my Naighbors and frinds I had perished before this day but in time through gods goodnes to me I atained to so much strenght that I came to do some small labor thow with much paine by reson the bullet is in my body to this day but now age coming on and natorall forse begin to abate my former pains do increas upon euery letel could or change of wether by reson of my wound I lost my arms and so many clothes as at lest was worth fower pound Yet not with standing all this your humberl petisinor neuer reciued one pany neither for his wegis los of time diit nor smart and paine which I indured abundance which is a greef to me and a great discoregement to

others for seruing in the lik servis when they se and here my misfortin it
may be said whi was this let alone so long I humbly answare I was pore
and helples not having mony which is one sine of busines the pore man
was forgot to this day I do humbly creuaue your Exelency and honnors
would take your pore petitionors case to your concideretion and do as in
your wisdom you shall think meet to help a pore wound soulder to his
jurnis ind I hope the God of Heauen will bless you with speerituall and
temperall blessings and I shall as bound in duty ever pray."

John Bull (or Booll, as he spelled it) did have his petition granted. He was voted an annual pension of two pounds. He wrote the letter in 1703, twenty-eight years after he received the wound. He lived another seventeen years, until 1720.



Most of King Philip's men were killed by Mohawks in late February, 1676, shortly after John Gorham's death. New York governor Edmund Andros had encouraged the Mohawks to attack the Wampanoags.

On August 12th, King Philip himself was killed in the woods between present-day Portsmouth and Bristol, Connecticut, at the hand of an Indian named Alderman. Thousands of English soldiers had been tracking Philip for months. Their break came when one of Philip's own men, angry because Philip had killed the man's brother when he had suggested making peace with the English, betrayed Philip's location. The Englishman accompanying Alderman fired first at Philip, but his weapon malfunctioned, and so it was Alderman who fired the fatal shot. It was said that Alderman was the one who had betrayed Philip's hiding place and led the colonists there.

On seeing the result of his two shots—one through Philip's heart, and the other two inches from the first, killing Philip instantly—Alderman ran at full speed to Captain Church to inform him of his exploit. Church ordered him to keep it to himself for the time being, until they were through with the rest of Philip's men. At the end of the battle, Church relayed to his men the news of Philip's death. His army responded with three lusty "huzzas."

Benjamin Church arrived at the scene soon thereafter. He pulled Philip's body from the mud into which he had fallen. Church described the dead sachem as "a...great, naked, dirty beast."

It is odd that Church would call *Philip* a beast, for English law at the time treated traitors in an extremely beastly way—and since many considered Philip a traitor, he was subject to such treatment. The fate of traitors included being strung up alive and then cut down and disemboweled. While the victim was still alive, his entrails were burned before him. He would then be decapitated and quartered. This law remained in effect for more than a century after this, until 1790.

As an aside, the first American traitor, exposed to be surreptitiously aiding the British while ostensibly working for the Revolution, was a man also named Benjamin Church. Quite possibly, this man was a descendant, perhaps a great-grandson, give or take a generation, of the one written of above.

In light of the prescribed treatment of those deemed treasonous, it was fortunate for Philip that he was already dead when captured. Still, his head was removed from his lifeless body, and transported to Plymouth, where it was hung on a pole. Apparently unconcerned with provoking nightmares, and unaware of the health hazards, the head remained on the pole for an entire generation. Philip's killer, Alderman, was awarded with one of Philip's severed hands as a keepsake. Church's son wrote about this incident:

Captain Church gave the head and that hand to Alderman, the Indian who shot him, to show to such gentlemen as would bestow gratuities upon him. And accordingly, he got many a penny by it.

Some gentlemen. But it turned out so: Alderman made a livelihood out of this grisly memento by preserving it in a pail of rum and exhibiting it—for a fee—at taverns.

John and Desire Howland's son Jabez may have been present at Philip's death, seeing as his commanding officer was Benjamin Church.

This time, the Euro-Americans made certain that the role of Wampanoag sachem would not pass from father to son, as it had from Massasoit to Wamsutta/Alexander, and then to Metacomet/Philip. Metacomet's nine-year-old son was sent to the Caribbean, and remained a slave for the rest of his life.

According to George Bodge, author of "Soldiers in King Philip's War," although Philip was the prime instigator of the war, the Indians' actual military leader was the Narragansett chief Canonchet, mentioned earlier. Philip, more of a political figure than a military one, apparently stayed away from the heat of the battle as much as possible. Bodge wrote:

There are many proofs of the ability of Philip as a diplomat, in planning and preparing for the war. He succeeded his brother as the chief Sachem of the Wampanoags, about 1662. Judged by all that can be gleaned from history, Philip seems to us, not the terrible monster which our first historians painted him, but a leader of consummate skill, in bringing together the unwieldy and most unwilling forces, and pushing forward other bands of other tribes to bear the brunt and dangers which his own plotting had brought upon them. He was doubtless hurried into open hostilities by the ill-advised action of his young warriors, long before even his own tribe were prepared for the consequences of such rash action. Thousands of acres of corn were hastily abandoned by his people in their precipitate flight.

...

There is no proof known to me of any act of personal daring on his part, and I have not found any real evidence that he was personally engaged in any of the battles of the whole war, or that he led, in person, any attack, or raid, or ambuscade. The rumors of that day, and the statements of later historians, that he was present at certain fights, are not verified by evidence; and while there is little doubt that he directed and planned many of the most bloody and destructive attacks upon the settlements, he seems always to have kept at a safe distance from personal danger.

Bodge's opinion is that Canonchet's death, back in April, marked the real end of the war—although hostilities carried on even for an entire year after Philip's death. And not all those who died in the war died directly from wounds inflicted—many perished, even after the war had ended, from starvation brought on by the total war both sides had perpetrated on the other—since the men were out fighting, and oftentimes dying, that meant they were not in the fields planting and harvesting.

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Gorham's Rangers, which were formed to wage “frontier” or “Indian” style warfare, came into being this year. The Rangers differed from the state militias in that they took the offensive and went out into the woods, rather than staying in the towns and forts. Named for John Gorham II, in their first incarnation Gorham's Rangers were comprised of 60 English and 140 Indians.

In “American Colonial Ranger,” Gary Zaboly relates how the Rangers were only gradually and grudgingly accepted by the British military establishment. He writes:

As tough and effective as the rangers often were, some British commanders were slow to give them credit. “The worst soldiers in the universe,” James Wolfe called them. “It would be better they were all gone than have such a Riotous sort of people,” complained Lieutenant-colonel William Haviland.

Nevertheless, the British generals came to recognize that the forest war could not be won without the rangers. Brigadier general George Augustus Howe was so firmly convinced of this that he persuaded Major-General James Abercromby in 1758 to revamp his entire army into the image of the rangers, dress-wise, arms-wise, and drill-wise.

As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

It should be noted, though, that before the British imitated the American Rangers, the Rangers had imitated the Indians. When the Pilgrims had first arrived *en masse* in New England (on the Mayflower in 1620), the Indian tribes there (chiefly Wampanoag) taught the colonists how to farm the land, so that they could live. Now the Indians taught the

English how to fight. Those they fought against taught them by example; those they fought with instructed them in a more agreeable manner.

Captain James Smith, a former captive of the Indians and a utilizer of their battle tactics during Pontiac's Rebellion, once asked: "Why have we not made greater proficiency in the Indian art of war? Is it because we are too proud to imitate them, even though it should be a means of preserving the lives of many of our citizens?"

One American-born soldier compared the differing results obtained by the British soldiers and the Rangers this way (describing a 1758 battle with the French): "Ye New Ingland men kept behind trees and logs as much as they could, but ye regalars kept so right and in plain sight that ye French cut them down amazin."

Those who made the grade as Rangers were tough, versatile, and possessed of great physical stamina. Able to live on their own in the woods for lengthy stretches of time, they were also expert snowshoers who "could nimbly climb over several large mountains" in one day, as a group of them serving under Robert Rogers did in 1756.

As most of the Rangers had been woodsmen (hunters and trappers) in civilian life, marksmanship was a noteworthy collective skill of the Rangers. They have even been termed "sharpshooters," which is a bit of a coincidence when considering that two centuries later, a member of the Shannon family (who would eventually marry into the Gorham line of descent) was a member of Brady's Sharpshooters in the Civil War.

And tough? Perhaps there is a more apropos word. In his aforementioned book, Zaboly writes:

Though an increasingly unfashionable word with some historians, there is no better one than "savage" to describe the nature of the forest combat the colonial rangers engaged in.

In fact, the Rangers lived and dressed so much like the Indians whose style of warfare they emulated that they were often mistaken for Indians by regular soldiers on guard duty. This led to some injuries and even fatalities by "friendly fire."

The upshot of the Rangers and their impact on the colonial wars was summed up in Zaboly's book this way:

Although it took the capture of the major Canadian forts and cities to finally seal the victory for Britain, the colonial rangers had been the point and flank men, paving the way through the vast belts of wilderness lying between the opposing empires.

...
If the rangers in their own time had endured some harsh criticisms, especially from several unshakeably Old World generals, they nevertheless proved themselves a class of warrior whose overall record was one of unexpected achievement against daunting odds.

Zaboly goes on to note that many of the Rangers (naturally, those who had served in the latter period of the Colonial wars, such as in *the French and Indian War* from the mid-1750s to 1763) became colonels and generals in the Revolutionary War—some on the American side, others on the British.

Despite the fact that Robert Rogers, leader of one of the most storied bands of Rangers, himself served on the Loyalist (British) side in the War for Independence, the rules that he had codified and set to paper are still being issued to U.S. Special Forces and remain posted at Ranger battalion headquarters at Fort Benning, Georgia.

1684

Letter from Plymouth Jail

“Henry, what are you doing in there?”

“Ralph, what are you doing out there?” -- purported conversation between Ralph Waldo Emerson and his friend Henry David Thoreau, when Emerson was visiting Thoreau in jail (Thoreau was there for refusing to pay the poll tax)

“I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience.” -- John Bunyan

“Here I stand; I can do none other so help me God.” -- Martin Luther

“I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and willingly accepts the penalty by staying in jail to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the very highest respect for law.” -- Martin Luther King, Jr., “Letter from Birmingham Jail”

Too much monkey business for me to be involved in

– from the song “Too Much Monkey Business” by Chuck Berry

“The early colonists did not flee religious persecution so much as they wished to perpetuate religious persecution under circumstances more favorable to them. They wanted to be the persecutors.” -- Vine Deloria, Jr., from “Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto”

“And what is a good citizen? Simply one who never says, does or thinks anything that is unusual. Schools are maintained in order to bring this uniformity up to the highest possible point. A school is a hopper into which children are heaved while they are still young and tender; therein they are pressed into certain standard shapes and covered from head to heels with official rubber-stamps.” -- H.L. Mencken

“He is a lover of his country who rebukes and does not excuse its sins.” -- Frederick Douglass

♦ The Sufferings of Arthur Howland

Five years earlier, in 1679, it started. For reasons of conscience (the exact issue is no longer known), Arthur Howland, Jr. (John's nephew) refused to partake sacrament from the Marshfield church. The first tack the church took was to try to change his mind about his decision. When that didn't work, they excommunicated him, ordering all church members to neither eat nor drink with him.

Then they got really personal--they tried to turn his wife Elizabeth against him. She rejected such attempts, though, telling them she could

not participate in such un-Christian conduct without sinning against her conscience.

When the town constable came later to collect a tax to support the church's minister, Arthur refused to pay it. For this he was imprisoned. Arthur and Elizabeth jointly penned a letter from Plymouth jail, which they entitled "The Sufferings of Arthur Howland," the text of which appears below.

About the beginning of the year 1679: the so called church of Marshfield because of some scruples that were on my conscience I did refraine from pertaking with them in that which they call the sacrament of bread & wine took ocation to be ofended with me & so to proceed according to there order which was as followeth. First they required me to come to the church meeting to which I did at that time although I tould them that I could not partake with them without sinning against my conscience they tould me that if I did not promise them to partake with them & come to there meeting they should proceed to their sentence of excommunication against me. After this I sent a wrighting in answer to what they denied to say to my charge desiring that they would give me an answer in wrighting. Instead where of Samuell Arnold their teacher & John Bourne an emanent brother came to speak with me to perswade me to come to there metting on the first day of the weeke following & tould me that the wrighting I had sent them gave them more grounds to proceed against me many things they had before to which I replied when they prest me to come to there meeting that being they so sayd if they would ingage then I should have liberty to read the wrighting & to speak to it in the particulars of it in the publick congregation, I would come to meeting. Samuel Arnolld answered come to meeting & I will ingage that that wrighting shall not be read nor you shall not speake to it. I answered that I think I shall not come. SA sayd why I said because if I should come it was like he would require me to pull of my hat & stand befoore the church & seeing I did believe that they had no ground from the scriptures for what they did it would be no better to me than bowing to an idoll.

S Arnolld replyd come to meeting & it is like I shall doe as you say for there was a man delt with in the church of Boston & the man sat up in the gallery & ye minister required him to come downe & stand before the church & ye man refused but the gouernour sayd son now come down or I will fetch you down to which I replied if the gouernour should so command me the which I did believe he would not I should not obey him unles he did it by forse for I did not know that he had any more power in the church then another man: Samuell Arnald sayd it was honourably don of the gouernour to asiste the minister; so quickly after they proseeded to there sentance in which Samuall Arnald observed this order. I not being present he caled me by my name and as he sayd delivered me to Satan when he had done. Then he charged all his church members that they should not eat or drinke with me in common eating or drinking then charged the neighbours of the towne that they should not carry femillerly with me and

*for a close he prayed to his god that the devill might be set to worke one
me - - - acursed prayer it being against the end for which the Lord Jesus
came into the world Job 3:8*

*When they had accomplished these matters with me they then begune
with my wife she being unsatisfied with their proseding with me desired
that they would show her some rule in the scriptures for their actings they
did implisctly persuade her not to eat or drink with me & Samuell Arnald
did several times positively urge her to told her it would be her honour to
doe as [indecipherable] did as it is written in Exodus 27:28; this not
satisfying her she withdrawe from them & tould them that if they would not
or could not produce sume cleare scripture rule for what they had done to
her husband she could not pertake with them in that which she thought
was such an unchristiasn act without sining against her conscience the
which they never did nor indeed could doe for thare was not three of them
that agreed together for what it was that they so so sensured me & the
greatest part of them knew not for what it was thare being as they
accounted but two offecers in thare church & they were in absolute
contrarydiction on[e] to the other one saying that it was for that which the
other said he abhored should be mentioned some of thare church said it
was because I prayed the minister no better but to seesfye her once for all
they as far as they had proven gave her to the devill tow but notwithstanding
thare so cussing us & refusing to eat & drink with us In the
3 month 1682 on wiche [indecipherable] table: for the rate of Samuell
Arnald aforesayd came to our house & tooke away our putter charge
leaving us a conveninant dish or basin to eat our vittles in: againe in the
yeare 1684 the 22 day of ye 3 month the constable with John Bourne
aforementioned came to my house &v made demand of 15 shilling & 3
pence for the said Arnalds rate for preaching the year that was past & be
cause I refused to pay it he seased on my pearson to carry me to prison &
one the 4 day of the forth month following I was by the constable
aforesaid without any heareing at all put up in the common gaole & thare
am not alowed nether bread nor water nor any thing to lye one but the
flore nor anything to cover me with nor liberty to goe with the gayler to any
other house to get anything for my mony to sostaine nature nor so much
as fire by theire order---this is a true account of these proceedings with
us--to which wee have set our hands at Plymouth gaole this the the 6 day
of the 4 mth 1684*

Arthur

Arthur Howland

Elisabeth Howland

1687

Peace and Love

"Walke in ye Fear of ye Lord, and in love and peace toward each other." -- Elizabeth Howland

"We do not want riches but we do want to train our children right. Riches would do us no good. We could not take them with us to the other world. We do not want riches. We want peace and love." -- Red Cloud, Sioux

- ◆ Elizabeth (Tilley) Howland dies

Elizabeth (Tilley) Howland spent her youth without her parents, who died when she was young, shortly after their arrival in the New World. She then spent her old age without her husband John, whom she had outlived by seven years in terms of age (he lived to be seventy-three, while she lived to be eighty) and by fifteen years according to the calendar (he had died in 1672).

For at least the last year of her life, Elizabeth lived with her daughter Lydia and stepson James Browne at their house in Swansea, Massachusetts, where she died in December of this year. In her will of 1686, Elizabeth named James and her son Jabez as executors of her estate. This is the Jabez whose house still stands today in Plymouth.

The Browne family (despite the slight difference in spelling—it was common for the same name to be spelled several different ways in those orthographically imprecise times) may have been spared during the hostilities of the previous decade by King Philip himself. Bodge wrote regarding the situation in their town of “Swansey” (Swansea) in his book “King Philip’s War”:

Philip himself had many good friends among the people living near him, with whom he had had dealings, and found them kind and honest. He is said to have given strict orders not to disturb them or their families. Among these were Mr. John Brown, Capt. Thomas Willett, and Mr. James Leonard of Taunton; and when James Brown, son of the above, was sent to Philip to persuade peace, while many of his warriors urged that he be retained as captive, or be put to death, Philip sent him home safely guarded.

Elizabeth bequeathed, besides material possessions, the words quoted above to her surviving children and grandchildren. Presumably she had in mind those generations as yet unborn, too. A reason that peace may have been uppermost on Elizabeth’s mind is that Swansea had been a hotbed of violence during King Philip’s War. Witnessing the horrible effects of war firsthand may have accentuated her desire for her children to avoid such pain and heartache and enjoy the benefits a peaceful coexistence could afford.

1688

Paperwork and Nostalgia

These are the times of dreamy quietude, when beholding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean's skin, one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it; and would not willingly remember, that this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang." - from "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

"They are ill discoverers that think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea."
-- Sir Francis Bacon

"It is not necessary to imagine the world ending in fire or ice. There are two other possibilities: one is paper work, and the other is nostalgia ." -- Frank Zappa

- ◆ John Gorham III born Massachusetts

Fourth generation Mayflower descendant John Gorham was born to Lieutenant Colonel John Gorham and Mary (Otis) Gorham this year in Barnstable, Massachusetts. John was not the first John that his parents had—they had also named their first son John (born 1675), but that one had died as an infant. This second John was their sixth child.

John III was engaged in the cod and whale fisheries trade. And speaking of being engaged, he married his second cousin Prudence Crocker in 1712 in Barnstable, Massachusetts. Prudence was also a Mayflower descendant. In fact, she was, like John, a Howland descendant, being the great-granddaughter of John and Elizabeth Howland through *their* son John and his daughter Anne.

In addition to fishing, John also served as Sheriff of Barnstable County from 1748-1764, and as Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1765.

1689

French and Indian Wars

“Diplomacy is the art of saying ‘Nice doggie’ until you can find a rock.” -- Will Rogers

“All war must be just the killing of strangers against whom you feel no personal animosity; strangers whom, in other circumstances, you would help if you found them in trouble, and who would help you if you needed it.” -- from “The Private History of a Campaign That Failed” by Mark Twain

♦ French and Indian / Colonial Wars

It has already been mentioned that John Gorham II fought alongside his father and namesake as a young man in 1675. His father has been described as “the old Indian fighter of Philip’s War.” This fighting spirit lived on in John II, as he was very active in the first of the French and Indian Wars, which began in 1689 (which was also called King William’s War), when John III was in his late thirties.

A word or two is in order about the French and Indian Wars before we proceed any further, because the terminology can be difficult to grasp and then keep a handle on. First of all, the French and Indians *Wars* (plural) should not be confused with the French and Indian *War* (singular), which would not begin until the 1750s. Another potential mental derailment is that this war was not fought between the French on one side and the Indians on the other. It was actually the French and their Indian allies (the Abenaki tribe of Maine, Samoset’s tribe) verses the English and their Indian allies, the Iroquois. To prevent undue confusion, some historians refer to the wars from 1689-1762 as the Colonial Wars rather than the French and Indians Wars.

Wars are normally not referred to with the same name by both sides. For example, the conflict in America that took place between 1861 and 1865 was called “The War of the Rebellion” by Northerners, but “The War for Southern Independence” in the South. What Americans call “The Vietnam War” is called in that country “The American War.” Bearing this in mind, it is easier to understand the term “French and Indian War(s)” — as this is the name of the conflict from the standpoint of the British. They were fighting the French and the Indians. From the French perspective, it was “The *British* and Indian War.”

Whatever you may call it, the wars of this time period in America were localized reflections of those raging across Europe. As France and England fought it out “across the pond,” their citizens in America mirrored these mutual animosities—while these wars were simultaneously being waged in Europe, their respective colonists were carrying out auxiliary hostilities in America.

Perhaps the easiest way to look at these wars is that the French and Indian wars (plural), took place, with varying degrees of heat, from 1689

to 1763. The fighting was not continual. The first war fought by Britain against France (and its Indian allies) in America, mentioned above, lasted from 1689-1697. Although it was called “King William’s War” in America, it was known as “The War of the League of Augsburg” in Europe. The second of the French and Indian Wars took place from 1702-1713, and was called “Queen Anne’s War” in America, but “The War of the Spanish Succession” in Europe. The third in the set, waged between 1744 and 1748, was referred to as “King George’s War” in America, yet in Europe it was known as “The War of the Austrian Succession.”

Finally, the fourth and final act, the real hum-dinger, took place from the mid-1750s to the early 1760s. Hostilities began in 1754, when General Braddock and his British regulars were defeated decisively by French and Indians on the banks of the Monongahela River in July. Despite that fact, war was not formally declared until May 1756. Hostilities effectively ended in 1762, but the Treaty of Paris did not make it official until 1763. Some historians consider that war to have run from 1755-1763 and, although it spanned parts of nine years, is referred to as the Seven Years War in Europe.

This last war, the “big daddy” of the French and Indian Wars, was called The French and Indian War (singular) in America. Of the four French and Indian Wars fought in America, this was *the* war. That is why it is sometimes referred to as a separate entity from the first three, which proved to be mere “warm-ups” in preparation to the fiery conflagration that was to come. In summary, the French and Indian War (singular) was a subset of the French and Indian Wars (plural), but the first three paled into relative insignificance in comparison with the breadth and scope of the final one.

Truth be told, *The French and Indian War/The Seven Years War* was the first *world* war, and it changed the balance of power in Europe. France’s decline as a world power began at the end of that war, a decline that would hit a note of finality in 1815 with Napoleon’s defeat at Waterloo. Britain was going in the opposite direction, onward and upward into its “The Sun Never Sets on the British Empire” supernova of glory.

This was a big change from the situation at the beginning of the French and Indian Wars. At that time (in the late 1600s), France fielded the best military in Europe. Yet she never sent more than 2,000 troops to defend Canada (“New France”), or to try to wrest away control of any of the British land. With a stronger show of force perhaps matters would have turned out differently.

John Gorham II had commanded a joint American Colonist/“friendly” Indian company during King William’s War—more on that in the next chapter.

John also served as Deputy of the General Court from Barnstable beginning this year and running though 1691. In 1702 he was Barnstable Deputy, and in 1703 he was commissioned Colonel by Massachusetts Governor Dudley.

1690

The History of a Campaign that Failed

“Beware the leader who bangs the drums of war in order to whip the citizenry into a patriotic fervor, for patriotism is indeed a double-edged sword. It both emboldens the blood, just as it narrows the mind...And when the drums of war have reached a fever pitch and the blood boils with hate and the mind has closed, the leader will have no need in seizing the rights of the citizenry. Rather, the citizenry, infused with fear and blinded with patriotism, will offer up all of their rights unto the leader, and gladly so. How do I know? For this is what I have done. And I am Caesar.” -- from “Julius Caesar” by William Shakespeare

Little Willy, Willy wears the crown, he’s the king around town

...
*Little Willy, Willy won’t go home
But you can’t push Willy round
Willy won’t go, try tellin’ everybody but, oh no
Little Willy, Willy won’t go home*

...
*Up town, down town
Little Willy, Willy drives them wild with his run-around style*
-- from the song “Little Willy” by Sweet

♦ Unsuccessful Attempt to conquer Quebec

On June 5th, 1690, John Gorham II and a certain Joseph Silvester were appointed co-captains of an expedition to Quebec led by Sir William Phips. This misadventure, a far-flung venue of the European hostilities known as King William’s War being played out on a smaller scale by the English and French colonies in North America, had been see-sawing back and forth with tit-for-tat reprisals.

In February, sixty British colonists had been killed in a Schenectady, New York massacre by a group of Frenchmen and their Indian allies. The English retaliated by invading Canada.

Another carrot, besides revenge, impelling Phips, Gorham, Silvester and their men forward was the potential of much booty from Quebec’s churches and wealthy merchant houses.

Phips and his men arrived with thirty-four ships and demanded immediate surrender. Phip’s emissary was blindfolded before being brought to the Governor’s residence. Instead of capitulating, though, the Governor of Quebec replied that he would give his answer “from the mouths of my cannon.”

Not long into the siege, it became apparent just how difficult it would be to take Quebec, mainly due to its geography. Quebec sits high up on cliffs above the St. Lawrence River. This made it difficult to attack the city from the water with cannons, because of the steep trajectory the

cannonballs would have had to describe as they arced through the air; the steep cliffs also made it difficult to land troops on the plains surrounding the city—the ascent of the cliffs by the troops would put them in an exposed and vulnerable position.

The weather was also against the British colonists. As late in the year as it was, the Massachusetts men had no time to dally, lest they be trapped in an iced-over bay in their ships. Had they been able to remain another week, Quebec may have fallen due to lack of food.

In short, the terrain, the weather, the forts well defended by cannon, French skirmishers along the rivers, and smallpox, which broke out among the invaders, spelled defeat for the British. They beat a retreat just in time—ice had begun to spread from the shore towards their route of escape.

The British gained nothing for their trouble. On the contrary, they lost much. Not only were their time and energies squandered, but many New England men lost their lives. Some were killed during battle, and others were captured and died in French prisons. Some of those who had been captured were eventually released, but not until 1694 and 1695.

This ignominious repulsion had an indirect impact on future wars between the British and French. As Massachusetts had expended much money in the expedition, and received none of the hoped-for booty, it needed to raise money to pay its soldiers and sailors. This it did by issuing paper money, and then assessing heavy taxes to cover the costs of the war. This was the first occurrence of paper money being issued in America (and, in fact, in the entire British empire), and set a precedent for doing so during the remaining French and Indian Wars.

John Gorham II survived not only this foray into Canada, but several others to come. He was second in command during Major Church's 1696 expedition, and was also along on the New England expeditions of 1697, 1702 and 1704. By 1702 he had attained the rank of Major.

During the wars, John commanded what came to be known as the “whale boat fleet.” The light and maneuverable boats, manned by whalers and Indians, were well-suited for transporting both men and supplies up the shallow bays and rivers to the areas of engagement. Without this means of deployment, it would have been necessary to march overland through the wilderness to engage the enemy, who were for the most part stationed where the larger ships could not land troops.

These “whale boats” resembled a large canoe, and could be equipped with an “iron swivel gun” (a diminutive cannon). They could also be rigged with improvised sails made of blankets when called for. When operating close to the enemy, the rowers would cover their oars with blankets to muffle the sound of the agitated water.

Besides their agility and maneuverability, another advantage of these boats' small size was that they could be portaged when necessary, and could also serve as portable tents--at night or in bad weather, they were taken ashore and turned over, the men seeking shelter beneath them.

1696

Eastward Ho!

“Hi ho, Hi ho, it’s off to work we go.”

– from the movie “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs”

“Let pride go afore, shame will follow after.”

– from the play “Eastward Ho” by George Chapman

- ◆ John Gorham II in 4th Eastward Expedition

This year, John Gorham II was second in command of the Colonial Rangers on what is known as the Fourth Eastward Expedition (the first three expeditions had taken place 1689, 1690, and 1692, each against the Abenakis). Two generations later, his grandson, also named John Gorham, would be commander of the aforementioned “Gorham’s Rangers” during King George’s War. This later John Gorham was the nephew of John Gorham III and cousin of the Joseph Gorham who are directly in the line of descent that leads to the Shannons.

After so many Gorhams had been involved in fighting Indians, it is ironic to note that George Gorham would marry an Indian in California—and this at a time when hostilities there between the Euro-Americans and the Indians ranged somewhere between red-hot and white-hot. It is possible that George was named for George Washington, but it is also conceivable that he was named for King George, whom his great-great grandfather John Gorham III had met in England in 1747.

Speaking of George Gorham, a quick note on how the Shannon family’s lineage has been traced from John Howland to present times may be in order at this point. The first five generations have been extracted from the book “John Howland of the Mayflower, Volume I: The First Five Generations, Documented Descendants Through his first child Desire Howland and her husband Captain John Gorham” by Elizabeth Pearson White. As the title suggests, that book only takes the reader through the fifth generation. For the purposes of the Shannon family, these first five generations are: 1) John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley 2) Desire Howland and John Gorham 3) John Gorham II and Mary Otis 4) John Gorham III and Prudence Crocker 5) Joseph Gorham and Abigail Lovell.

A second source is needed to take up where that book leaves off. This is found at Eliza Starbuck Barney’s genealogical site (<http://140.186.109.142/bgr/BGR-p/index.htm>), affiliated with the Nantucket Historical Association. This site shows that Joseph and Abigail (Lovell) Gorham produced another John Gorham, who married Thankful Butler. That couple had a child William, who married Mary Raymond (and two other women later, but Mary Raymond is the one in whom we, for genealogical reasons, are most interested). William and Mary had two

children: Joseph, born 1817, and George Raymond, born 1819. George Raymond Gorham we find in Massachusetts and then California records, when he marries an Indian woman there. From there the line is easily traced down to today, and is discussed at the appropriate point in this record.

For more detail, see the Mayflower Chart in the back of the book.

The line of Gorham descent (retaining the surname) delineated above ends with George, as his older brother Joseph had no children, and George had only a daughter. Joseph and George also had a half-brother named Francis who presumably had no children. Francis lived with his parents during their whole lives. At the end of the parents' lives, they were residing together with Francis in an alms house in Massachusetts. Francis was listed in one of the censuses as an "idiot" (which was the accepted designation at the time for a mentally retarded person).

1713

A Pox on their House

“Every second that you live you are never going to get back. You are never going to get to change what you said, didn't say, did, or didn't do. Live how you want to live. Act how you want to be remembered, because you never know how long or short you are going to be here.” -- Emily Doberstein

“My dear Watson, you as a medical man are continually gaining light as to the tendencies of a child by the study of the parents. Don't you see that the converse is equally valid. I have frequently gained my first real insight into the character of parents by studying their children.” -- from “The Adventure of the Copper Beeches” by Arthur Conan Doyle

- ♦ Joseph Gorham born Massachusetts

Fifth generation Mayflower descendant Joseph Gorham was born to John Gorham and Prudence (Crocker) Gorham this year in Barnstable, Massachusetts. Joseph's father John lived to be eighty-one; his grandfather John lived to be sixty-five (killed in King Philip's War), and his great-grandfather John (Howland) lived to be seventy-three. Joseph died young, though. He only lived to be forty-seven, and preceded his parents in death. In Joseph's case it was not war, but illness that took his life.

Sometime prior to January 1st, 1760, Joseph died of smallpox in Norwalk, Connecticut. His wife, Abigail Lovell, followed him in death shortly thereafter, succumbing to the same disease. As were Joseph's parents, Abigail and Joseph were second cousins, having Desire (Howland) Gorham in common as their great-grandmother. Abigail's mother's maiden name was Gorham.

The Lovells were sometimes known as the Lovewells. Like the Gorhams, the Lovewells were a “ranging” family—several generations of Lovewells served as colonial rangers during the French and Indian wars. It is likely that former astronaut James Lovell is a descendant of this family.

1716

Sweet Remembrance

"I am learning all the time. The tombstone will be my diploma." -- Eartha Kitt

"Every man is a quotation from all his ancestors." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

- ◆ John Gorham II dies

Most records give 1716 as the year of death for John Gorham II. His gravestone claims 1715. You would think those there at the time would certainly know the correct date, but it could have been a "mischisel." That inscription reads:

Here Lyes the body of the honoured John Gorham, Esq. Coll. of the regiment and one of his majesties justices of the piease in the county of Barnstable, who departed this Life, Nov the 11 1715 In the 65th year of his age. Here lyes a valiant soldier and a saint a judge, a justice, whome no vice could taint a perfect lover of his country's cause their lives, religion, properties and laws who in his young, yea, very youthful years, took up his sword, with Philip and his peers and when that Prince, and his black regiment were all subdued, he could not be content to take but in[?]

Similarly, John's wife Mary apparently died in 1732 (according to her gravestone), but 1733 according to other sources. The following inscription was added to the inscription on the grave marker at the time of her internment with her husband:

Here lyes likewise interred beneath this stone, Mary, consort of the late colo. John Gorham who died April 1st 1732 The sweet remembrance of the just shall flourish when they sleep in dust

1732

Spoils of War

"If there is no struggle there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground, they want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters.

"This struggle may be a moral one, or it may be a physical one, and it may be both moral and physical, but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will. Find out just what any people will quietly submit to and you have found out the exact measure of injustice and wrong which will be imposed upon them, and these will continue till they are resisted with either words or blows, or with both. The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress. Men may not get all they pay for in this world; but they must certainly pay for all they get. If we ever get free from the oppressions and wrongs heaped upon us, we must pay for their removal. We must do this by labor, by suffering, by sacrifice, and if needs be, by our lives and the lives of others." – Frederick Douglass

"The two most powerful warriors are patience and time." -- Leo Tolstoy

- ♦ Narragansett Township #7 becomes Gorham, Maine

The town of Gorham, Maine, near Portland, was originally called Narragansett Township No. 7. It is one of seven townships granted to the men (or their heirs) who bore arms in King Philip's War of 1675. Gorham, Maine, is named for Capt. John Gorham, but was granted to one of his grandsons who was also named John Gorham. This latter John is not one of the John Gorhams in the Shannon's direct line of descent—it seems that there are more John and Joseph Gorhams than you can "shake a stick at."

Taking possession of the land that had been promised the men that were mustered in Boston on Dedham Plain prior to their winter march to Rhode Island did not come about without a protracted struggle. The veterans of that battle had to wage a second battle to secure the property they had been promised. A message from the governor plainly told them that "If they played the man, took the fort, and drove the enemy out of the Narragansett country, which is their great seat, they should have a gratuity of land, besides their wages." It was ten years later before the first land was set aside for this purpose, though, and fifty-seven years until Massachusetts officially accepted a list of those to whom land was to be granted.

Back in 1728, the following notice was placed in New England towns:

These may certify to whom it may concern.

That the General Assembly of this Province, at their Session begun and held the 29th of May 1728, passed a Resolve for granting two Tracts for Townships of the contents of Six Miles square each, to the persons, whether Officers or soldiers, belonging to this Province, who were in the service of their country in the Narragansett War; And all such Officers and Soldiers now surviving, and the legal representatives of those that are deceased, are desired to give or send into the Secretaries office Lists of their Names and Descents, to be laid before the General Court at their next Fall Session.

So the ball had begun to really roll. More work took place in 1730 and 1731 to get it done. From the Massachusetts Court Records of January 19th, 1731, the House of Representatives said, in part:

... and as the Conditions have been performed, certainly the promise in all Equity & Justice ought to be fulfilled; and if We Consider the Difficulties these brave men went through in Storming the Fort in the Depth of Winter, & the pinching wants they afterwards underwent in pursuing the Indians that escaped through a hideous Wilderness famously known throughout New England to this day by the Name of the hungry March; and if further Consider that until this brave though small army thus played the Man, the whole Country was filled with Distress & fear, & We trembled in this Capital Boston itself & that to the Goodness of God to this army We owe our Fathers & our own Safety & Estates, We cannot but think that those Instruments of Our Deliverance & Safety ought to be not only justly but also gratefully & generously rewarded & even with much more than they prayed for, If we measure what they receive from us, by what we enjoy and have received from them.

... & We ought further to observe what greatly adds to their merit that they were not Vagabonds & Beggars & Outcasts, of which Armies are sometimes considerably made up, who run the Hasards of War to Avoid the Danger of Starving; so far from this that these were some of the best of Our men, the Fathers & Sons of some of the greatest & best of Our families and could have no other View but to Serve the Country & whom God was pleased accordingly in every remarkable manner to Honour & Succeed.

... The Grant seems to be made in acknowledgment both of their promise & of their fulfilling the Condition and being well entitled to it, & there is great Reason to fear that publick Guilt would ly upon the Country if we should neglect and continue in the Breach of the promise after it has been made & omitted for above fifty years. As to the late Grant of two Townships to Seven or Eight hundred of these Soldiers; It is so far below the Value of the Land they Conquered, & the Price the province had for it when it was sold, & the money divided to Colonies that carried on the War: It is such a Pittance of what they obtain for us, so exceedingly beneath what the province has defeated them of which was granted to about Two thirds of

them in the Nipmug Country, that it is rather mocking and deriding them to offer it.

On June 9, 1732, the land grants were finally allotted. It was agreed that there were 840 valid grantees, and so it was felt necessary to set aside not two, but seven townships to accommodate this number of people. Of those allotted land in Township #7, which became Gorham, Maine, there was a John Howland (doubtless a descendant of the Mayflower passenger through Jabez Howland, who served under Benjamin Church in that campaign), and four Gorhams: Capt. John, Joseph, Jabez, and Shubael. Also given land there was a Joseph Crocker. This is noteworthy because John Gorham III, perhaps the same John Gorham allotted land here, was married to Prudence Crocker. And if the Joseph Gorham enumerated above is the son of the Captain John Gorham mentioned here, Joseph Crocker was doubtless a relative of Joseph Gorham's mother, and perhaps even the source of his given name.

It is also perhaps of interest that one of those chosen to be on the committee to manage the affairs of the township was Colonel Shubael Gorham.

This land allotment still wasn't the end of the matter, though. As the veterans or their heirs (as in the case of the Gorhams) met on Boston Common to divide the land, it was realized that both the quantity and quality of land set aside was insufficient. It wasn't until 1760 that the matter was fully and finally settled. Of the almost seven hundred men who had been assured the land bounty for their efforts, very few if any of them would have still been living by this time, eighty-five years after the battle.

Gorham, Maine, has a monument erected to the memory of Capt. Gorham and his company of soldiers. Inscribed on it is this section from his letter quoted earlier: "...but as for my own part I shall be ready to serve God and the country in this just war so long as I have life and health..."

If it seems strange that the Massachusettsian John Gorham had a town named after him in Maine rather than Massachusetts, recall that Maine, until the Missouri Compromise of 1821, *was* a part of Massachusetts.

There are also towns named Gorham in Kansas, Illinois, New Hampshire, New York, and North Dakota. Today, the states with the most families bearing the surname Gorham are Massachusetts, New York, North Carolina, and California.

John Gorham, whose surname was sometimes spelled Gorum or Gorhum by the orthographically challenged people of the times, was a slaveholder. The inventory of his goods on his death included "1 Negro man." Thus, while desiring freedom for themselves, the Pilgrims sometimes neglected meditating on, or genuinely caring about, the freedom of others.

In the matter of marital fidelity, John had also proven himself less than stellar. In 1656, after having been married to Desire Howland for thirteen years, he was fined forty shillings “for unseemly carriage towards Blanche Hull at an unseasonable time, being in the night.” The court apparently found Mrs. Hull (wife of Tristram Hull) a willing participant rather than a victim, as she was fined *fifty* shillings “for not crying out when she was assaulted by John Gorum in unseemly carriage towards her.”

1740

The Orphan

“Yea, foolish mortals, Noah’s flood is not yet subsided; two thirds of the fair world it yet covers.” -- from “Moby Dick” by Herman Melville

“Blessed are the young, for they shall inherit the national debt.” -- Herbert Hoover

- ◆ John Gorham born Connecticut

Sixth generation Mayflower descendant John Gorham (grandson of John Gorham III, son of Joseph Gorham) was born in Norwalk, Connecticut this year. He was only twenty years of age when his parents died of smallpox. John III would later marry Thankful Butler.

This John Gorham (and his descendants, too) was fortunate that he was able to remain healthy himself while a baby--a diphtheria epidemic had gripped New England starting in 1735, and lasted until this year.

1744

Gorham's Rangers to the Rescue

*George, George, George of the Jungle
Lives a life that's free
Watch out for that tree!*

*When he gets in a scrape
He makes his escape with help from his friends*

...
*Hear him holler swing and sing
All the animals come to the jungle king
So grab a vine and swing in time
If you smack a tree just pay no mind
-- from the song "George of the Jungle"*

"A single death is a tragedy. A million deaths is a statistic." -- Josef Stalin

♦ King George's War

France had its eye on westward and southward expansion in the Americas. From Canada, they wanted to spread west to the Mississippi River and down to Louisiana. The British had their sights set on that land, too, though. The Iroquois claimed the Ohio Valley by right of conquest. These were recognized by France as British subjects (although the Iroquois didn't view themselves as such). At the Treaty of Lancaster, which took place this year, title to that land was sold by the Iroquois to the British. Regardless of that, the French wanted to hold on to what they had, and grab what they as yet did not have. Thus began King George's War, the third of the four French and Indian wars, and the last of the relatively minor ones.

As has been mentioned, colonial rangering was a vocation that ran in the Gorham family. One particular John Gorham, the son of Shubael Gorham, made quite a name for himself in this vocation. John came from a long line of Indian fighters: his great-grandfather John Gorham I had been killed in the Great Swamp Fight against the Naragansetts during King Philip's War (sometimes called the Naragansett War) in 1675/1676; his grandfather, son of John I, had fought with his father at that time, and also in King William's War, where he was in command of American Indian forces. Shubael (1686-1746), father of the John Gorham currently under discussion, was also a military officer who had been along when the British took Port Royal in 1710.

This John Gorham (son of Shubael) himself took part in King George's War, which would run until 1748, when it was finally put to rest by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. He would also fight in *The French and Indian war* (also called the Seven Years War, which actually ran from 1755-

1763). Other Gorhams--many of them in fact--would be active in the Revolutionary War, too.

John Grenier's "First Way of War" reports:

John Gorham of King George's War was not born a ranger, but there certainly was something in his family's remembered past that led him to ranging. Who better than Gorham, whose great-grandfather and grandfather both had served with Benjamin Church, to lead the New England rangers of King George's War? Indeed, when the call for rangers went out in 1744, Gorham was one of the first to answer.

Family tradition and folklore or "something in his family's remembered past" may have led John in to this course. This time it fell to the lot of the Abenaki (in Maine) and the Mi'kmaq (in Nova Scotia) tribes to be the object of the Euro-Americans unwanted attention.

It was not all fun and games for the English colonists either, though. Gorham called it "the most Hazardous and fatiguing Duty that is Required in this part of the World." John was apparently not there as a philanthropist himself. Mi'kmaq author Daniel N. Paul referred to Gorham as, among other things, a "barbarian," a "money-hungry criminal," "despicable," and one of the "Monsters of the Past." Specific in Paul's list of complaints was Gorham's scalping of Indians as well as Acadians (who were the forebears of Louisiana Cajuns) for bounty payments.

Massachusetts Bay Colony governor William Shirley had sanctioned suchlike endeavors with a proclamation that read, in part:

That there be granted to be paid out of the public treasury to any company, party or person...who shall voluntarily, and at their own cost, ... go out and kill a male Indian of the age of 12 or upwards ... for as long as the war shall continue, ... and produce his scalp in evidence of his death, the sum of 100 pounds in bills of credit of the Province of New England ... 50 pounds ... for women, and for children under the age of 12 ...

Gorham was sent along with a group, fifty strong, which consisted mainly of Mohawk warriors, but also included some white men and half-breeds. In the thirty-four years since the fall of Port Royal in 1710, British occupation had consisted of a holding, or defensive, operation. Gorham's Rangers, though, were an offensive bunch (some would say that they were indeed offensive in both meanings of the word).

Shirley called the Rangers "snowshoe men," because they would push wilderness-ward in the winter, rather than overwintering in forts and waiting for spring before they ventured forth to attack. Shirley, in describing the Rangers' mission to the Duke of Newcastle, said the Rangers were "to hold themselves ready at the shortest Warning to go in pursuit of any Party of Indians, who frequently in time of War make sudden Incursions, whilst there is a deep Snow upon the Ground, and

retreat as suddenly into the Woods after having done what Mischief they can."

The Mi'kmaq people, as was true of Indians in general throughout post-contact American history, were caught in a no-win situation as they were manipulated by two European empires (France and England) vying with one another for supremacy.

This is not to say that Indians led an idyllic existence of sweetness and light, sugar and spice and everything nice prior to the arrival of the Euro-Americans. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that they unwittingly played the part of pawns in many situations. Even among the European settlers, though, there were differences in how they treated the natives. Before the arrival of the British, things were better for most Indians who had contact with the French than they would be for those whose dealings were primarily with the British later.

The Acadians of present-day Nova Scotia, many of whom eventually fled to Louisiana and became "Cajuns," had lived side by side and in peace with the Mi'kmaq for almost 120 years prior to British usurpation of the region in 1713. The Mi'kmaqs as well as other tribes got on pretty well with the French, because the French had not only afforded them a measure of economic security, but had also not only permitted, but even encouraged them to maintain their ancestral way of life.

In 1715, English officers met with Mi'kmaq chiefs and demanded that the Mi'kmaq recognize the King of England as their head, and Britain as the owner of their ancestral land. Not surprisingly, the Mi'kmaq refused to bow to the King of England or give up their land without a struggle.

In 1722, the English began kidnapping Mi'kmaqs of both genders and all ages and holding them hostage in British forts. It is no head-scratcher that the Mi'kmaqs outside the forts attempted to free their friends and relatives by any means necessary. Even so, it was rare for the Mi'kmaqs to attack civilians (unlike Gorham's Rangers, who waged total warfare on all Indians, not just warriors).

As an example of the bad blood stirred up by Gorham, a heated debate took place in Nova Scotia in early 1998 regarding him. The Nova Scotia Department of Transportation had named a stretch of road in his honor, reasoning that Gorham had been instrumental in settling the region. That is apparently what prompted Daniel Paul to write his editorial, excerpts of which were mentioned earlier, which appeared in the January 16, 1998, *Chronicle Herald* of Nova Scotia. In it, Paul even compared Gorham to Hitler and Stalin, rhetorically asking what real difference exists between he and them. The editorial unleashed a storm of protest. That was the death knell for "John Gorham Boulevard," as the 1998 chapter examines in much more detail.

But to return to the time at hand (1744), the French and Mi'kmaqs had seized control of Nova Scotia this year, with Annapolis Royal as the sole settlement remaining in British hands. That fort was also attacked by the Mi'kmaqs, and the 100 regular soldiers holed up in the fort had to defend it against a force thrice their size.

The British were able to hold the French and the Mi'kmaq off with their artillery pieces, but the French had some on the way, too. Once this hardware arrived, the situation would become dramatically worse for those in the fort. Just at this juncture, Gorham's Rangers sailed into Annapolis Royal harbor and drove off the enemy French forces, making their back-ordered big guns a moot point.

1745

Equal Opportunity Terrorists

"There was a merry trade, the French buying scalps at Louisbourg, the English buying scalps at Halifax; and no one certain, as the money chinked on the table, whether these scraps of withered skin and clotted hair belonged to man, woman, or child or whether they were English, French, or Indian." – Thomas Raddall

"As Boston goes, so goes New England." – Mark Twain

♦ First Siege of Louisbourg

Colonial Ranger John Gorham was involved in the assault of Louisbourg, the capital of New France (Canada) this year. Actually, John was there along with both his father Shubael, who was in command of the forces, and his brother David (who was three years younger than John).

Louisbourg is located on Cape Breton Island, which lies in the Atlantic just northeast of Nova Scotia. It is said to be a very attractive spot, and is ringed by a 184-mile long road that has been compared to California's coastal Highway 1, only with less traffic. Cape Breton Island has even been called the most beautiful place in North America (by *National Geographic Traveler* magazine), and was esteemed higher yet by Alexander Graham Bell, who spent 37 summers in the place he called the most beautiful on earth.

John, who had been recently commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the 7th Massachusetts Regiment, was given the assignment to secure whaling boats from Boston. These small (and thus maneuverable) boats would enable the Rangers to land at Louisbourg. This whale boating also ran in the family, as John Gorham II supplied a similar service a half-century earlier.

John volunteered to lead a night attack on the Island Battery that protected Louisbourg. Landing in these small boats in Louisbourg harbor on May 23rd, a contingent of volunteers assaulted the battery.

Although the attack on the battery was repulsed by the French, the British eventually won the day, and the French capitulated. The victory of the British over the French in French territory touched off wild celebrations in the British colonies. In his book "The Colonial Wars," Howard Peckham claims:

The capture of Louisbourg has been called the most important military achievement of the American colonies before the Revolution, and the only British success of any importance during the War of the Austrian Succession. It was not the most important battle of the colonial wars, but it did involve the largest number of Americans and was a siege undertaken and directed by them, without the help of British army officers.

Now the hard part began: The victors had to repair the fortress. Camp diseases spread. By the spring of 1746 eight hundred ninety of their number had died. Shubael Gorham, who was nearing sixty years of age, was one of those who succumbed to disease, dying during the winter. This left his son John in charge of the regiment.

It was a trying time even for those troops who were relatively healthy. The men were anxious to get home, not only to escape the epidemic, but also to help protect their home frontiers from Indian forays.

Despite the hardships the soldiers faced, the effect of that battle's outcome on the American soldiers was a noteworthy one. Peckham says about this:

The victors developed supreme self-confidence and a corresponding contempt for, or at least indifference to, professional armies and military engineers. Louisbourg, therefore, emerged from the war as a symbol of American prowess, as if a new military power had appeared in the New World.

During this time and in this area a macabre sort of commerce was being conducted. This trade has been characterized by some as a “privatization” of war: the French were buying scalps of Englishmen and their Indian allies, while the British were purchasing scalps of French and their Indian allies.

Eventually, British colonial authorities put a stop to the payment of bounties for scalps—not because of its barbarity, but because too many of the scalps brought in by Gorham's Rangers had a suspiciously blond hue to them. Due to this situation, Parker Barss Donham wrote that “Gorham may be thought of as an equal opportunity terrorist.”

The wars waged between Britain and France were not just political and commercial in nature. Cultural differences exaggerated animosities, and perhaps even more so did religious differences. The British were Protestants, for the most part, while the French were Catholic almost without exception. The so-called “New France” was actually more an extension of the Old France than something new, and the Jesuit-influenced town of Louisbourg was termed “a piratical and popish nest” by some Englishmen.

Just two years later, the British lost two battles to France in America, and Louisbourg was returned to France in the treaty negotiations which followed. The Americans, which had fought so hard and suffered so much to obtain that prize were none too happy about that. Peckham summed up the situation in “The Colonial Wars” this way:

Consequently, the rashest measure Great Britain could take was to hand Louisbourg back to the French as if it were a bauble or a remote barren island—especially after the British admiralty in the glow of victory in 1745 had threatened to hang any man who would dare to surrender it.

American pride was insulted, and New England turned bitter. Americans would not respond so enthusiastically in the next war with France. As they clearly foresaw, in another war Louisbourg would have to be taken again, and the lobster-backs could jolly well do the job themselves. When the necessity did arise, it required nine thousand British regulars and forty ships of war.

Britain's view and treatment of her American subjects apparently corresponded to that of a rather condescending older brother. The Americans, for their part, resembled a rambunctious and unpredictable adolescent. This rivalry led to a confrontation, which, in hindsight, proved to be a foreshadow of things to come.

British Commodore Knowles, in need of additional crewmen for the five ships he commanded, attempted to make use of an accepted British naval practice—impressment of the locals into compulsory military service. The problem was that he did this in America, where the locals were not about to put up with it.

On November 17, 1747, Knowles sent a press gang into Boston. To the surprise and chagrin of the Commodore, the Americans' reaction was immediate and violent. Several of the officers sent were seized by the crowd. Following intervention by Massachusetts Governor Shirley, the officers were released. The chastened Knowles changed his mind about impressing Bostonians, and sailed away.

The personal papers of John Gorham are held at the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. A "background note" that accompanies his papers explains that Gorham's Rangers "were a highly successful free-ranging unit that employed 'unorthodox' tactics – i.e., those not commonly employed by British regulars – including the applied use of terror... (They) rapidly gained a fearsome reputation among the French and indigenous populations. Throughout the remainder of 1746 and 1747, Gorham and his Rangers enhanced their reputation as being 'far more terrible than European soldiers,' and came to be viewed as the most effective fighting unit in the Province. It was said that their reputation was such that neither French nor Indians would meet with them, and the arrival of Gorham's Rangers was usually sufficient cause for attacking parties to disperse."

Due to the difficulties and hazards of their particular brand of operating, Ranger pay was double that of ordinary British soldiers.

1747

Dukes and Kings

"Yes, a duke's different. But not very different. This one's a middling hard lot for a duke. When he's drunk there ain't no near-sighted man could tell him from a king."

"Well, anyways, I doan' hanker for no mo' un um, Huck. Dese is all I kin stan'."

"It's the way I feel, too, Jim. But we've got them on our hands, and we got to remember what they are, and make allowances. Sometimes I wish we could hear of a country that's out of kings."

What was the use to tell Jim these warn't real kings and dukes? It wouldn't a done no good; and, besides, it was just as I said: you couldn't tell them from the real kind.

-- from "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" by Mark Twain

"England is better only because I stand out there as 'unusual'." -- Emo Phillips

♦ John Gorham meets the Duke of Newcastle and King George II

John Gorham, along with his reputedly beautiful and accomplished wife Elizabeth, traveled to England this year to meet with the Duke of Newcastle, who was the British government official in charge of affairs relating to Nova Scotia.

Dispatched there by Massachusetts governor William Shirley, Gorham was to lobby for the ranger companies. In his letter of introduction, Shirley wrote: "I think the great service which Lieutenant-Colonel Gorham's Company of Rangers has been to the garrison at Annapolis Royal is a demonstration of the usefulness of such a corps."

Gorham presented the situation to the Duke in the middle of the year. Those in London with whom the Gorhams met, such as the Secretary of State, were apparently impressed with them, as they were presented to King George II at the Court of St. James.

In a letter coming the other direction, Duke of Bedford John Russell wrote that Gorham's Rangers were "more than ever absolutely necessary for the immediate preservation of the Province of Nova Scotia."

On returning to America, John had been commissioned a captain in the regular British army. Gorham thus became the first of three prominent rangers to receive a commission in the British Army. His brother Joseph and Robert Rogers were commissioned later. George Washington would later strive, unsuccessfully, for British rank. Some receive commission more because of connections and position within the government bureaucracy than any proven ability in the field of battle. Not so with Gorham, who became a captain due to his military accomplishments.

After spending the winter of 1747/1748 gathering reinforcements and storing up provisions for a spring campaign, peace broke out, and the offensive Gorham had planned to carry to Minas and Chignecto in New France had to be canceled. Grenier's "The First Way of War" says:

At the end of King George's War, Gorham could take pride in his ranger's service. His troops had been the key to protecting Britain's interest in Nova Scotia. As the war progressed, they had become the only effective American or British troops in the colony. By 1748, they thoroughly dominated British military affairs in Nova Scotia.

As have so many armed conflicts between or among nations, King George's War ended with the situation of "Status Quo Ante Bellum"—matters reverted to what they had been prior to the conflict as regards sovereign boundaries and such. Many lives had been fed into the meat grinder of war, but all that came out at the end was an "Oh, well, so much for that idea." So as to the net result, each side *lost* land, in effect, as they did not even gain the amount of land necessary to bury their dead. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle of 1748 put an end to the war; nothing in America had changed (from a balance-of-power perspective, that is).

Somewhere along the way, Captain John Gorham had apparently lost a piece of hardware he used in his rangering. In a 1748 Boston newspaper, he advertised as lost "a Gold Ring ... Containing in it a small Compass."

1749

A Wild and Uncontrollable Ruffian

"We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft."
– from "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" by Mark Twain

"Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored." -- Aldous Huxley

- ◆ John Gorham builds Fort Sackville

The vicious and tenacious work of John Gorham and his Rangers had made Nova Scotia safe (relatively, anyway) for British settlement. It had been reported that for the past two years "no attack of any consequence, either by the French or their Indians allies, had been attempted."

This year, Edward Cornwallis arrived with a group of people who were to settle in Halifax. As a protection for the newcomers, Gorham built Fort Sackville at the head of Bedford Basin. Despite Gorham's assistance in this way, Cornwallis once referred to him as a "wild and uncontrollable ruffian."

Cornwallis, the new governor, found it mete to circulate a new proclamation for enemy scalps—which proclamation included not just the heads of men, but also of women and children. John Gorham became the chief enforcer of the new edict.

George T. Bates, in a paper he read before the Nova Scotia Historical Society in 1951, spoke thus of Gorham and his Rangers:

Not long after their arrival, Mascarene tells us, they fell upon a family of Indians lurking in the woods nearby. The rangers seized this opportunity to establish a reputation for themselves by killing some and scattering the rest.

Major General James Wolfe ordered his ranger companies, one of the two commanded by New England- and Nova Scotia war-hardened veteran John Gorham, to devastate the Gaspé region. Wolfe told Gorham's Rangers to "burn and lay waste the country for the future, sparing only churches." Gorham was also authorized to scalp not just Indians, but also any Canadians they found who were dressed like Indians. According to John Grenier's book "The First Way of War":

Gorham's Rangers took Wolfe's order as a license to kill, plunder, and destroy. They conveniently found that most "Canadians dressed like Indians" and used that "fact" as an excuse to take "a few scalps."

It was reported that among the first victims of “these monsters” were three pregnant women and two small children. In his speech, Bates went on to say:

It is reported that ... a party of Gorham’s rangers one day brought in 25 scalps, claiming the bounty of 10 pounds per scalp. It was strongly suspected that not all of the scalps were those of Indians, but included some Acadians too. The paymaster protested the payment, but was ordered to pay the 250 pounds anyway.

In modern times, this area contains the towns of Bedford and Sackville. As previously noted, a boulevard connecting the two communities was briefly named Capt. John Gorham Boulevard. For the full story on the debacle, see the 1998 chapter.

1751

The Fog of War

“Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be.” -- from “Emma” by Jane Austen

“It was a foggy day in London, and the fog was heavy and dark. Animate London, with smarting eyes and irritated lungs, was blinking, wheezing, and choking; inanimate London was a sooty spectre, divided in purpose between being visible and invisible, and so being wholly neither.”

-- from “Our Mutual Friend” by Charles Dickens

- ◆ John Gorham dies in London
- ◆ Calendar Revised

Colonial Ranger John Gorham became a wealthy ship owner. He did not live long, though. He returned to London, apparently to press for assistance in a more vigorous campaign against the French in America. It was reportedly his objective to acquaint the English authorities with the difficulties in Acadia (Nova Scotia) and to induce them, if possible, to take more decisive action.

Of course, within a few years, as the next chapter will show, England did take *very* decisive action against France. How much, if any, John Gorham’s visit influenced this, is impossible to say. Shortly after his arrival in London, John contracted smallpox and died. He was just 43 years old.

The Rangers continued without him for another ten years, until 1761. His brother Joseph took over the group as Lieutenant. Joseph is a much more sympathetic character than his brother John. Of course, it could be argued that that doesn’t take much. Nevertheless, it was said of Joseph that he “continued to extend and entrench the British presence in Nova Scotia by establishing several blockhouses at various strategic points, including Cobiquid (Truro) and Chignecto.”

It has also been written of Joseph that “He took a great interest in the local Indians and had considerable influence with the chiefs, and it is reported that the Church of England service in the Mi’kmaq tongue was occasionally read to the Indians at his house in Halifax.”

Even the Mi’kmaq author Daniel Paul, who has no use whatsoever for John Gorham, son of Shubael, wrote the following about Joseph (referring to the naming of a boulevard after John – again, see the 1998 chapter for all the details):

Joseph Gorham was the opposite of his brother John. He was a soldier and probably killed some Mi’kmqs in man-to-man battle, but he was not part of the organized drive to exterminate them. He, after the war, became a friend. Name something after him – I don’t object!

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In late summer of this year, everyone in Britain and its colonies experienced in a minor way what happened to Rip Van Winkle in Washington Irving's book: they went to sleep on September 2nd and woke up on September 14th. The cause of this anomaly was that the Julian calendar had been replaced by the Gregorian. This caused a one-time skipping of days--there was no September 3rd through 13th this year. Another change was made regarding the date which would henceforth begin the new year. March 25th had been the first day of the year under the Julian calendar, but on the Gregorian calendar, the first day of the year became January 1st. And so not only was September a short month this year, but the year itself lasted for only about nine months—from March 25th to December 31st.

It is for this reason that when dates between January 1st and March 25th prior to this year are referred to, they are often written with two years, e.g. March 4th, 1675/1676. This dual representation is necessary because those living at that time considered the year to be 1675, but according to our current way of reckoning time (Gregorian), such a date corresponds to 1676.

1756

Seven Years of Death and Destruction

“And here there were seven ears of grain shriveled, thin, scorched by the east wind, growing up after them.” – Genesis 41:23

Seven years of bad luck, the good things in your past
-- from the song “Superstition” by Stevie Wonder

“What’s in a name? That which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet.”
– William Shakespeare

♦ French and Indian War / Seven Years War

The War known in America as the French and Indian War, but in Europe as the Seven Years War, began (officially) this year. One way to view it is that they were two wars, one fought in Europe (the Seven Years War) and one fought in American (the French and Indian War). Another way to view the situation is that they were both the same war, just with different names, simultaneously fought in different locales. Whatever the semantics of the matter may be, some historians view this as the first world war. At stake was which European superpower would control North America.

By this year one million British subjects were living as colonists in America, compared with just 55,000 French citizens. Despite the huge differential in sheer numbers, the French were more widely scattered throughout the continent, having pressed far west in their search for fur. In contrast with the 2,000 miles the French had roamed westward, the British had concentrated their settlements on the east coast, on the eastern slope of the Appalachians.

Besides having a wider base of operations, another advantage the French enjoyed was that they could count more Indian as allies than the British could. The French, more willing to mix with the Indians (many Frenchmen married Indian women), were considered by many Indian tribes as the lesser of two evils. The French were also more amenable to learning from the Indians. One lesson the French took to heart was the Indians’ wilderness battle tactics. The British, on the other hand, at first erroneously attempted to fight a European-style war in a frontier setting —attempting, in effect, to put old wine into new wine skins.

1759

The Fall Fall

"At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument, is needed. O! Had I the ability, and could reach the nation's ear, I would, today, pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke. For it is not light that is needed, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake. The feeling of the nation must be quickened; the conscience of the nation must be roused; the propriety of the nation must be startled; the hypocrisy of the nation must be exposed; and its crimes against God and man must be proclaimed and denounced." – Frederick Douglass

"All wars are civil wars, because all men are brothers." -- Douglas McArthur

♦ Quebec Falls

The turning point in the Seven Years War/French and Indian War had come the year before, when Louisbourg fell (again) to the British. Prior to that, France had been winning. The victory in Louisbourg shifted the tide, though, and Britain's momentum in the war continued unabated throughout this year.

British American colonists had been trying to take Quebec from the French colonists in Canada on and off for decades. John Gorham II was there sixty-nine years previously with William Phips. As already delineated in the 1690 chapter, that attempt failed miserably. This was the year, though, for the British, and Joseph Gorham and his Rangers were on hand this time.

In November, during a howling storm, a British fleet bottled up the French Brest squadron, hemming them in with the land to their backs and the ocean before them. The British executed a daring offensive, described by John Keegan in his book *Fields of Battle: The Wars for North America* as "the rashest of all the Royal Navy's victories, a defiance of nature as much as of the enemy."

Both generals, the British Wolfe and the French Montcalm, died in the battle.

1763

Appalachian Spring

“Where today are the Pequot? Where are the Narragansett, the Mohican, the Pocanoket, and many other once powerful tribes of our people? They have vanished before the avarice and the oppression of the White Man, as snow before a summer sun.” – Tecumseh, Shawnee

“If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian, he can live in peace. ... Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The Earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it. ... Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade. ... where I choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself, and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.” – Chief Joseph, Nez Perce

- ◆ Royal Proclamation
- ◆ Pontiac's Rebellion

The Seven Years War/ French and Indian War ended this year.

To appease the Indians following the war's end, a royal proclamation was made this year that, among other things, promised that white settlement would only go as far as the Appalachian mountains. Lands west of there were to remain property of the Indians forever. These were welcome words to the Indians, but not to the colonists, who had earlier been told that the land--all the way west to the opposite sea--would belong to them.

This new wrinkle was more than just an irritant to the colonists. With the war's end, the balance of dependency between the colonists and the “mother country” on the opposite side of the Atlantic changed. With France “out of the picture” as far as rivalry for control of the country, Americans no longer needed British protection from the French. On the other hand, Britain needed the American colonies more than ever. That is, they needed their money, in order to help pay for the costs incurred by the war.

By the early 1770s, the royal proclamation regarding settlement boundaries was pretty much ignored by the Colonists. John Murray, royal governor of Virginia, said about this that no British policy could “restrain the Americans; their avidity and restlessness incite them.”

This difference in opinion between the British government and the American colonists about who should have the western lands would culminate in an unpopular act perpetrated by the British and violently rejected by the colonists beginning just two years hence.

The Indians on both sides of the French and Indian War were losers. Those allied with the French lost by being defeated. Those who had sided with the British also lost, though—they would be continually pushed

back, displaced from their homelands. Eventually, all Indians would be lumped together in the eyes of the U.S. military establishment and become the objects of a genocidal agenda carried out by a series of Presidents and Generals.

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Sudden changes in the political landscape oftentimes evoke violent reactions in response to the new situation. For an example of this, consider the chain of events linked to the dismantling of the Berlin wall in 1989.

Not unlike the effects of an earthquake upon a landscape, the change in power and ownership that accompanied the French surrender to the British at the Treaty of Paris on April 27th provoked an immediate reaction from some of the Indians who lived in the affected territories—land that had previously been under French control, but which had now became British (such as Canada, which France ceded to Britain on February 10th at the Treaty of Paris).

Pontiac, war chief of the Ottawas, formed a coalition with the Delaware, Seneca, and Shawnee tribes to fight against the British. Pontiac pressed for an attack on Detroit. Ironically, an automobile later manufactured in that city would be named for this Indian leader.

A series of assaults by the Indian tribes on these now-British settlements came to be known as Pontiac's Rebellion. The Indians were ultimately, inescapably, defeated, partly as a result of biological warfare waged on them. British general Lord Jeffrey Amherst deliberately infected the Indians with smallpox. At a meeting with the Delaware tribe that was billed by the British as a peace conference, the Delaware delegates were presented with a gift: two blankets and a handkerchief. These "gifts" were crawling with smallpox germs.

The resulting smallpox epidemic, and the perception of the Indians that the supply of English settlers was inexhaustible, impelled Pontiac to make peace by the end of the year.

As seems to always be the case in war, not all the victims were participants, or even belonged to the same groups as those waging war. The specific way this proved true in this particular wanton interlude of gore took place in Pennsylvania. A mob of white settlers attacked a party of Conestoga Indians—even though the Conestogas were then, and had always been (as far as it depended on them)—at peace with the whites.

The Conestogas who survived the attack were placed in protective custody. This form of protection failed, though, as the mob raided the building they were housed in and killed a group of Indians as they prayed. The survivors of *that* attack were again relocated, this time to a barren island on the windswept Delaware River. The effects of the brutal winter (heartache and discouragement no doubt played a role, too) caused fifty-six of their number to grow sick and die there.

1765

Stamp This!

Because you don't say you need me

You don't sing me love songs

You don't bring me flowers anymore

-- from the song "You Don't Bring Me Flowers" by Barbra Streisand

"Badges? We ain't got no badges! We don't need no badges! I don't have to show you any stinking badges!" -- Alfonso Bedoya as Gold Hat in the movie "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre"

♦ Stamp Act

As touched on in the previous chapter, the British government needed money to pay for the war it had waged from 1756 to 1763. As much of the costs had been incurred in defending its American colonies, many in England believed it only fair and reasonable that the Americans pay for such protection and assistance. The British government also required an enormous sum, on an ongoing basis, to sustain their overseas military establishment.

Citizens in Britain were already the most heavily-taxed people in western Europe. Predictably, the idea of increasing taxes to those in Britain in order to pay for these expenditures was met with an outcry there. Let the Americans pay for the services rendered them by the Crown!

The Americans, as a whole, felt differently about the matter, though. Now that the French were no longer a threat to them, of what further use to them were the redcoats? Formerly they had proved beneficial as a check against the French and the Indians, but now the Americans felt they could get along without the British soldiers.

This disconnect between how the British viewed their importance to Americans, and how the Americans viewed the necessity of a continued British presence, was to prove pivotal in events to come.

To raise the money they needed without taxing their "home" citizens more heavily, the British Parliament passed the Stamp Act this year. It required that all legal and commercial documents, newspapers and even playing cards be imprinted with an "official seal." This seal had to be purchased by the manufacturer of the goods in question.

This requirement provoked the wrath of the colonists living in America, who had heretofore not been taxed in such a way, having been allowed to govern themselves on such matters. Riots and mob violence broke out in Boston and New York. Only the wealthier class were taxpayers, but the remainder of the populace were upset about another matter: impressment (involuntary conscription) into the Royal Navy. This

very Navy, in which they were forced to serve, could be used as an instrument to enforce the restriction of free trade in America, their home.

So both the wealthy and the poor in America were united in their belligerence toward the crown—a rare situation, and an ominous and precarious one for the British government.

Also of deep concern to the Americans regarding the Stamp Act was that they did not want a precedent set—if they submitted in this area, what might be next? The Americans felt as if they were being treated like children, or slaves—being told what to do without being first consulted.

By imposing such requirements on legal documents and playing cards, the English managed to irritate two elements of society which could prove to be the most problematic: on the one hand, lawyers, the most argumentative and articulate segment of the population; and on the other hand, sailors and other gambling rowdies, a most irreverent and incendiary class of men.

The Stamp Act was so fervently opposed by the colonists that it was quickly (in March of 1766) repealed. However, Britain soon came up with another way to squeeze money out of the colonists—by placing duties on imports. This further raised tensions between the “mother country” and her “children,” leading to more violent conflicts over the next several years.

Britain also enacted the Quartering Act on March 24th of this year, which required American colonists to provide temporary housing to British soldiers.

1769

There Goes the Neighborhood

“What is it in reality,” said Sancho, “that your worship means to do in such an out-of-the-way place as this?” -- from “Don Quixote,” by Miguel Cervantes

“So tractable, so peaceable, are these people, that I swear to your Majesties there is not in the world a better nation. They love their neighbors as themselves, and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy.” – Christopher Columbus, speaking of the Indians of San Salvador in a letter to the King and Queen of Spain

“One of the major problems of the Indian people is the missionary. It has been said of missionaries that when they arrived they had only the Book and we had the land; now we have the Book and they have the land. An old Indian once told me that when the missionaries arrived they fell on their knees and prayed. Then they got up, fell on the Indians, and preyed.” – Vine Deloria, Jr., from “Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto”

You call someplace paradise, kiss it goodbye.
-- from the song “The Last Resort” by The Eagles

- ◆ California is “settled” by Spain
- ◆ John Gorham III dies

Many nations have coveted California over the centuries: Spain, France, Russia, Britain, Mexico and, of course, the United States. In 1769, while the British colonists on the eastern seaboard of the country were considering a break with the mother country, Spain was taking control of the west coast.

Spaniards had been aware of the area now known as California for more than two hundred years before they laid claim to it. It is possible that a group of Spanish explorers traveled by land from Mexico into southern California even prior to that. But there is not enough historical evidence to prove such, so the credit for the first official European “discovery” of California is given to Portuguese sailor Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. He and his men arrived in what is now San Diego in 1542, fifty years after Columbus’ 1492 voyage.

Cabrillo was looking for a shortcut to Asia, and left California disappointed. He didn’t realize California had many treasures of its own to offer. Cabrillo died later on the voyage, never realizing the significance of his find. This ignorance persisted for a time, the disappointing land mass being mainly viewed by the Spanish as just a place to lay over on their trading trips between Mexico and the Philippines.

California was given its name by the Spaniards from a work of fiction popular at the time, a Spanish tale of knight-errantry (the sort of story

that Miguel Cervantes lampooned in *Don Quixote*). In that work, California was described as “an island on the right hand of the Indies” that was inhabited by pagan Amazons. Despite the difference in location and the fact that it is not an island, the golden state was still named for this fictional area “very near the Terrestrial paradise.”

Indeed, California is blessed with fertile valleys, high mountains, freshwater lakes, and wind-swept deserts. The land and its diverse and abundant plant and animal life at that time supported more than 300,000 Indians. In fact, California had the largest and most diverse indigenous population in what is today the United States of America. This indigenous population, who had been in the area untold millenniums prior to the Spaniards, say that they have lived in California since their creation.

When the people who are designated “second settlers” by the Native Americans arrived, California’s native peoples spoke more than one hundred different languages and lived in more than 500 areas around the state. Among these were the Wiyots, living in the remote and secluded northern coastal region, around Humboldt Bay. As of this year of 1769, the Wiyots were unmolested by Europeans. As we will see, though, this would dramatically change in the mid-1800s.

Although the Spaniards had come, conquered, and corrupted the native North Americans to some extent for the previous two hundred years, it can be said that Spain’s first official colony in California was not established until this year. Sir Francis Drake had claimed California for Britain in 1579, but the most pivotal intrusion by Europeans, when they really got “serious” about colonizing the region, started this year.

Two general groups of Spaniards had been roving around California for the past two hundred years: conquistadors, and their partners in crime, the priests. Even when the conquistadors would have left the locals alone (that is, when they determined that the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola remained elusive and no fountains bubbling forth elixirs of eternal youth were to be found), the priests persisted in pestering and persecuting the natives.

“Father” Junipero Serra and his entourage undertook their so-called “Sacred Expedition” from Mexico into southern California this year. Serra brought with him Spanish missionaries and Mexican-Indian farm workers as well as cooks, carpenters, and soldiers of mixed European, Indian and African descent. The first mission they built was located in what is today San Diego. Hundreds of Native Americans lived at the mission, many of them brought there against their will. Serra and the missionaries schooled them in the Spanish way of life and the Catholic religion.

In a pattern that would be repeated over and over throughout the country, many of the native inhabitants of the region died from diseases introduced by the Europeans. Some Indians settled into mission life; others fled from it. Among those who rejected the imported culture, men

arose from time to time to lead revolts against the Spaniards, attempting to force the Europeans' removal from the area.

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John Gorham III died in Barnstable this year. He was 81 years old. He bequeathed half of his house and land, also his Negro girl, Peg, and half the services of his Negro Cesar, to his wife Prudence, who was four years his junior and lived on for another ten years after him.

1770

A Motley Rabble

“A revolution of government is the strongest proof that can be given by a people of their virtue and good sense.” -- John Adams

“I am more and more convinced that Man is a dangerous creature, and that power whether vested in many or a few is ever grasping, and like the grave cries give, give. The great fish swallow up the small, and he who is most strenuous for the Rights of the people, when vested with power, is as eager after the prerogatives of Government.” -- Abigail Adams

“There is danger from all men. The only maxim of a free government ought to be to trust no man living with power to endanger the public liberty.” -- John Adams

♦ The Boston Massacre

England had sent four thousand troops to Boston, a city whose population numbered at the time only four times that. This display of force was intended to quell any uprisings that may take place. This backfired, though, when one of the soldiers heard (or thought he heard) the word “fire” and started shooting at a crowd of Bostonians which had been pelting the soldiers with snow, ice, and rocks.

Five members of the crowd were killed. The first victim was a mulatto man named Crispus Attucks, a former slave of mixed Wampanoag Indian/African/European ancestry. Some consider the Boston Massacre to have been the opening salvo in the Revolutionary War. Tensions continued to mount between the colonial hosts and their unbidden guests.

Defending the British soldiers in court was none other than John Adams, future second President. Despite his quotes above, which seem to reveal an enthusiasm for revolution and skepticism of government, Adams described the crowd that been fired upon by the British troops as “a motley rabble of saucy boys, negroes, and mulattoes, Irish teagues and outlandish jack tarrs.”

Perhaps Mr. Adams did not really feel that way about them, but was just being a lawyer.

1773

Banned in Boston

“It does not require a majority to prevail, but rather an irate, tireless minority keen to set brush fires in people’s minds.” -- Samuel Adams

“My little finger itself will certainly be thicker than my father’s hips.” -- 1 Kings 12:10

“It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open...” – from the book “Frankenstein” by Mary Shelley

♦ The Boston Tea Party

As a protest against an import duty that had been imposed on tea (a staple for people raised under the influence of British culture), many opted to boycott all British products. About a hundred Bostonians, though, including such prominent citizens as Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and Paul Revere, took the boycotting of British goods a step further. Dressed as Mohawk Indians, they boarded three British merchant ships. In front of a large crowd watching from shore, they split open 342 chests of tea and dumped them into Boston Harbor.

These men were neither summer soldiers nor sunshine patriots. It was December 16th—cold work, indeed. They dressed as Indians, not so much to disguise their true identity, but because Indians were equated with freedom and independence. It was for the same reason that the new nation would choose the eagle as its emblem, a symbol borrowed from the Iroquois League.

This led to even stronger laws imposed by Britain on the colonists. The two sides were intractable. The colonists would not accept taxes that, if left unchecked, could lead to more and more taxes and other acts of oppression. The British government, for its part, could not permit her subjects to flaunt her laws and reject her authority.

Those known as “The Founding Fathers” were for the most part patricians (members of the upper socioeconomic class). Plainly put, most of them were rich. Being such, they did not want radical change--their situation was good, and drastic changes could deleteriously alter their own situation. Although they did not set out to provoke a revolution, one was becoming more and more likely as the pushing and shoving between England and its American Colonies continued.

The populace in general was both mentally and practically prepared for war. They were already in a war “mind set” in that they had been fighting with, or at least thinking defensively regarding, the Indians in their midst—and that since their arrival in the country. Also, the Americans were prepared in an organizational way due to their collective

experience serving in militias as part of the British efforts to prepare the Americans for possible war with Spain.

1775

Outsized Satellite

“These are times that try men’s souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.” -- Thomas Paine

“Our contest is not only whether we ourselves shall be free, but whether there shall be left to mankind an asylum on earth for civil and religious liberty.” -- Samuel Adams

“Small islands not capable of protecting themselves are the proper objects for kingdoms to take under their care; but there is something very absurd, in supposing a continent to be perpetually governed by an island. In no instance hath nature made the satellite larger than its primary planet, and as England and America, with respect to each other, reverses the common order of nature, it is evident they belong to different systems: England to Europe, America to itself.” -- Thomas Paine

“The British system of standing out in the open to fight Boers who are behind rocks is not wise, not excusable, and ought to be abandoned for something more efficacious. For the purpose of war is to kill, not merely to waste ammunition.” – from “Following the Equator” by Mark Twain

- ◆ Battles of Lexington and Concord
- ◆ Battle of Bunker Hill/Breed's Hill

Ten years after the fiasco of the Stamp Act, the British were still trying to micro-manage their American colonists. On March 30th of this year, The British Parliament passed an act forbidding its North American colonies to trade with any nations other than Britain. This continued bullying didn't sit well with many of the colonists.

Britain was nervous over the impudent and surly mood of many of these Americans. The British forces, in a move to disarm the unruly locals, set out to seize caches of weapons at armories maintained by volunteer American militias, called Minutemen, near Boston in the towns of Lexington and Concord, Massachusetts. They also hoped to capture Sam Adams and John Hancock, whom they considered “rebel” ringleaders.

Near Lexington, the Minutemen had apparently only intended to present a symbolic resistance. The Minutemen realized that they were outnumbered and outclassed by the regular British soldiers, and were not even barring the Concord road, but rather were deployed on the road's sides. The Minutemen were, in fact, withdrawing when a shot rang out. Who fired it, and whether it was purposeful or accidental, is unknown. There had apparently been no order to fire. That shot unleashed a volley of fire from both sides.

The end result was that in skirmishes in both Lexington and Concord, about 100 colonists were killed. However, the British ultimately lost around 250 of the 700 men who had been deployed on the mission. Some of these were killed on the battlefield, but many more were victims of American snipers as they marched back to Boston. The Americans had taken to heart the lessons of *le petite guerre*, the Indians' wilderness battle tactics which had earlier been eagerly adopted by the Colonial Rangers.

Many men, mostly from the countryside (most colonists were rural dwellers) now joined the ragtag Colonial army. Some had no guns, but brought along what they did have: sickles and scythes.



The first major battle of the war took place later in the year, on Breed's Hill, outside of Boston. For an unknown reason, the battle is named for nearby Bunker Hill. The Colonists held the high ground and inflicted many casualties on the "lobster-backs" (a pejorative sobriquet the Americans gave the British soldiers, who were arrayed in bright red uniforms) until the colonists ran out of ammunition. Unlike Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain's 20th Maine defending Little Round Top at Gettysburg in 1863, the bullet-less men did not fix bayonets and charge--they retreated. The Battle of Bunker Hill, as would be the case with most of the battles for the first year of the Revolutionary War, was a victory for the British.

Similar to the American Civil War, the side that ended up winning started out most often on the losing end. The Colonists also lost at Long Island, Fort Washington, Fort Lee, and Fort Ticonderoga. Also like the Civil War, the Colonists were termed "rebels" by the British, and black slaves were told they could earn their freedom by fighting in the war--that is what the British offered slaves of American colonists. Many blacks would end up fighting on the side of the Colonists, too, though.

1776

You Say You Want a Revolution

"We have counted the cost of this contest and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery." – Thomas Jefferson

"Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth!" – Thomas Paine

"Get stoic, Thomas!" – from the movie “Smoke Signals”

"I apprehend you will readily embrace every opportunity, to eradicate that train of absurd and false ideas and opinions which so generally prevails with respect to us, and that your Sentiments are concurrent with mine, which are that one universal Father hath given being to us all, and that he hath not only made us all of one flesh, but that he hath also without partiality afforded us all the Same Sensations and [endowed] us all with the same faculties." -- Negro scientist Benjamin Banneker, in a letter to Thomas Jefferson

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God, I know not what course others will take, but as for me, give me Liberty or give me Death." – Patrick Henry

"In the beginning of a change the patriot is a scarce man, and brave, and hated and scorned. When his cause succeeds, the timid join him, for then it costs nothing to be a patriot." – Mark Twain

"A more impudent, false, and atrocious proclamation was never fabricated by the hands of man." – Ambrose Serle, secretary of British General William Howe, writing of the Declaration of Independence

"The die is now cast. The colonies must either submit or triumph." – King George III of Britain

- ◆ The American Colonies Declare Their Independence
- ◆ The Sioux go West

Although the first shots of the Revolutionary War were fired on April 19th, 1775, in Lexington, Massachusetts, the Continental Congress didn't vote for independence from Britain until more than a year after that, on July 2nd, 1776.

Two Thomases, Paine and Jefferson, had much to do with the revolutionary fervor in the American Colonies. In January, Paine published his pamphlet *Common Sense*, which contained reasons why the Colonies should separate from the mother country. After explaining why he saw no advantage in being apron-stringed to Britain, Paine noted some clear-cut *disadvantages* of America remaining tied to Britain:

But the injuries and disadvantages which we sustain by that connection are without number...any submission to, or dependence on, Great Britain, tends directly to involve this Continent in European wars and quarrels, and set us at variance with nations who would otherwise seek our friendship...

A million copies of *Common Sense* sold this year--quite a feat for a forty-year old former customs official and maker of ladies' underwear.

The erudite Jefferson was chosen to write the Declaration of Independence. His first draft contained a repudiation of slavery. The anti-slavery wording was removed by the Continental Congress, though. The second draft, sans anti-slavery statements, was accepted two days after the vote for independence, on the 4th of July.

Although theoretically anti-slavery, in practice Thomas Jefferson was, and remained, a slaveholder himself. While asserting that all men had an equal right to "Life, Liberty, and pursuit of Happiness," Jefferson was withholding such from 175 human souls.

The earlier colonial wars that British Americans had fought against French Americans (the "French and Indian Wars") had backfired on the British: they won the war, but the experience they thereby gained had taught the American Colonies that they could, united, accomplish a lot. The old fears, suspicions, and jealousies between the Colonies had been somewhat allayed through that shared body of experiences. In his book "The Colonial Wars: 1689-1762," Howard H. Peckham puts it this way:

They had learned about military co-operation and spoken of the political unity necessary for its full accomplishment; they had developed a foreign trade of which they were jealous; they knew what kind of an army suited them, what tactics and weapons seemed most effective, and how to finance war by paper money; they could appeal to everyone through their numerous newspapers; above all they were not awed by regulars or professional officers. Neither meek nor inarticulate, they would define their position and resist coercion.

The genie was out of the bottle. It would be hard to keep the boys down on the farm now.

Some view the Revolutionary War as a Civil War, and call the one fought in the first half of the 1860s the "Second Civil War". The reason for this is that an estimated one-third of the colonists were loyalists, not desirous of breaking ties with England, while one third were revolutionaries, and the final third were front-runners, fence-sitters, or simply apathetic.

It took the War with England to bind the thirteen colonies together. Prior to this they had considered themselves to be thirteen separate countries. Before the series of provocative events that began in earnest with the Stamp Act in 1765, each colony actually felt they had more in common with England than with one another.

When the decision was made to raise a Continental army, Virginian George Washington, enslaver of upwards of one hundred black souls and one of the wealthiest men in America, was chosen as General. This nomination passed over John Hancock, who felt the job should have been his, and expected to receive it. The reason for this choice was at least partly in order to bring the Virginians' hearts into the affair. Up to then, it had been mostly the Massachusetts men who had been agitating for rebellion against England.

Much of the fighting carried out by the Americans was not actually against British soldiers, but rather Hessian mercenaries hired by the British government. One of the reasons for this was that the British military had lost many of its fighting men in the Seven Years War that had just ended thirteen years before, and the British were also engaged elsewhere fighting wars at the time.

Although the war for American Independence effectively lasted until 1781, when the British were defeated at Yorktown, Virginia, its official end did not take place until two years after that, in 1783, at the Treaty of Paris. Stipulations of the treaty were that Britain officially recognize America's independence, and set the Mississippi as the western boundary of the nascent country, while retaining Canada for itself, and ceding Florida to Spain.

England's age-old European antagonists France and Spain had also piled on to the dogfight against its old enemy Britain, hoping to extract a little vengeance while England was distracted with the pesky Americans. The war between Britain and France continued, even after Britain had surrendered America to the Americans.

The new American government had different designs for itself, though. Now that it was finally free from European control, and did not have to dance in lockstep to the martial beat of the British drum, it set out to distance itself from the old world's divisive political struggles. In *Fields of Battle: The Wars for North America*, British historian John Keegan puts it this way:

...a new nation...would shortly embrace a policy of high-minded detachment from the strategic and military entanglements of the old world across the Atlantic. The United States had fought a war to win its liberty, but its Founding Fathers sought no wars in America's future. Washington's independent United States would be left with scarcely an army or navy at all and its people to depend on the remoteness and expanse of their enormous national territory as its defence. The notion that a war might arise between the states themselves was unimaginable. The thought that the upturned earth of the trenches and redoubts at Yorktown, already returning to nature in the spring of 1782, might be fought over again by soldiers who all called themselves American defied imagination itself.

That would be the case, though, in just eighty years time. Near enough in time was the Revolutionary War battle at Yorktown to the one

in the same place during the Civil War that one aged plantation slave told Union commander Philip Kearney that he could recall hearing cannon fire at Yorktown back in 1781.

It is likely that John Gorham (son of Joseph, grandson of John Gorham III), although thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age, was involved in the revolution. Many “rebel” soldiers were both younger and older than one would expect to find on a battlefield in modern times. John's son William was not born until 1788.

There were reportedly thirty Gorhams engaged in the Revolutionary War--this according to the January 15, 1895 issue of the *Hyannis Patriot*. All of the Gorhams in America at that time were said to have descended from Capt. John Gorham (husband of Desire Howland). How many were Loyalists and how many Revolutionaries, or Rebels, is not known, though

Although the French had been defeated by Britain during the Seven Years War/French and Indian War, competition between the two nations persisted for another half century. Many Americans who had earlier fought for Britain now fought against her. Indians who were formerly enemies were now allies, and vice versa. The French, against whom the Americans had fought just a decade earlier, now became allies also.

Having been kicked out of America herself, France now reveled in her role as spoiler. If she couldn't have a piece of the American pie, she sure didn't want her old rival England enjoying it, either. Helping the Americans was not an act of affection on her part for the upstart Yankees, but rather a vengeful thrust against her old nemesis. The Netherlands also helped out the Americans, providing financial support.

When the revolution began, though, the outcome was by no means a foregone conclusion. The Americans, in fact, were underdogs if there ever were underdogs. It was not a year of parades and “photo ops.” To say the pivotal year 1776 was no walk in the park for the Americans is an understatement. After providing the details on why he writes such, David McCullough concludes his book “1776” with these two paragraphs:

The year 1776, celebrated as the birth year of the nation and for the signing of the Declaration of Independence, was for those who carried the fight for independence forward a year of all-too-few victories, of sustained suffering, disease, hunger, desertion, cowardice, disillusionment, defeat, terrible discouragement, and fear, as they would never forget, but also of phenomenal courage and bedrock devotion to country, and that, too, they would never forget.

Especially for those who had been with Washington and who knew what a close call it was at the beginning—how often circumstance, storms, contrary winds, the oddities or strengths of individual character had made the difference—the outcome seemed little short of a miracle.

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By this year, the Sioux had crossed west over the Missouri River, and had begun acquiring vast multitudes of horses. These and guns would combine to make them a very effective and formidable fighting force.

The qualities the Sioux felt were paramount were bravery and generosity. The most important thing to them was freedom. The U.S. government would come to increasingly hate the Sioux's freedom, or so it seemed, anyway, and finally wrest it from them.

It should be noted that, although it is technically more correct to refer to this tribe as Dakota or Lakota, the commonly understood term "Sioux" will be used throughout this book. Actually, though, the word "Sioux" is a French distortion of an Ojibwe word meaning "cutthroat." Nevertheless, the people under discussion often use the term themselves, and thus it is used.

1786

The Blood of Patriots and Tyrants

“That government is best which governs least.” -- Thomas Paine

“The oppressed should rebel, and they will continue to rebel and raise disturbance until their civil rights are fully restored to them and all partial distinctions, exclusions and incapacitations are removed.” -- Thomas Jefferson

“I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing. ... It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government. ... God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. ... What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.” – Thomas Jefferson

♦ Shays' Rebellion

Massachusetts, which had been in the forefront in the rebellion against Britain, faced an internal insurrection of its own this year. Revolutionary War soldier Daniel Shays led a group of indebted farmers in an attack on the state government, which Shays and his group felt was taxing them unfairly. It was a struggle between the haves and the have-nots, the debtors and the creditors. The debtors had the strength that comes from numbers. Many of them, not just Shay, had fought for freedom before, on the side termed “rebels” by the British but “patriots” by Americans--called the latter, at any rate, *after* the outcome of the insurrection was apparent.

Shay, who had fought at Lexington, Concord, and Saratoga, had been wounded in action. He resigned from the army in 1780 after the government failed to pay his wages. Shortly thereafter, he found himself in court for nonpayment of debts. He also witnessed others suffering from the same “crime,” including a sick woman whose bed was confiscated from under her.

Only strongly bound together earlier because of the temporary need to unite in battle against the British, the thirteen state governments now saw the need to form a stronger and more lasting bond. If they remained separate, each person considering his state to be, in effect, his country, problems such as that between Pennsylvania and Connecticut--who were on the verge of a shooting war over who would control frontier lands to the west--would continue to fester. Unless this situation changed drastically, America could turn into “another Europe,” constantly fighting wars against one another.

It was determined that the Articles of Confederation to which the states had agreed did not go far enough--at least, not under current conditions. Many politicians felt that a stronger federal government was

the answer. The states were simply too disparate. Eleven of the thirteen had their own navies, and all of them printed their own currency--as did Congress.

A constitutional convention began deliberations in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in May of 1787, in an attempt to determine what changes needed to be made in order to ward off disaster. Before long, the country would once again radically change.

Thomas Jefferson's quote above, about the people's resistance of government high-handedness being necessary for the health of the nation, was made in reference to Shays' Rebellion.

1788

On the Waterfront

"The sea is everything. It covers seven tenths of the terrestrial globe. Its breath is pure and healthy. It is an immense desert, where man is never lonely, for he feels life stirring on all sides." -- from "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" by Jules Verne

"Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brain. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat -- at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling-sized whales." -- Mark Twain

- ♦ William Gorham born Massachusetts

Seventh generation Mayflower descendant William Gorham was born this year. He was probably born in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, as that is where his parents were living two years later in 1790, as recorded in that year's census.

Yarmouth is on Cape Cod near Barnstable and is located seventy-five miles south of Boston and about half that distance north of Nantucket Island.

George Washington would become the first President of the United States the next year. William would name his first son Joseph, but his second son George, perhaps for the President. However, George *was* already a Gorham family name, so the President may just as easily *not* have been the inspiration for the name of William's second son. Still, their relative Nathaniel Gorham *was* a close associate of Washington's, as we will see in the next chapter.

Beginning September 13th, New York City became the new seat of government, taking over that honor from Philadelphia. In 1790, Philadelphia regained that position for ten years before Washington, D.C. took over that role for good.

1789

Constitutional

“The result of [our first experiment in government] was a want of such tone in the governing powers as might effect the good of those committed to their care. The nation become sensible of this, have changed its organization, made a better distribution of its powers, and given to them more energy and independence.” -- Thomas Jefferson

“Remember the Ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. ... If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation. ... Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember all men would be tyrants if they could.” – Abigail Adams, in a letter to her husband John

“I ask no favors for my sex... All I ask of our brethren, is that they will take their feet from off our necks, and permit us to stand upright on that ground which God designed us to occupy.” -- Sarah Grimké

“A permanent constitution must be the work of quiet, leisure, much inquiry, and great deliberation.” -- Thomas Jefferson

“Man is the only kind of varmint sets his own trap, baits it, then steps in it.” – John Steinbeck

- ◆ U.S. Constitution devised and adopted
- ◆ George Washington becomes the first President

Although the representatives of the various commonwealths had first met to revamp the Articles of Confederation two years earlier, the Constitution was not formally adopted by the entire country until this year. Congress had adopted the Constitution back in September of 1787, only four months after the framers had convened in order to hash out an updated version of the Articles of Confederation. Rather than just an upgrade, the Articles ended up being scrapped and replaced by a thoroughly reworked Constitution.

It was an uphill battle for the Federalists, who wanted a strong federal government as set forth in the new Constitution, to convince the majority of the states to ratify. Those on the other side who favored states' rights feared that the Constitution would make the federal government too powerful.

Virginia, where the first British Colony in North America was located in Jamestown, and which had also brought the first African slaves to North America, was intent on retaining individual and states' rights. Massachusetts, home state of Plymouth Colony and rabble-rousers of the rebellion against the British, also tended to view a strong central

government (seemingly similar to their former oppressor Britain) with suspicion. Wealthy (and thus influential) New York also initially looked askance at the new arrangement.

In an attempt to explain their position and persuade people to adopt it, three staunch Federalists (Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay) wrote a series of essays known as the “Federalist Papers” beginning in late 1787. These writings, published in the *New York Independent Journal*, urged the ratification of the Constitution.

Only after the necessary two-thirds of the states (nine of thirteen) had already ratified the Constitution did New York join in voting for its adoption. That left Rhode Island, North Carolina, and Virginia, who only agreed to ratify after the Bill of Rights were added in 1791. However, three states who had already accepted the Constitution (Georgia, Connecticut, and Massachusetts) did not ratify the Bill of Rights until 1939.

A Gorham was present at the Constitutional Convention. Nathaniel Gorham, a great-grandson of John Gorham II, was, in fact, the President of the Constitutional Congress in 1786 and 1787. As such, Nathaniel was naturally a signer of that document, along with such other delegates as George Washington, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, and Daniel Carroll.

Unfamiliar with Daniel Carroll? He is the namesake of Carroll County, Missouri, where Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn would be born over a century later.

Nathaniel traced his lineage through John Howland, Desire Gorham, John Gorham II, then (breaking with the line the Shannons would eventually marry into), John III's brother Stephen, and his son Nathaniel.

It was said of Nathaniel that “he played an influential part in the sessions. He spoke often, acted as chairman of the committee of the whole, and sat on the committee of detail (the latter committee was comprised of just five men, who hammered out the first draft of the Constitution).

On a daily basis, George Washington would call the meeting to order and then surrender the chair to Gorham. In fact, Washington's only speech during the convention was in favor of Gorham's proposal that the ratio for representation in the House be changed from 1 for every 40,000 citizens to 1:30,000.

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After the Constitution officially went into effect on March 4th of this year, George Washington was voted the first President of the young country. Actually, he was not installed until April 30th, because Congress didn't get around to counting the ballots until then. Nevertheless, March 4th was the inauguration day until the 20th amendment to the Constitution became effective in 1937, when it was determined that the Presidential reins would henceforth be handed over on January 20th.

Similar to today's situation, Washington was not voted into office directly by the populace. Rather, the people (albeit not all of them, as only white male landowners had the vote at the time) voted for electors who, in turn, voted for Washington. The nation's first president then named Thomas Jefferson Secretary of State and Alexander Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury. Jefferson would become the third President of the United States, but only after a tied electoral vote between he and Aaron Burr was broken by the House of Representatives in Jefferson's favor on the 36th ballot.

Runner-up Burr became Jefferson's Vice President. That was the way things were done then--Presidential candidates did not run as a team with a pre-selected Vice President, but rather the runner-up for President became Vice President. Burr eventually killed Alexander Hamilton--who had favored Jefferson in the deadlocked election--in a duel in 1804.

1790

Crunching Numbers

“I am not the simple washerwoman I seem to be!” – Mr. Toad speaking in “The Wind in the Willows” by Kenneth Grahame

“I am not an Athenian or a Greek, I am a citizen of the world.” – Socrates

- ◆ First U.S. Census
- ◆ Anny Young born Ireland
- ◆ Elizabeth Huddleston born North Carolina

One year after George Washington became the first president of the United States, the nascent nation conducted its first census. Presidential elections and census enumerations have grown ever more complicated and convoluted since.

In the census records, the John Gorham family is shown living in Yarmouth, Massachusetts.

The census page on which the John Gorham family is found is entitled “Descriptive Enumeration of the Inhabitants of the Town of Yarmouth, Taken 1790, Names of Heads of Families.” The following five columns are contained in the ledger:

1. “Free white males of 16 years and upwards including any heads of families”
2. “Free white males under 16 years”
3. “Free white females including heads of families”
4. “Other free persons”
5. “Slaves”

In John’s record, there is “1” in the first column (for himself); “2” in the second column (William was in this category); and “2” in the third column (his wife Thankful was a member of this category). The final two columns are left blank, meaning there were no other free persons or slaves in the household. It is unknown who the second free male under sixteen was, or who the other free female was. This census only lists the heads of households by name, and simply gives the number of the rest within each household. Such would remain the case through the 1840 census.

Four million people were counted in this year’s census. From this point on, the national census was conducted every decade. Round figures for these follow:

CENSUS	OFFICIAL POPULATION
1800	5 million
1850	23 million

1900	75 million
1910	91 million
1920	105 million
1930	122 million
1940	131 million
1950	151 million
1960	180 million
1970	203 million
1980	241 million
1990	271 million
2000	317 million
2004	334 million (estimated, not actual census data)

Keep in mind that Indians and Chinese were not included in the count until 1870.



Anny Young, who would eventually become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's great-grandmother, was born January 15th in Bandon Bridge, County Cork, Ireland.



A woman whose maiden name is unknown and whose given name is not definitively known but thought to have been Elizabeth was born in North Carolina this year. Even if she was not named Elizabeth, her daughter was--Ruth Elizabeth "Lizzie" M. Huddleston, to be precise. Ruth's nephew Robert Huddleston named his daughter Elizabeth after his aunt (probably) and great-grandmother (possibly). Robert's daughter Elizabeth (more about her in the 1889 chapter) was to become Albert Kollenborn's mother. This woman about whom so little is known married David Huddleston, who was also born in North Carolina (1784, in Rutherford).

Perhaps of import, perhaps not, a Captain John Huddleston helped out the Plymouth Colonists when they were in dire need of food in 1622. Huddleston, who owned tracts of land near the Jamestown colony in Virginia, had sent a letter to Plymouth, informing them about the war the Virginians were waging there against the Powhatans. Huddleston then responded favorably to the request for food from those at Plymouth.

It is unknown what, if any, relationship exists between the good Captain and Elizabeth Huddleston. If any family relationship exists, it would be quite an interesting coincidence, for that would mean that an ancestor of the Kollenborn line lent his assistance to ancestors and ancestresses of the Shannon line more than three hundred years before these two families merged in matrimony.

1791

Quaker Oats

“Always carry a flagon of whiskey in case of snakebite and furthermore always carry a small snake.” – W.C. Fields

“My kind of loyalty was loyalty to one’s country, not to its institutions or its office-holders.” -- Mark Twain

- ◆ The Bill of Rights
- ◆ Whiskey Rebellion

Based on the state of Virginia's Declaration of Rights from fifteen years prior, as well as a few other documents such as the British Magna Carta and the English Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments were made to the U.S. Constitution near the end of this year, on December 15th. The freedoms guaranteed, which also became known as the Bill of Rights, included (among others) freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, due process of law, the right to security and privacy within one's own home, and the right to assemble.

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Like many of the other original colonies, Pennsylvania had been established as a haven for a religious minority. Massachusetts, of course, was the home ground of the Puritans and Separatists. Later, Roger Williams founded Providence, Rhode Island as the rallying point for those who dared be different from the once-persecuted Puritans (Williams founded the Baptist church there); Maryland (“Mary Land”) became a gathering place for Catholics; and Pennsylvania, named for founder William Penn, served the same purpose for the “Quakers” (Society of Friends). As discussed earlier, in Plymouth Colony, Quakers and other religious minorities had been whipped and fined--the same punishment that fornicators and adulterers received--for practicing their religion. The persecuted had become the persecutors; the hunted, the hunters.

Just two years after the Constitution went into effect, Pennsylvania farmers tested the power and will of the new federal government. As were many of the other conflicts in America in the era, the trouble revolved around taxes. As the Bostonians had boycotted taxed tea from Britain, and just as Shays and his farmer compatriots revolted against bearing the financial burdens of the Revolutionary War after braving the physical dangers of it, so too did the Pennsylvanian farmers react adversely when the federal government levied a tax on corn liquor.

The Pennsylvania farmers were not, as a group, a bunch of hillbilly moonshiners. They distilled whiskey from their surplus corn, and these

“corn squeezin’s” became a form of currency for them. They protested the tax, refusing to pay it. President Washington sent representatives to collect the tax. These “revenuers” were met by armed, irate farmers. The issue of federal authority vs. state and individual rights had again come to the fore. Washington then called out the militia. Too strong a foe for the farmers, the Whiskey Rebellion collapsed; the rebellion was quelled without any blood being shed.

1793

Put a Cork In It

“The blunting effects of slavery upon the slaveholder’s moral perceptions are known and conceded the world over; and a privileged class, an aristocracy, is but a band of slaveholders under another name.” – Mark Twain

“Tell the Republicans on your side of the line that we Royalists do not know men by their color. Should you come to us, you will be entitled to all the privileges of the rest of His Majesty’s subjects.” – Upper Canada’s Lieutenant General Sir John Colborne, 1829 (namesake of town in Ontario where some Shannons were born), speaking to a group of potential (black) settlers from Ohio

“You can be sure, the future’s ahead.”

– from the song “I Wanna Grow Up To Be a Politician” by The Byrds

“Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God.” – Revolutionary War saying

- ◆ Thomas Shannon born Ireland
- ◆ Eli Whitney’s Cotton Gin
- ◆ Fugitive Slave Law

Thomas Shannon, who was destined to become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon’s great-grandfather, was born in the town of Cork, County Cork, Ireland, not far from Blarney Castle. Like his future wife Anny Young, Thomas was born during the French Revolution, which lasted from 1789-1799. Conditions were changing rapidly in Europe.

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It was an invention that would indirectly help perpetuate the “peculiar institution” of slavery in the South. Eli Whitney’s cotton “gin” (short for engine), made the de-seeding of cotton much easier and faster, thus economically viable. Still, many “cheap” workers were needed to harvest the cotton.

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In a move that was perhaps related to Whitney’s invention, Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Law, which provided for the return of escaped slaves to the South. Even states that forbade slavery themselves were obligated under this law to return escaped slaves to their “owners.” The word “owner” is in quotes because it should be self-evident and indisputable that--regardless of the prevailing customs, practices, or institutions--no person can legitimately own another human being.

These last two events, the invention of the cotton gin and the enacting of the Fugitive Slave Law, were laying the groundwork for an eventual Civil War in the United States, in which Thomas Shannon's son James would fight. In fact, James' willingness to fight in that war, although he was a foreigner (he grew up and was still living across the border in Canada when he joined the Union Army) may have had something to do with slavery. The area of Ontario where the Shannon family lived was one of the primary areas to which slaves who "stole themselves" fled. Southern Ontario, bordering Michigan and New York, was a chief terminus of the Underground Railroad. Ontario, in fact, was where the majority of escaped slaves settled. James doubtless got to know at least a few of these liberated families. Righteous indignation is not an unknown emotion to the Shannons.

Fergus M. Bordewich's "Bound for Canaan: The Underground Railroad and the War for the Soul of America" says about this, mentioning specifically the area near Detroit where the Shannons lived:

After the war [the War of 1812], Canada openly welcomed runaways, especially those who were willing to settle in the strategically vulnerable region near the Michigan Territory, on the assumption that former slaves could be counted on to vigorously resist another invasion by the United States. They were granted land and citizenship on the same terms as other immigrants, as well as the right to vote, a privilege that was enjoyed by free blacks in only a handful of Northern states. By the 1820s fugitives were starting to appear in noticeable numbers around St. Catherine opposite Buffalo, and on the Canadian side of the Detroit River, in the townships that would become the northern terminals of the Underground Railroad.

The Civil War was yet seven decades away, though. In this time period, one of George Washington's escaped slaves was captured. In the better late than never category, Washington did free his slaves on his death. Thomas Jefferson, on the other hand, who claimed to hold that equality of men was self-evident, did not even then.

1800

Watch Yarmouth

"There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family." -- from "The Adventure of the Empty House" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"Of all national assets archives are the most precious; they are the gift of one generation to another and the extent of our care of them marks the extent of our civilization." -- from "The Canadian Archives and Its Activities" by Sir Arthur G. Doughty

♦ Census

John Gorham was again recorded by the census enumerators as living in Yarmouth, Massachusetts. He would live until 1804, when his son William was sixteen.

It is perhaps worth noting that there is also a town named Yarmouth in Maine, just eighteen miles from the town of Gorham, Maine.

1803

Cheap at Twice the Price!

"A good deal has been written about 'shooting for the stars.' I have never thought much of that kind of marksmanship...I rather think it is best to draw a bead on something that you have a chance to hit." – LeRoy Percy

"Some men see things as they are and say "Why?" I dream things that never were and say "Why not?" -- Robert F. Kennedy

◆ Louisiana Purchase

Thomas Jefferson's envoys in Paris, R.L. Livingston and future president James Monroe, were instructed to look into acquiring New Orleans and western Florida from France (who had recently acquired it from Spain, who had taken it from the Indians). Livingston and Monroe were surprised when all of what was then called "Louisiana"—a tract of land stretching from the Mississippi River west to The Rockies, claimed for France in 1682 by La Salle--was offered. The price? Fifteen million dollars for the 565 million acre/90,000 square mile parcel, or approximately 3 cents per acre.

Before concluding that France's dictator Napoleon was insane for selling at such a rock bottom price, consider his probable reasoning:

- 1) The British, with whom France was waging a war, would probably take the land away from them anyway, if France were to lose the war (which they did).
- 2) The sale would strengthen America, thus weakening Britain, who still held out hopes of regaining its former American Colonies.
- 3) France needed the money to continue prosecution of its war with Britain.
- 4) One of Napoleon's armies in the West Indies was having a very tough time of it, and he decided to exit the region entirely, focusing his military efforts on Europe alone.

The tough time Napoleon's armies were experiencing was in what he called Saint-Domingue (which had been called Hispaniola by Columbus and his men, was renamed Haiti by Jean-Jacques Dessalines after Napoleon's defeat, and which island is today divided into Haiti on the west and the Dominican Republic on the east), where an uprising by the land's inhabitants put a hamper on Napoleon's plans for a further foothold in the hemisphere--which he had hoped would have eventually led to a position of dominance for France there. So it was that the successful rebellion of Haitians against France pushed Napoleon into the decision to give up on his American dream and sell the land he had there to the United States government.

This biggest land sale in history took place on April 3rd, 1803, in Paris, but the ceremony for the formal transferral of land did not take place until almost a year later, on March 9th, 1804. It was not until 1818 and 1819, though, that Britain and Spain, respectively, signed treaties indicating their acknowledgment of America's title to all the land included in the Purchase.

Among the land acquired--all or part of which was to become the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Oklahoma as well as most of what we now call Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, and Minnesota--was the area where Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn and his wife Alice Gladys Green would be born a little over a century later.

This purchase, although it doubled the size of the United States at the stroke of a pen, did not complete America's acquisitions. Even to the east, there were lands that America would ultimately own, but did not as of yet. For instance, much of Florida still belonged to Spain. There was also much land off the western slope of The Rockies that was still not controlled by the United States.

1804

The Passage

“Go West, young man, go West, and grow up with the land.” – John Soule

“The West is a place that has to be seen to be believed, and it may have to be believed in order to be seen.” – N. Scott Momaday

♦ Lewis & Clark Expedition / Corps of Discovery

Even prior to purchasing vast tracts of land to the West, President Thomas Jefferson was curious about what wonders the West held. The Louisiana Purchase heightened this curiosity. Jefferson sent his protégé and personal secretary Meriwether Lewis, and William Clark, as co-captains on an expedition of about forty men to record data about the flora, fauna, and geography of the region. They were also to make peaceful contact with Indians they came across. Especially, though, they were to try to find a Northwest Passage, a route to the Pacific from the Mississippi River via waterways. But like the fabled El Dorado and the yearned-for Fountain of Youth, such a passage simply did not exist. As the song says, though, “two out of three ain’t bad.”

Early on in the voyage, the Corps of Discovery traversed the southern boundaries of what would in the future become Carroll and Chariton counties in northern Missouri. This is where Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn was to be born (in DeWitt, Carroll County) and, for the most part, raised (in Brunswick, on the southern edge of Chariton County and on the northern shore of the Missouri River).

The eight-thousand mile expedition that began on May 14th required toughness, tenacity, and intrepidity. That having been said, this group was not the first to cross the American continent. In fact, they had started out from the center of the country, near St. Louis, whereas Scottish fur trader Alexander Mackenzie had crossed the entire length of north America (in Canada) in 1793. Mackenzie and his retinue started from Montreal, Quebec in the east and traveled to Bella Coola, British Columbia in the west. Mackenzie, who worked for the Northwest Company, and his retinue of native guides and French-Canadian voyageurs, were, like Lewis & Clark, seeking a shipping outlet to the Pacific.

German explorer and naturalist Alexander von Humboldt had already spent much time on the Northern California Coast before Lewis & Clark took their round-trip hike from Missouri to Oregon and back. Humboldt published a book about his experiences there, entitled *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of America, During the Years 1799-1804, Vol II.*

The Lewis & Clark entourage were also, of course, not the first Americans to see the western lands to which they traveled—Indians had been there for untold millenniums before them. Even as far as white men go, the Corps of Discovery came across several on their journey west, such as those involved in trapping for beaver pelts, and those who traded goods with the Indians.

Many whites already lived in Oregon, too, having arrived there via ship. Lewis & Clark and the Corps of Discovery met even more on their return trip east. Some of these men had decided to move west regardless of the fate of the Corps of Discovery--they did not wait for either a good or a bad report before embarking on their quest for a new frontier.

In fact, as the Corps had been gone for such a long period (twenty-eight months, finally returning to St. Louis on September 23rd, 1806), some with whom they crossed paths on the return trip even made such exclamations as, “We thought you were dead!” And a number of these hearty souls were indubitably oblivious to the very existence of Lewis, Clark, and their expedition.

For their efforts, Lewis and Clark received 1,600 acres of land each. Their men received 320 acres (a good-sized farm) and double pay.

1810

Thankful to be Alive

"Streams may spring from one source, and yet some be clear and some be foul." -- from "The White Company" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"Every minute dies a man / Every minute one is born"; I need hardly point out to you that this calculation would tend to keep the sum total of the world's population in a state of perpetual equipoise, whereas it is a well-known fact that the said sum total is constantly on the increase. I would therefore take the liberty of suggesting that in the next edition of your excellent poem the erroneous calculation to which I refer should be corrected as follows: "Every moment dies a man / And one and a sixteenth is born." I may add that the exact figures are 1.067, but something must, of course, be conceded to the laws of metre." -- Charles Babbage

Author's note: Actually, 1.067 is very close to one and a fifteenth, not one and a sixteenth, which would be exactly 1.0625

♦ Census

John Gorham (son of Joseph, father of William) died in 1804. This left his widow Thankful (Butler) Gorham the head of the household, as noted on this year's census. By the time of the census at the latest, Thankful had moved back to her birthplace of Nantucket, Massachusetts.

1811

Tippecanoe and a Couple of Comets, Too

“As a present to you, we will give you anything we have that you can take with you; but the land, never.” – Tecumseh, Shawnee

“...one of those uncommon geniuses, which spring up occasionally to produce revolutions and overturn the established order of things.” – William Henry Harrison, speaking of Shawnee leader Tecumseh

- ◆ The Great Red Hope
- ◆ The Battle of Tippecanoe

As in the case of Mark Twain, the 1768 birth of Shawnee leader Tecumseh was heralded by a comet. Tecumseh attempted to consolidate the Indians in an effort to drive the white invaders back to the sea.

Another comet, visible from Arizona to Maine, appeared in the sky on November 16th, 1811. Tecumseh and his followers viewed this as a sign that the earthquake Tecumseh had predicted was only thirty days distant. The massive upheaval of the earth was to be the harbinger of a new era for the natives, rid of the pesky white men.

Although the great paroxysms of the earth did occur (actually it was a series of quakes that lasted from mid-December of this year through February of 1812), Tecumseh's plans for a pan-American unification of Indians was foiled. William Henry Harrison proved to be the union buster. Nine days before the comet and less than six weeks before the first big quake, Tecumseh's 50,000 warriors, representing a confederation of various native nations, suffered a costly defeat at the Battle of Tippecanoe.



The battle was actually a draw from a purely statistical standpoint: The Indians lost 50 killed and 75 wounded, whereas Harrison's forces suffered 60 dead and twice that number wounded. Nevertheless, the battle was considered an Indian defeat because the Indians departed the field. The reason for their discouragement may have been the surprise and disgust they felt that any of them were harmed at all—Tecumseh's brother Tenskwatawa (known as “The Prophet”) had told them (similar to the Ghost Dance promoters who would appear less than a century later) that the bullets of the whites would not harm them.

Tecumseh himself had not been at the battle, as he was on a recruiting trip to other tribes, strengthening the alliance between the various Indian nations which he hoped would present a united front against the incursions of the Euro-Americans. When Tecumseh found

out what had happened, he felt the alliance was doomed. Tecumseh was so irate with his brother that he attacked and threatened to kill him, grabbing hold of his hair and shaking him violently. Finally, Tecumseh flung "The Prophet" to the ground. Disowned by his brother, Tenskwatawa spent the rest of his life an outcast.

Although Tecumseh realized the gig was up, many of his followers urged him to fight on, and they refused to go home, even after he counseled them to do so. In 1813, in the midst of the War of 1812 (which lasted officially until 1814, and in actual fact until 1815), Tecumseh would fight his final battle.

1812

The Father of Waters Runs Backwards

“The screams of the affrighted inhabitants, the cries of the fowls and beasts of every species—the cracking of trees falling, the roaring of the Mississippi—formed a scene truly horrible.” – Eliza Bryan, eyewitness of the New Madrid earthquake

“The faulting of the earth exposes its strata.” – Paul Taylor

“I give it the name of Misha Sipokni – ‘beyond the ages, the father of all its kind’” – Choctaw Medicine Man, speaking of the Mississippi River

- ◆ War of 1812
- ◆ New Madrid earthquakes
- ◆ First steamboat on the Mississippi

Earlier generations of Americans were taught that the War of 1812 was nothing less than the second Revolutionary War. Current British history books still call it such. Modern Americans typically don't know much about it at all, and thus may not know just what to call it.

One wag has said the reason why is that the United States did not win. Which is true enough (there were no spoils, no increase in landholdings as a direct and immediate effect of the war)--but neither did they lose.

Unlike the (first) Revolutionary War, the Americans were the aggressors this time. In the 1770s, Britain mobilized troops to put down the rebellion in its American Colonies. In 1812, it was the U.S. that declared war on Britain. There certainly had been provocation on the part of the British, but the reason the Americans gave for opening hostilities does not really hold water. Ostensibly, the Americans declared war in response to the British practice of “impressment.”

Impressment was the fancy word used for the practice of kidnapping American sailors and forcing them to serve in the British Royal Navy (who, along with their then-allied Spain, were at the time fighting the French in the Napoleonic wars). Britain, however, had actually agreed to cease and desist the practice three days prior to America's declaration of war.

There were other burrs in the Americans' saddles, though, regarding the actions and attitudes of the British. One of these was Britain's continued maintenance and manning of military forts in the Ohio valley, which monitored the fur trade in that area, keeping the trade safe and profitable for Britain and its subjects.

The true motive behind the war seems to have been America's desire for expansion. They wanted what was then termed “Florida” (the region from present-day Florida west to the Mississippi), which was at the time

owned by Britain's ally Spain. America also wanted to expand further westward. The British-backed Indians in the west were proving to be a thorn in their side in this endeavor, though. As if that were not enough of a mouthful to bite off all at once, the United States also hoped to expel the British from Canada, and take over that land. This facet of the war is something that is still emphasized in British history books today.

The Americans thought they had the British in a vulnerable situation, as all the king's horses and all the king's men were already engaged in a war in Europe (or so the Americans conjectured). In 1814, though, Britain's war with France ended, and boatloads of battle-hardened British troops arrived in America. They marched on Washington, and promptly burned the White House and the Capitol building.

At the White House, the British soldiers had found a sumptuous banquet that had been prepared by President James Madison's staff to celebrate an expected, or at least hoped-for, American victory. After gorging themselves, the British torched the Presidential Palace (but not before James' wife Dolly had rescued the portraits of the former Presidents).

The British weren't the only arsonists involved in the War. Although the Americans had not been able to make any permanent inroads into British Canada, they *had* earlier burned York (in Toronto). The final outcome of the War is discussed in the next (1815) chapter.



Nobody in the scientific community in the early part of the 19th century would have considered southeastern Missouri to be earthquake country. Yet a monstrous earthquake, epicentered near New Madrid, Missouri, began in the early morning hours of December 16th, 1811, and continued, with recurring aftershocks, into the early part of 1812. The deadliest quake shook the earth on February 7th of this year. It shook to pieces cabins in St. Louis, Missouri, and 400 miles away in Cincinnati; uprooted trees in Kentucky; rang church bells 1,000 miles distant in Boston (whose peals were possibly heard by the future parents of George Gorham, twenty-four year old William Gorham and fifteen-year old Mary Raymond); and rattled plates and saucers way up in Montreal, Canada.

In all, an area encompassing what would become twenty-seven states was affected, as well as parts of Canada. Five thousand square miles were permanently changed, including the disappearance of some islands which had been in the Mississippi River.

The strongest of these New Madrid temblors was the biggest earthquake in U.S. history; although seismographs were not available at the time, it has been estimated that at least three of the quakes in the New Madrid series (December 16th, 1811, and both January 23rd and February 7th in 1812) exceeded 8.0 on the Richter scale. It is worth noting that each full number on the scale represents a force tenfold greater than the preceding full number—in other words, an 8.0

earthquake is ten times as strong as a 7.0 earthquake (such as the one that struck San Francisco in 1906).

The power unleashed during the most severe quake, on February 7th, 1812, was so massive that the 2,300 mile long mighty Mississippi changed course, diverted water (one consequence of which was the forming of Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee), created temporary waterfalls that claimed several boats--which capsized when they plunged over the falls--, opened up fissures below the River which generated large whirlpools that sucked boats into its depths, killed dozens or possibly hundreds of people (even though the region was sparsely settled), and even caused the mighty Mississippi River to run backwards for a time.

A note regarding the number of fatalities caused by the series of enormous jolts: Only one death was officially attributed to the quake. However, as many isolated cabins and campsites disappeared without a trace, it is highly probable that many of their inhabitants perished. Like the Peshtigo firestorm that would take place sixty years later in remote northeastern Wisconsin, it is impossible to know how many died in the cataclysm.

The Mississippi River has been called many things: The Father of Waters. The Great Waters. The Mother of Rivers—well, although one account states that the word “Mississippi” stems from the Indian word “Messa-Chepi,” meaning “Mother of the Rivers,” another version says that the original Indian word was actually “Nemaesi-Sipu,” which means “Fish River.” Yet another account asserts that the name comes from the Chippewa word “Micisibi,” which means “Big River.” And so it goes: the communication gap between the white men and the red men caused many misunderstandings, and this is a rather innocuous illumination of just how misunderstood the Indians often were.

Although the sobriquet rightly belongs to the Missouri River, some even call the Mississippi The Big Muddy (it is the Missouri whose brownish contribution makes the Mississippi muddy at their juncture near St. Louis). The first Euro-Americans to claim the area, the French, first called the Mississippi the Colbert River, and later the St. Louis River. The Spanish before them had referred to it as *la Palissad*.

What is even stranger about the Mississippi River is that it seems to have its rightful name switched with the Missouri River. Even accepting that these two great waterways are named after their terminus rather than their origin (the Mississippi River begins as a trickle in Minnesota, and the Missouri starts in Montana), it would seem logical that the river emanating from Montana should be the Mississippi, because, of the two great rivers that meet and combine into one near St. Louis, that is the one that has traveled farther (almost three times as far) and should therefore be considered the dominant one. If that were the case (the Missouri River was given its rightful name and was renamed the Mississippi River), the Mississippi River would likewise thus become the Missouri River, as it stretches in actuality from Minnesota to Missouri.

In former times, the Mississippi had indeed been considered a tributary of the Missouri. Before the Missouri was dammed by engineers and diverted by farmers for irrigation, the two rivers had similar average widths and flows (which are common measurements for determining which of two merging rivers is the dominant, and which the tributary). Even with its arguably premature terminus, the Missouri is two hundred miles longer than the Mississippi. So why does the Mississippi take the Missouri's waters as its own, instead of vice versa? Primarily because at the point where they meet, the Mississippi maintains its southerly course, while the Missouri makes a sharp bend from its easterly flow.

The town of New Madrid, situated in the boot-heel section of southeastern Missouri, the epicenter of the great series of quakes, was named such because at the time of its founding the area was owned by Spain (when Daniel Boone left Kentucky in a huff and settled in Missouri, he was first required to become a Spanish citizen). Like Cairo, Illinois, fifty miles north and on the other (eastern) shore of the Mississippi, the name of the town is not pronounced as might be expected. Although the area around Cairo is known as "Little Egypt," the locals pronounce it KAY-row. As crazy as it may sound, New Madridians pronounce the name of their home town, not like the capital of Spain, but "New MAD-rid".



The great series of earthquakes coincided with the maiden voyage of the *New Orleans*, the first boat to traverse the length of the Mississippi River under steam power. Its trip up the Mississippi had begun at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on the Ohio River, but the pleasant voyage was changed into a trip of terror due to the damage done and havoc wreaked by the quake.

Most trips with the steamboat were not so nail-biting and nerve-wracking. Within a decade, there were over one hundred steamers plying the Mississippi and its tributaries.

1813

Like a Warrior Going Home

"The only man that acted like a gentleman, as an officer." – George C. Dale, American soldier, speaking of Tecumseh

"Usually, terrible things that are done with the excuse that progress requires them are not really progress at all, but just terrible things." -- Russell Baker

- ◆ Indian / British Coalition
- ◆ Battle of Lake Erie
- ◆ Battle of the Thames / Tecumseh killed

Viewing them as the lesser of two evils, perhaps, Tecumseh's band of warriors made common cause with the British in the War of 1812. Early on, Tecumseh's force enjoyed successes. In May of this year, his one-thousand-warrior force annihilated an army of Kentucky militia who were marching to meet William Henry Harrison at Fort Meigs, Ohio. Tecumseh's army killed 500 and captured 150. Despite the encouragement of the British to kill all the prisoners, Tecumseh refused to do so. One of those captured who was spared was George Dale, the man quoted above.

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The Americans won the important Battle of Lake Erie, when Oliver H. Perry and the American naval force defeated the British there in the second year of what is now known as the War of 1812.

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In another victory for the European colonists, the Indian leader Tecumseh himself was killed towards the waning of the year, in October, at the Battle of the Thames—the Thames in southeastern Ontario, Canada, that is, not the one in England.

1814

How the West was Lost

*The devil went down to Georgia, he was looking for a soul to steal.
He was in a bind 'cos he was way behind, He was willin' to make a deal.
...And the devil jumped up on a hickory stump...*
-- from the song "The Devil Went Down to Georgia" by Charlie Daniels

"My heart is as a stone; there is no soft spot in it. I have taken the white man by the hand, thinking him to be a friend, but he is not a friend; government has deceived us; Washington is rotten." – Kicking Bird, Kiowa

♦ Andrew Jackson, Indian Fighter

The Indians often called Andrew Jackson "The Devil." The events regarding the Creeks this year give an example of why it was that Jackson was viewed so negatively by them. During the War of 1812, when the Americans were fighting the British, they were simultaneously carrying on war with various Indian tribes. In fact, according to John Grenier in his eye-opening book "The First Way of War," these conflicts were actually more important to American domination of the West than the one fought against the British.

At first, the Indians were winning these wars. Gradually, though, the greater numbers of the Euro-Americans ground the Indians down.

Grenier's book makes the situation plain, in speaking about the aftermath of a war the Americans had successfully waged against the Creeks:

The Americans' peace terms ending the Creek War stunned the Miccos of the Creek nation in the summer of 1814. As punishment for the "unprovoked, inhuman, and sanguinary war waged by the hostile Creeks against the United States," Major General Andrew Jackson, the sole American negotiator with the Indians, demanded no less than the destruction of the Creek nation. Jackson's harshest provision, one that the Creeks had little choice but to accept, required that the Creeks give the United States 23 million acres as war reparations.

Several Miccos hoped that they might persuade Jackson to accept a return to the peace of the late 1790s, one based on trade and reciprocity rather than reparations. The recently ended conflict had been as much a civil war between pro- and anti-American Creeks as a struggle between the United States and the Creek nation. Many of their people under the Creek leader William McIntosh, the Miccos reminded Jackson, had joined the Americans to fight against their fellow Creeks, the Red Stick faction of the Upper and Lower Towns.

At the Treaty of Fort Jackson, however, Jackson refused to distinguish between pro-American Creeks and red Sticks. When the accommodationist Miccos prostrated themselves before him, Old Hickory remained unbending; he would brook no compromise concerning the land cessions. Jackson stated that even McIntosh's followers would have to sign away their lands. The reparations, Jackson said, were a lesson to all who might oppose the Americans. He told the Creeks "We bleed our enemies in such cases to give them their senses."

Jackson's "bleeding" of the Creeks marks a culminating point in American military history as the end of the Transappalachian West's Indian wars. The first half of the 1810s saw two conflicts – one in the Old Northwest (the Northwest Indian War of 1810-1813) and a second, the Creek War of 1813-1814 – in which American frontiersmen and Indians clashed. Unlike the War of 1812, with which they overlapped, these conflicts did not end in a return to the status quo ante bellum, but rather in so thorough a destruction of Indian power that the United States completely subjugated the Indian peoples of the Transappalachian West. The conquest of the West was not guaranteed by defeating the British Army in battle in 1815, but by defeating and driving the Indians from their homelands. Thus, when combined, the Northwest Indian and Creek Wars produced the first way of war's most significant contribution to American history: the American conquest of the lands of the Transappalachian West.

This is not the final word the Indians would hear from Jackson; he had even more diabolical schemes up his sleeve, which he would carry out two decades later, after he became President of the United States.

1815

Status Quo Ante Bellum

“They ran so fast that the hounds couldn’t catch ‘em, on down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico” – from the song “The Battle of New Orleans” by Johnny Horton

“That is the problem with this rich and anguished generation. Somewhere a long time ago they fell in love with the idea that politicians -- even the slickest and brightest presidential candidates -- were real heroes and truly exciting people. That is wrong on its face. They are mainly dull people with corrupt instincts and criminal children.” -- from “Generation of Swine” by Hunter S. Thompson

♦ Battle of New Orleans

The War of 1812, which was named--unlike the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers--for its beginning, in reality lasted parts of four years, but officially ended when the Treaty of Ghent (Belgium) was signed in December of 1814. Just as the war had begun with its supposed catalyst no longer an issue, the Battle of New Orleans was fought after the peace treaty had been signed. In that pre-telegraph, pre-telephone, pre-Instant Messaging era, though, the news had not yet reached the opposing combatants. In this peacetime battle in early 1815, over two thousand British soldiers were killed (along with eight Americans). Some of those British soldiers had probably participated in the battle at Waterloo (like Ghent, located in Belgium) the year before, which had ended with Napoleon Bonaparte’s epic defeat there.

Great Britain did not so much lose the War of 1812 militarily as they simply lost the will to fight. The British government eventually came to the conclusion that any victory would be a Pyrrhic one, and pulled the plug on further aggressions.

Neither side gained much in a tangible way for their efforts and sacrifices. A Latin phrase commonly found in peace treaties, “Status Quo Ante Bellum,” means “the way things were before the war.” Although families of the war’s casualties may have begged to differ about that (things would never be the same for them), conditions as to who owned what and who ruled over whom remained the same after the bloodshed: the Americans realized they could not have Canada, and the British realized America was lost to them forever. An exclamation point was appended to the Revolutionary War fought by the previous generation.

Oregon Territory was at this time jointly controlled by the two nations, England and America. This, of course, would change.

One thing that did change as a result of the war was the hospitality Canada had earlier showed Americans. Prior to the war, many Americans had immigrated to the British colonies in Canada. After 1815, though, Americans could not get land grants there. This regulation was

eventually relaxed, but it remained difficult for Americans to obtain titles to property.

Britain still wanted Canada to grow in population, though, so they turned to another source: the British Isles themselves could provide some of these human contributions to build up their colonies there. Thousands were encouraged to emigrate, and their presence reinforced the connection with the mother country. Just a few years later, one family who would accept this implied invitation would be Thomas and Anny (Young) Shannon and their first children William, Mary Ann, and possibly Richard.

1816

Exodus from Germany

“Beginnings might be trivial, but for the sake of the future they must be chronicled.” –
from “Americans and the California Dream, 1850-1915” by Kevin Starr

“To him in whom love dwells, the whole world is but one family.” -- Buddha

- ◆ William Gorham and Mary Raymond wed
- ◆ Snowy Summer
- ◆ Mass Exodus of Germans to the United States

This year William Gorham, seventh generation Mayflower descendant, was united in matrimony with Mary Raymond. They would have a son, George, who would on reaching adulthood leave the region his family had lived in for over two hundred years and strike out for a new horizon.



There was, in effect, no summer this year. Beginning June 6th and extending throughout the summer months, blizzards and frost visited the United States. The situation was even worse in Europe, where the unseasonably cold weather destroyed crops to the extent that food riots broke out (rioters carried banners reading “Bread or Blood”). Some people were so hard pressed there that they resorting to eating cats.

The cause of the weird weather was not understood for more than a century. In 1920, the bizarre meteorological conditions were attributed to a volcanic eruption in Java. Ten thousand people were killed when Mount Tambora blew its top in 1815. So much dust was blasted into the stratosphere that it blocked the sunlight to such a great extent that temperatures were radically altered. Dust circled the globe for months, filtering out sunlight, and 82,000 people died of starvation as a result.

The unusual weather had actually started in 1813, after a series of volcanic eruptions began. The first one occurred in April of 1812, on St. Vincent Island in the West Indies. In 1814, Mount Mayon in the Philippines exploded. Then in 1815, the aforementioned Tambora in April of 1815 erupted. This last explosion was so loud that it was heard 800 miles away. Three hundred miles distant, the noise caused soldiers to believe they were under artillery attack.



Kollenborn is a German surname, but a quite rare one—even in countries whose official language is German. When such is the case, people may wonder if the name has actually changed from its native

form. There *are* Kollenborns in the German-speaking countries of Europe, though--just not a great number of them. A recent check of the Berlin phone book found no Kollenborns there, nor were there any in Munich. However, the small border town of Romanshorn, in the German-speaking part of Switzerland, near Lake Constance (Bodensee), is home to several Kollenborns. Sixty-five percent of Swiss residents speak Schwyzerdeutsch (the Swiss dialect of German), as their primary language.

Although not to be found among the FFV (First Families of Virginia), the Kollenborns were by no means latecomers to America in comparison with the great multitude who would eventually emigrate. Arriving by 1816 at the latest, the Kollenborns reached American shores well in advance of the great numbers who would come in the decades to follow.

Germany was severely affected by the altered weather patterns caused by the rash of volcanic eruptions just mentioned. Thousands felt compelled to brave the perils of a long sea voyage and the uncertainty of a new continent and culture and left their homeland for America. This may have been the impetus behind the first Kollenborns coming to America. According to the 1880 census, Illinois resident John Kollenborn was born in 1816 in Virginia. Obviously, then, his parents were in America by that year at the latest. If John's parents were newcomers to America when he was born, it seems likely that they were among those throngs leaving Germany during the spell of cold weather and famine brought on by the series of volcanic eruptions. Many Germans came to America at that time. As many of the Mayflower passengers did two centuries earlier, these emigrants first typically spent time in Holland before traveling on to America. Holland was the country from which many of the German emigrants set sail--heading to Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans, or other U.S. ports.

Unfortunately, what exact relationship *that* John Kollenborn had to William Kollenborn, great-grandfather of Albert Kollenborn, is unknown. Circumstantial evidence (the rarity of the surname and the fact that they lived near each other in Missouri in the 1880 census) indicates the likelihood--nay, near certitude--of some kind of familial relationship. John would have a son named William C., born 1874 (John was married to a much younger woman), who was possibly named for the aforementioned William--or perhaps both of them were named for a more distant ancestor.

All of John Kollenborn's children listed in the 1880 census were born in Missouri in the 1870s, so he may have relocated to that state at or near the same time as did William and his family, who had earlier lived across the Mississippi River in Illinois, just northeast of St. Louis.

At that time, both Missouri and Kansas to its west (where Kollenborns also lived) were the most dangerous states in America in which to live. The Civil War had, in effect, begun in earnest in and between those states a decade before hostilities officially broke out in 1861, and lasted a decade or so after the war ended, too.

Based on the difference in their ages (John born 1816, William 1833), John was likely an uncle or cousin to William, or possibly an older brother. If John's parents came to America in the "Exodus" from Germany in 1816 and 1817 following the Napoleonic wars, he was born soon after his parents arrived in the young country.

The great uprooting of the German population came as a result of the social and economic problems that followed the aforementioned Napoleonic Wars in Europe, which had ended in 1814. Population growth (Europe had already been thought to be overpopulated for some time prior to this) and decline in economic opportunities were factors in the decision of many to take up a new life elsewhere. Many Germans opted to remain in Europe and emigrated to Poland and Transcaucasia. Quite a few others chose to go to the Americas, some to North America and others to South America. These emigrants, for the most part, went first to the Netherlands to board ships from there.

The push to leave Germany was provided by the bad conditions prevalent there at the time. The pull was provided in part by letters from friends and relatives who had already made the move and encouraged others to follow them. There was also no dearth of "emigration" books in Europe during the period, especially ones written in German for a German audience. One of the most popular and influential of these was "Report on a Journey to the Western States of North America, and a Stay of Several Years Along the Missouri (During the Years 1824, '25, '26, 1827)" by Gottfried Duden. He traveled to what was then thought of as the western part of the United States (now the country's midsection) in the 1820s.

Although Duden's travels and book came after the arrival of the Kollenborns—by at least a few years--it is informative and interesting to examine his experiences and recommendations. The following quotes from Duden regarding various aspects of his experience will help us imagine ourselves in the place of the Kollenborns (and the Shannons, and other immigrants) who came to America in this time period. Duden's writings and point of view applied most especially to German families, such as the Kollenborns, due to their sharing a common background and culture.

On the dangers of ship travel:

"Innumerable ships glide safely back and forth, and there are persons who have sailed across the Atlantic Ocean more than a hundred times. It is only natural that those who live far from the seashore gradually believe that the dangers exist largely in the imagination. Short sea journeys can even strengthen this belief. But in general, this is far from the truth. In no situation in life is man confronted so impressively with his complete dependence on the Supreme Being as when he spends so many hours on the sea. Every captain of a ship can, without violating the truth, relate stories of occurrences in which he was threatened with destruction and in which he survived only as if by a miracle...It is the storm clouds and the

waterspouts that make a protracted delay in the region of the Gulf Stream so dangerous. Therefore, ships sailing toward Europe only rarely try to use this course. The frequent formation of these electric vapors seems to have some connection with the temperature of the water of the Stream. We always tried to avoid them as much as possible and yet twice we ran into such heavy waterspouts that we feared the deck would be shattered. ... We kept our distance from whales. No ship will try to approach them. With a single blow of the tail they could make a dangerous opening in the strongest walls."

On the speed of travel:

"This is the lot of the sailor; sometimes he is completely becalmed, or he is even hurled back; sometimes he speeds at 12 to 14 nautical miles an hours, that is, sometimes 280-320 nautical miles in one day."

As the steamship had yet to be invented, sailors and passengers relied on the wind to take them to their destination. If they got no wind, they made no movement. Adverse wind could mean movement in the wrong direction, which meant losing progress that had been made, or even being driven into a dangerous area.

On the health situation on the ships:

"According to American law, there must be a supply of medicine on every seagoing vessel of a definite size (I believe on every ship of more than 250 tons). To this are added brief instructions concerning its use. As a result, many captains have a tendency toward quackery."

On the available supplies:

"On packets, cows provide fresh milk and cream. On trading vessels one must do without these things, and one should never forget a supply of mineral water and beer because not much attention is paid to the drinking water on board and, generally, several barrels of it taste unpleasantly of wood."

As to various aspects of everyday life that Duden experienced once he got to America, and how he viewed these, some examples follow:

On the food in America:

"Nothing about the way of life here astonishes a German so much as the frequent eating of meat. Even early in the morning the table is full of meat dishes, and in this respect there is no difference between breakfast and the noon meal. Wine is rarely served in the inns. Until now little wine has been produced in the interior, and foreign wines are subject to a high duty. With the exception of the brandies, French brandy, peach brandy, genevre,

and whiskey (corn brandy), coffee seems to have been substituted. Coffee and tea are served not only at breakfast, but also at supper and often even at the noon meal. ... The greatest variety of dishes is served at the same time, and as soon as the food is on the table the sound of the second bell (which is preceded a quarter of an hour earlier by the ringing of a bell as a signal to be ready) calls the guests into the dining room. They often rush in hastily. As if it were a matter of very serious business and without much conversation, they appease their hunger in all haste, most often eating from one and the same plate, using their own handkerchiefs instead of napkins. In five or ten minutes they leave again. This is most disgusting in the evening. Instead of an evening meal that begins between eight and nine o'clock and is followed by dessert and prolonged discussion, the food is placed on the table as early as seven o'clock when the midday meal has not yet been digested. Attention is directed strictly toward filling the stomach quickly so that even a longer stay in the dining room would be considered contrary to the rules. In some inns, to be sure, tea and coffee are served around five o'clock, and then the evening meal follows at about nine. But as far as the duration of the meal and sociability are concerned, it is the same everywhere."

Now as to Duden's recommendations and report of the preparation for the further journey, that is, through the interior of the country:

On how much money it is necessary to have:

"Above all, I provided myself with excellent maps. Then I procured various letters of recommendation in order not to be entirely without support in case of accidents. Money matters I arranged by having the Bank of the United States issue me banknotes made out to me personally and redeemable in specially designated branch banks. I took with me, partly in cash and partly in banknotes, only as much as I thought I would need until I reached the next designated branch. A foreigner must be wary of accepting banknotes from strangers. It is best to obtain them from the bank comptroller himself. Also, one must be very careful to distinguish the notes of the United States (federal) from the notes of individual states and private banks (of which there are very many). It is better to have nothing to do with the latter if one is not completely familiar with the rate of exchange."

On the scenery:

"During the first days we traveled through rolling and rather extensively cultivated land. We could have imagined we were traveling in Germany had it not been for the unfamiliarity of the architecture of some of the dwellings, the general type of construction of the barns and granaries, and the fencing of the fields. To be sure, Negro families dispelled the illusion most frequently."

Duden goes on to describe the log houses. Coming from a land where half-timbered architecture was mandated by the government to preserve the trees made scarce by years of warfare, these all-wood houses seemed unusual to him. He explains that these dwellings are the “product of the abundance of building timber.” He later says, “Not less conspicuous than the buildings were the large cornfields.”

On the Flora and fauna:

“Among the wild birds, the beautiful colors of the woodpeckers most attracted our attention.”

Duden shows his ignorance of the great gap that existed between the races at the time in the United States as he reports on Negro children he saw: “...their shyness in the presence of whites, as if they were considered creatures of a higher order...” Whites were considered “creatures of a higher order” by most in the United States at that time, of course (and for some time to come), and it’s a wonder that it surprised Duden.

Duden makes another mention of a black person in this passage:

“Before Bunsberg, we had to stop once in the small town of Newmarket in order to repair the wagon. Shortly before we arrived at Hancock the front iron axle broke. It was not the fault of the roads but the poor quality of the iron, which, because of our baggage, was put to a severe test. By means of several poles and ropes, which cooperative passersby helped us to fasten, we reached the town. We found a very good and spacious inn, but also a drunk blacksmith. However his helper, a vigorous Negro, knew enough about the trade to satisfy us in a short time.”

On Slavery:

“Even the difference between states where slavery is permitted and those whose laws forbid it is not yet so striking. The reason is: even in the latter states there are many Negroes and mulattoes who, while they are free, almost all serve as day laborers, servants, and maids, and because of the general prejudice against their dark skins, have scarcely better relationships with their employers than real slaves.”

On the Health situation in America:

“Most of the ailments which the natives suffers are their own fault. They have little relation to the climate. But the manner of living, which is the common one here, would very soon kill half the population in Germany. Children and adults, whether they are healthy or ill, eat and drink, in summer as well as in winter, whatever tastes good to them. To fast in times of illness is considered great folly. It never occurs to anyone to

protect himself against colds either. In every season one sees the children run half-naked into the open from their beds or from the heat of the hearth. Some houses are open to the wind on all sides, and the householders do not take the trouble to guard against the penetration of the cold northwest winds by using a little clay. Every day they would rather drag a cartload of wood to the hearth, around which the whole family gathers. ... The trade in medicines is completely unrestricted in all of the United States. ... the title of doctor is not required for practicing medicine. The people are the judges of the ability of the doctor as of that of an artist, whose business depends entirely on the approval of the masses, and everyone who makes medicine his profession assumes the title. No investigation is ever made of his right to it. ... Some quack doctors even call themselves Indian doctors and assert that they have acquired their knowledge from the Indians.”

On a meeting with German-Americans and traveling through the woods at night:

“We were just on the point of stopping at the last inn before the range when our conversation was suddenly interrupted by a stranger who welcomed us in a friendly manner in the German language. He pointed behind himself, saying that his son was following with his wagon, that he was from Bunsberg and of German parentage, and that he was glad to meet immigrants from Germany, which he considered us to be. The dialect, the words themselves, and the features of the man made such a good impression on us that we accepted with pleasure his invitation to drive on with him. The ridge was covered with trees to the very top. The road seemed good and a certain amount of moonlight increased the effect of the brightly sparkling stars. For a short time we drove through open country. Not until we reached the foot of the mountains did the forests begin, and here we were soon surrounded by the glow of myriads of fireflies which made the light of moon and stars quite dispensable. At the same time, a kind of cicada (locust) buzzed so noisily that for more than an hour we could talk to one another only by raising our voices. From time to time, the general noises were drowned out by the howling of panthers, wolves, and foxes, and by the crying of many kinds of nocturnal birds.”

On Crime and the economy:

“There are so few cases of robbery and theft in the interior for the same reason that there are no beggars in evidence: it is more convenient to make a livelihood in another way.”

Notwithstanding the above statement, Duden and his traveling companion were apparently the targets of some road agents one day:

“... we...chose an inn situated at the entrance to the small town, whose owner had heard us talking and made himself known as a compatriot. Toward sundown, after we had been in the house about half an hour, our

hostess came to us and with evident alarm asked whether we knew the three gentlemen who were just leaving. She then told us that these person had just inquired whether two Germans had arrived here in a wagon. She had answered "yes" and had invited them to step into the lounge where they could find us. They had stopped at the entrance to the lounge, and peeping through the door, which was ajar, one of them had said softly to the other: "Nothing can be done here." Such behavior had seemed very strange to her, and when she had asked the strangers whether they wanted to speak with her German guests, they had left immediately. We had long been prepared for adventures with robbers; therefore, the matter did not disturb us. However, we took the precaution of loading our double-barrel guns and checking our baggage once more before going to sleep. The innkeeper, however, assured us that there was nothing to fear in his house. He was only worried that they would be lurking along the road ahead in the dense forests. On the following morning (today) we heard that these persons had been passengers in the mail coach that had arrived shortly after us, that they had spent the night in the post stage, and that they had slipped away before daybreak with the ready cash and various effects of the other passengers."

On his choice of mode of travel within the country:

"It is said that around a hundred and forty steamers ply the Mississippi and its tributaries. Here at Wheeling the water has been too low the last few weeks, and the inns are filled with travelers who are waiting for rain. So-called keelboats, however, can always navigate. So we are not being tempted to give up our plan of reaching the Mississippi by land. Our second objective is Cincinnati in the state of Ohio. Tomorrow we shall start our journey. We must be prepared for other roads from now on. The highway has come to an end, and throughout the state of Ohio there are only such roads as are maintained by the inhabitants of individual regions."

On Community service:

"Every male between the ages of eighteen and forty-two is obligated to work on these connecting roads or to have the work done. A male slave must also meet this obligation, so he cannot represent his master...The work is done by the group as a whole. No one is obligated to work individually. Hardly a third of the work is done that could be for the number of hours spent on it. But people are not in such a hurry here. The meeting is regarded as recreation. For this reason hardly anyone sends a substitute. Even physicians and lawyers are requested to come and if they are not detained by their business, they appear in person, although merely to converse with someone or other. No one unaccustomed to physical exertion is expected to help. But I would not advise anyone who does not care to be present in person to send a substitute at the beginning. This could be interpreted as pride and that is not easily forgiven here. Besides,

he will meet everyone there with whom he usually associates, and he will not be less respected because he performs physical labor.”

If we are tempted to think of farmers as dullards, someone who didn't have the intellect or gumption to pursue a “better” job, note this passage:

“It is the masses of the people that here appear in more favorable light than elsewhere. In their fortunate position they find the most varied incentives to engage in innocent occupations and far more stimulation to rational thinking than any other nation of recent times. In order to convince one's self of the truth of this assertion, one only needs to consider the ordinary knowledge and skills of the farmers who at present comprise more than two-thirds of the total population of the United States. For the sake of clearness, I shall enumerate them here.

Every American farmer: (1) knows how to judge the soil and can distinguish the organic fertilizer from the various types of soil proper very well. He can quickly determine this from the plants and trees growing in it. (2) He knows the various kinds of wood suitable for buildings, furniture, field implements, fences, and firewood. (3) He can build houses and barns, break stones, calcine lime, so that he has no need of a carpenter, and of a cabinetmaker and a mason only for the finer work in his dwelling (not in the hut used temporarily as a home). (4) He has a good knowledge of everything pertaining to the transformation of a forest into arable land as well as to the tilling of the fields for grain, for garden plants, for tobacco, for cotton, hemp, flax, and several other products. (5) He can manage everything pertaining to the breeding of cattle himself. He knows how to foal horses, mark hogs, cattle, and sheep, shear the sheep, and perform all the tasks of a butcher. (6) He can make shoes and prepare potash soap and maple sugar. (7) He is a good hunter and can process the skins of game, especially the deerskins, as well as can the best tanner.”

In the following passage, Duden casts some light on why the Kollenborns, after leaving Virginia, may have chosen Illinois and then Missouri as places to settle. After passing through the eastern states, and then Ohio and Indiana, he writes:

“For now we are getting into the regions that are said to be especially important for European settlers. In the states we have crossed up to now, the fertile, well-situated land has long been private property, but in Illinois and Missouri such is not the case. There most of it still belongs to the Union.”

Duden also quoted a Mr. P. von Zoya, who said, speaking of Illinois: “...all members of his company had preferred this state, because it required too much work on the Missouri to clear out the dense forests.”

The Viewpoint toward slavery by some in Indiana:

"Slavery is as little permissible as in the state of Ohio and in Illinois. ... Settlements in the more remote regions, however, require more means, which are almost exclusively in the possession of such persons who, because of their education and their circumstances, are relieved from spending all their time in physical labor, and usually make use of servants or slaves in establishing settlements. As long as the population is sparse, servants are very expensive. I have stayed overnight in houses that were very luxurious in their accoutrements, with costly carpets in all rooms, but one asked in vain for a servant. The landlord was compelled, in spite of his considerable wealth, to care personally for the horses as well as for the guests. Furthermore, his wife and daughters had to perform the most menial household tasks. Their only topic of conversation was that they wished to sell their establishments in order to move to a state where one could keep slaves."

On the danger of traveling by wagon through the “wilderness” to Missouri:

"We were never in danger of our lives. We ourselves were to blame for our wagon turning over. Neither did we have to swim across any river. We found ferries wherever they were necessary."

On sending correspondence between America and Europe:

"I probably do not need to mention that you must send your letters in duplicate. This is the general custom in regard to correspondence with countries beyond wide oceans."

On the availability of land:

"The land bought from the government costs one and one-fourth dollars per acre, and that bought from private owners a little more. It is extremely alluring to settle down in regions where one has such complete freedom of choice; where one, map in hand, can roam through beautiful nature for hundreds of miles in order to select land and its cover of woods and meadows according to one's own desires. Here attractive qualities are united with useful ones. Settling next to charming hills, near never-failing springs, on banks of small rivers near their junction with large rivers, all depends entirely on the option of the settler without taking the price into consideration. And what is perhaps still more important, one can choose the climate. From the Canadian [Great] lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the settler is faced with no difficulties. This is an area comparable to that extending from Northern Germany to Africa, within which one finds large and small settlements everywhere."

1819

The Red and the Black (and the White)

“Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature’s peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves.” – John Muir

“Do not follow where the path may lead. Go instead where there is no path and leave a trail.” -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

- ◆ Hannibal, Missouri founded
 - ◆ “Mark Twain” cave is discovered
 - ◆ Yosemite Valley is “discovered”
 - ◆ Aftermath of Seminole War
 - ◆ Thomas Shannon and Anny Young wed
 - ◆ George Gorham born Massachusetts
 - ◆ Arkansas becomes a Territory

Hannibal, Missouri, where young Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain) would move with his family from Florida in the mid-1830s (Florida, Missouri, that is, where Sam was born), was founded after Abraham Bird was given the land in exchange for parcels he had lost in the destructive New Madrid earthquakes of 1811/1812 approximately 250 miles to the south.

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The cave on the outskirts of Hannibal that Twain would make famous in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* was also discovered (by Euro-Americans, anyway) this year.

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Tennessee mountain man Joe Walker lived up to his name by hoofing it due west from Missouri to the Pacific. On the way, he "discovered" Yosemite Valley in November. No doubt he was merely the first *white man* to record his entrance into the valley, not the first human, as Indians had been in the area countless ages before Euro-Americans arrived.

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Andrew "Old Hickory" Jackson, the hero of the Battle of New Orleans and model for the front of the twenty dollar bill had, at the behest of

President Monroe, led a military campaign that began in 1816 to Spanish Florida. Depending on which historical account you give credence, it was either a punitive raid against Seminole Indians there who had attacked white settlements, or a response to the Seminoles refusing to surrender their African-American members to U.S. Forces ("Seminoles" were actually a mix of red, black, and white peoples who banded together in the Florida everglades desiring, above all, simply to be left alone).

General Jackson attacked not only Indians, but also burned the villages and crops of Spaniards--an act of war. Spain, though, was too weak to fight the U.S., having its hands full dealing with rebellious Mexico. And so Spain ended up selling Florida to the United States this year for \$5 million. Future President Jackson became Governor of the new U.S. Territory of Florida.

As a direct result of the War of 1812, which lasted until 1815 and whose effects lasted longer yet, the country's hard economic times bottomed out this year with the "Panic of 1819."



Thomas Shannon and Anny Young, who would become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's great-grandparents, were married January 26th in Ireland.



George Raymond Gorham, future great-grandfather of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's first wife Esther Nelson, was born six months after the Shannon wedding into the Captain Ahab/Ishmael (of Herman Melville's "Moby Dick") setting of Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, on July 25th. The town was known for producing a steady supply of sailors. George was an 8th generation Mayflower descendant. George's mother, Mary Raymond, died six months after his birth, in January 1820.

Another thing Nantucket was known for was its advanced views on emancipation, as well as the typical New England stoical independent spirit. A specific example manifesting Nantucket's anti-slavery leanings was the holding of an antislavery convention there twenty two years hence, where Frederick Douglass gave his first speech before a white audience.

The prevailing abolitionist attitude in his hometown may have had something to do with George's willingness to marry a non-white (as we will see, he will marry an Indian woman in California). Another possible reason for George eventually deciding to leave the island is that Nantucket had already been considered to be overcrowded by 1770.

Some of George Gorham's contemporaries were Richard Henry Dana (1815-1882), Herman Melville (1819-1891), Susan B. Anthony (1820-1906), Clara Barton (1821-1912), Ralph Waldo Emerson (1802-1882), and Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862), who refused to pay his poll tax in

protest to the Fugitive Slave Law. All but New Yorker Melville were Massachusettsians. Thoreau and Dana were neighbors to each other. As Richard Henry Dana was about the same age and a fellow Massachusetts man who sailed to California (Richard sailed from Massachusetts 1834), it's possible that he and George knew each other.

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Arkansaw (that *is* how it was spelled at the time), future birthplace of Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn's wife and eldest daughter (both born in the same house in Dug Hill, outside Bentonville) became a Territory this year. Like Idaho, the "pork chop-shaped state" in which the Kollenborns would also live, Arkansaw was a "leftover" state—the Territory was formed from an unwanted part of Missouri Territory which was abandoned in preparation for Missouri graduating to statehood.

Dug Hill was named such because the community was located on a hill so steep that the residents dug steps into the hillside to facilitate climbing from the bottom of the hill to the settlement.

1820

Three Wives in Two Years

"A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony, in a moment." - from "Pride and Prejudice" by Jane Austen

"A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes." - from "Vanity Fair" by William Makepeace Thackeray

- ◆ William Gorham's First Two Wives Die
- ◆ Whale Hunter
- ◆ Census

The William Gorham family rode an emotional roller coaster this year. Mary Raymond, William's twenty-three year old wife of four years and mother of two-year old Joseph and six-month old George, died on January 26th.

George probably never remembered his biological mother. He may not have remembered his first stepmother, either. Remarrying that same year, thirty-one year old William this time married a woman five years his senior (he had been eight years older than Mary). But Betsy Swain also died this year, though, on October 18th.

Tamar Worth would be the mother George would remember. William married her in 1821, this time marrying a woman his own age. She was still living when George left for California, and, in fact, lived to be seventy-six, dying in 1865. William lived until 1872 and thus outlived all three of his wives.

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The hunter became the hunted on November 20th of this year when the whaling ship *Essex*--from Nantucket, Massachusetts, where George Raymond Gorham had been born the previous summer--was attacked and sunk by a sperm whale off the coast of South America. The *Essex* thus became the first American vessel to be sunk by a whale. Its story became the basis for Herman Melville's "Moby Dick."

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This year's census finds William Gorham in Nantucket, Massachusetts. William's wives are not in the census, as William was probably "between wives" when the census took place. Mary Raymond had doubtless died prior to the census enumeration (having died near the start of the year), and he probably had not married Betsy Swain yet at the time the census was taken.

Thankful Gorham, the widow of the last John Gorham in the line of descent that would lead to the Shannons (her husband John having died 1804) was also listed as residing in Nantucket, Massachusetts at this time. Baby George Raymond Gorham is not listed by name in the census, because only heads of household were listed until 1840.

One man who would not be found on this year's census was frontiersman Daniel Boone—he died on September 26th in what is now Missouri.

1821

Show Me Statehood

“Frothing eloquence neither convinces me nor satisfies me. I am from Missouri. You have got to show me.” – William Duncan Vandiver, 1899

“This is a nation of inconsistencies. The Puritans fleeing from oppression became oppressors. We fought England for our liberty and put chains on four million of blacks.”
– Mary Elizabeth Lease

- ◆ Mexico gains independence from Spain
- ◆ Missouri becomes a state

On winning their war of Independence against Spain, Mexico took over former Spanish land in North America, such as (Alta) California, New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas. Native Americans now had a different “master.” But the Mexicans were apparently at least a slight improvement over the Spanish when you compare their treatment of the native Californians to the way the Indians had been abused by the Spanish in their missions.

The Mexican government closed the missions, and intended to give some of the mission lands to the Native Americans who lived and worked there. Instead, Spanish California Ranchers, called Californios, turned the land into huge cattle ranches selling hides and tallow. The Native Americans living at the missions became servants and laborers for the Californio families. They cooked and cleaned their large homes, and managed their farms and herds of cattle.



Two years after it applied for statehood, and the year after the “Missouri Compromise” was agreed upon, the compromise actually went into effect: Missouri and Maine were admitted to the Union. The compromise was struck because politicians wanted to keep an even number of slave and non-slave states. Missouri was able to enter the union as a slave state (although it ended up officially on the Union side in the Civil War, and was deeply divided internally on the issue) with the simultaneous entrance into the union of Maine, formerly a part of Massachusetts. Missouri was the first state from the area America acquired via the Louisiana Purchase.

Daniel Boone didn’t live quite long enough to see his beloved Missouri become a state in 1821. As Boone’s life neared its close, he said he wanted to be buried in Missouri and considered it would be a terrible plight to spend eternity in Kentucky dirt, a state he loathed because he thought it had cheated him out of land. Nevertheless, Kentuckians later

disinterred him from his Missouri resting place and took him back to his old Kentucky home (although some Missourians claim the Kentuckians were deliberately given the wrong body).

Just as Oklahoma was at first intended to be set aside for Indians, Thomas Jefferson initially wanted to block white settlement in Missouri, leaving it to be occupied by Native Americans only. In this way, the Indians were to serve as a buffer zone between the East and West: The East to be for "Americans," the West for the Spanish and French.

By the way, although they are not related to the Theodore Roosevelt Shannon clan, there are two famous Shannons in Missouri history: J.M., who wrote the words to "The Missouri Waltz," the state song, and George "Pegleg" Shannon, who was a member of the Lewis & Clark Expedition.

1823

Leggo My Eggo!

“The American continents by the free and independent conditions which they have assumed and maintained are henceforth not to be considered subjects for future colonisation by European powers.” – James Madison, in a speech to Congress December, 1823

“I work alone.” – Mr. Incredible in the movie “The Incredibles.” Also, John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in the movie “True Grit”

♦ Monroe Doctrine

Put in a nutshell, the Monroe Doctrine is: “Hey you European powers, stay out of America—and by America, we mean the entire continent, not just the United States of America!”

Following the lead of the United States, many countries in central and southern America had won their independence from the various European countries--especially from Spain, oftentimes with Simon Bolivar leading the way--that had formerly controlled them. The U.S. liked it that way -- they did not want those European powers back at their “doorstep” again. They preferred those they shared the region with to be relatively weak independent nations rather than outposts of strong European powers such as Spain, Portugal, France, the Netherlands and, as it turns out, even Britain.

The British Foreign Secretary, George Canning, had earlier in the year proposed to the U.S. that they join forces to present a united front against Spain retaking its former American colonies. Monroe liked the idea up to a point—up to the point where Britain and America would form a team in this exclusion of Spain. The United States not only wanted to keep Spain and France and Portugal and the Netherlands out of America, but Britain, too.

This new political situation in the neighboring nations was also good for America in that the newly independent countries were no longer bound to trading agreements with their former masters—which was a business opportunity for America!

And so, when the King of Spain starting making noises about reacquiring his American colonies back again, this provoked the response from President James Monroe--the ultimatum, really to all of the European colonial powers: keep out of America, or suffer the consequences.

1824

Setting the Stage

"A person should have health and spirits to stand the noise, the confusion and the merriment." -- Anne Langton

"There is no use in talking to these Americans. They are all liars, you cannot believe anything they say." – Sitting Bull, Sioux

"Nationalism is an infantile disease. It is the measles of mankind." -- Albert Einstein

- ◆ BIA created
- ◆ Thomas Shannon Family emigrates to America
- ◆ Duden recommends Missouri; Kollenborns in the Area

The Bureau of Indians Affairs was created this year--tellingly, as a Division of the War Department. As has been related in this volume, dealings between the Indians and the Euro-Americans had been contentious almost from the outset. The BIA's official business, or, in modern terminology, their "mission statement," was simple: the making of treaties with Indian tribes to expedite their removal from the regions desired by the Euro-Americans. This set the stage for tragic events to come in the 1830s, and set the tone for a national attitude towards Indians which would have a devastating effect on the Wiyots (who would survive to add their blood to the Shannon line) in 1860. To add insult to injury, the treaties the BIA instigated were not even adhered to by the United States, even though the terms of the agreements greatly favored the government. It has been estimated that there have been more than four hundred of these broken treaties down through the years.



The Shannons were among the European-Americans who were coming to the American continent around this time. The exact year of their arrival in Canada is unknown, but we do know that it was between 1821 and 1827. This can be deduced from the fact that their second child and first daughter Mary Ann was born November 26th, 1821, in Cork, Ireland, while their fourth child and second daughter, Eliza A. (which stood for either Ann or Alice), was born March 27th, 1827 in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. Their third child, Richard, was born October 18th, 1824, but there is no record of *where* he was born--whether it was Ireland, Canada, or perhaps even on board ship as they were sailing westward across the Atlantic.

The exact reason or reasons the Shannons left Ireland for British Canada are also unknown. As members of the Church of England, the

Shannons may have felt more at home in a British land than in Catholic-majority Ireland. On the other hand, the hard treatment many Irish got from their British landlords may have played at least a minor role in their decision to emigrate--or may have even been the chief reason for their self-exile.

Like the Kollenborns coming to America from Germany in the early 1800s, the Shannon's immigration from Ireland to the American continent in the 1820s was not quite as common for their countrymen as it would become a couple of decades later. At this later time, a potato famine in Ireland even more devastating than previous ones would coincide with the California gold rush, creating a simultaneous push away from Ireland and pull towards America. Things got so bad in Ireland in the 1840s that many there believed that they had been abandoned by God.

The Shannons were "kicking against the goads" in Ireland, due to their insistence on adhering to the Church of England/Anglican church, in a country where most people belonged to the Catholic church. The Howland and Tilley families, which would eventually meld with the Shannons via the Gorham branch, had taken the opposite tack. In 1600s England, where the only safe religious option was being an Anglican, they rebelled against that and came to America expressly to avoid being members of the Church of England. By the time the two lines merged in matrimony, neither side seemed to have strong feelings one way or the other regarding the Church of England.

The great flood of emigration which was permanently to alter the character of Ireland *did* begin in the early decades of the nineteenth century, though it was at first a trickle compared to the flood it would later become. The fundamental cause at that time pushing people out of their homeland was population growth—the number of people in Ireland climbed from around two million at the start of the eighteenth century to almost seven million by the early 1820s. Another reason for the mass emigrations was the dramatic economic slump, or depression, which took place beginning in 1814 following the end of the Napoleonic wars.

The hard times lasted for almost two decades, and were accompanied by a series of natural catastrophes: From 1816 to 1818, bad weather destroyed grain and potato crops, and smallpox and typhus killed over 50,000 people. The crop failure was so bad that people starved to death in Cork, where the Shannons lived—thus, the reason for their relocating from the land of their fathers may have been even more fundamental (the procuring of enough food) than the possibilities proposed earlier. Another impetus to the exodus was that in 1827 the Irish government repealed all restrictions on emigration.

Why did Thomas and Anny Shannon opt for Canada over the United States when they crossed the Atlantic? Although we cannot say with certainty, a factor which may have played a role was that British legislation discriminated against United States shipping. For that reason, the price of passenger tickets was higher for destinations in the U.S.

than it was for Canadian ports. Thus, most Irish emigrants went to British Canada (as opposed to French Canada, such as Quebec Province), traveling in returning Canadian timber ships. That would begin to change in the 1830s, when more Irish booked passage first to Liverpool, England, and then traveled on to the United States from there.

The Shannons settled in Four Corners, Warwick Township, Lambton County, Ontario Province, Canada, across Lake Ontario from Rochester, New York.

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The Kollenborns may have already removed by this time from Virginia to the area near Jerseyville in what is today Jersey County, Illinois. Settlers had begun streaming into the Illinois country following the War of 1812. As Illinois achieved Territory status in early 1809, and then become a state in 1818, the Kollenborns may have made it their home prior to one or both of those milestones.

Jerseyville is a few miles inland (east) of the spot where the Illinois River adds its flow to the Mississippi. Fidelity, a small community a few miles east of Jerseyville, is apparently more specifically the part of Jersey County in which the Kollenborns lived, as the census reports indicate that is where they picked up their mail. In the 1850 census, William, at that time seventeen years of age, was working as a potter in the town of Alton, a few miles southeast of Jerseyville, right on the Mississippi River. Alton is in fact near the spot where the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers join forces (and thus very near the location from which the Corps of Discovery led by Meriwether Lewis & William Clark began their expedition across The Rockies and to the Pacific Ocean less than a half century before).

Alton was the first community outside of Missouri that Samuel Clemens ever saw—when he left home at the age of eighteen in 1853, Sam sailed down to St. Louis, and then crossed the river to Alton before proceeding further east.

Alton was actually split into two sections, which differed not only geographically and in nomenclature but in essence. It was also the scene of what has been called the first martyrdom of an abolitionist in America, in 1837. In an article that appeared in the Spring 2005 issue of *Gateway: The Quarterly Magazine of the Missouri Historical Society*, Judy Hoffman wrote:

The majority of Upper Alton's inhabitants were Northerners from New England and New York. Alton was a city divided by the Upper Town and the Lower Town, by Northern Yankees and Southern sympathizers, by an upper business class and a lower laboring class, by temperate teetotalers and intemperate "Mint Juleps," by anti-Jackson Whigs and pro-Jackson Democrats.

After telling of the murder of abolitionist Elijah Lovejoy there—an event reported throughout the nation—the *Massachusetts Lynn Record* rhetorically asked:

Who but a savage, or cold-hearted murderer would now go to Alton?... Hereafter, when a criminal is considered too base for any known punishment, it will be said of him—"he ought to be banished to a place as vile and infamous as Alton."

In 1836, easterners had referred to Alton as the Queen of the West. It vied with St. Louis in importance as a port city. By the next year, though, after Lovejoy was killed by an anti-freedom of the press mob (groups of pro-slavery people had already destroyed his printing press several times in the past), it was known as the Sodom of the West. The end result? Hoffman goes on to write:

Alton's prosperity and hopes for the future were gone. The city that was noted for the quality of its citizenry, its benevolence, its men of influence, witnessed a steady exodus of its most progressive and prosperous citizens. Alton was an ostracized city with a devastated economy.

Gottfried Duden explains the benefits of and methodology followed in moving from Virginia to the western states: "An Ackerwirth (generally called a farmer) who has sold his property advantageously in Pennsylvania or Virginia turns as if by instinct to the western states, to the lands in the Mississippi Valley. Usually he first undertakes a scouting expedition if he has not been sufficiently informed by dependable friends. For the time being he leaves his family behind and travels on horseback in order to survey the country. Usually he is in the company of other persons who have the same purpose in mind. This occurs either in the spring or in the fall. After his return, a plan for emigration is made in greater detail. Because of the continuously favorable weather, the plan is carried out in the fall."

Gottfried Duden, quoted from extensively earlier, was in America hoping to entice fellow Germans to emigrate from overpopulated Europe to what were then the western portions of the United States, particularly Missouri. After extolling the many advantages of Missouri, he wrote: "Only the person who has engaged in agriculture in Europe, and especially in Germany, will be able to comprehend the full significance of these...characteristics. He will know what it is worth if the domestic animals require no care, if neither the breeding of horses nor the feeding of cattle and hogs is dependent on an extensive cultivation of the soil, if it is essentially sufficient to procure breeding animals and to leave the rest to nature. He knows how to judge the value of a soil that with no fertilizer and little work will produce the most abundant harvest year after year. The soil in Germany is almost useless if it is not cultivated..."

Duden went on to give other reasons why Germans should consider coming to America: "Whoever directs attention to Germany's sandy

wastelands, to the barren mountain ridges...Whoever speaks of a fatherland must remember that without property there is no home, and without a home no fatherland...absolute limitation to a small part of the earth is contrary to reason and to heaven, that it is folly and a sin for one country to look down in blind prejudice upon all others. He should bear in mind that the fertile hills and valleys of America are assigned to no other creature than to mankind for his use by the same all-powerful Providence that distributed our ancestors over Europe."

Duden had already discouraged fellow Germans from settling in the already relatively densely populated and expensive area east of the Appalachians. As to where exactly in "the West" they should go, he commented: "...the next question is natural; which part would be best to recommend to the German? To this I answer first that the emigrant who intends to make use of the soil should not settle in the southern states, not there where there is no winter. With an urban life-style the change of climates is far less noticeable. But the farmer who suddenly changes from the German farm life to the work of tropical plantations without intermediate stages exposes his physical constitution to the most dangerous disturbances. Settlements at the mouth of the Arkansas are perhaps already too far south. On the upper Arkansas the climate is more agreeable, as is that along the entire Ohio and its tributaries, the Missouri, and the Illinois...Consequently, I would recommend to the emigrant the state of Missouri preferably, and I would advise him to travel directly to St. Louis on the Mississippi."

If William Kollenborn's family came to America from Germany around this time (as opposed to moving west from Virginia, where John Kollenborn was born in 1816), it may be that they followed Duden's advice above and traveled straight to St. Louis, as the first few years of William's life were spent just a few miles east of that city, on the other side of the great Mississippi River, in Illinois.

1830

A New Civilization Scheme

I know my life would look all right if I could see it on the silver screen.
-- from the song "James Dean" by the Eagles

"This country has come to feel the same when Congress is in session as when the baby gets hold of a hammer." -- Will Rogers

"The way, and the only way, to check and to stop this evil, is for all the Redmen to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first and should be yet; for it was never divided, but belongs to all for the use of each. That no part has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers--those who want all and will not do with less." – Tecumseh, Shawnee Chief

"I have heard that you intend to settle us on a reservation near the mountains. I don't want to settle. I love to roam over the prairies. There I feel free and happy, but when we settle down we grow pale and die." – Satanta, Kiowa

"Their reason for killing and destroying such an infinite number of souls is that the Christians have an ultimate aim, which is to acquire gold, and to swell themselves with riches in a very brief time and thus rise to a high estate disproportionate to their merits. It should be kept in mind that their insatiable greed and ambition, the greatest ever seen in the world, is the cause of their villainies." – Bartolomé de Las Casas, writing of Columbus in 1542

"As for anyone repaying bad for good, bad will not move away from his house." – Proverbs 17:13

"Man is the Only Animal that blushes. Or needs to." – Mark Twain

- ◆ Indian Removal Act
- ◆ Census

Some view 1830 as the beginning of the Victorian Era. Depending on which authority you give credence to, that era would end in either 1900 or 1915. For those who view 1900 as the end of the Victorian era, they view the period from 1900-1910 as being the "Edwardian" age (Queen Victoria was replaced on the throne by her son, Edward VII, in 1901).

A gilded age of sorts seized the state of Georgia beginning in 1828: gold was discovered on land owned by Cherokees. Whenever precious resources have been discovered in the United States, it has usually indicated that an upheaval was in store for any natives who lived on the valuable land. This continued a pattern begun way back in 1492 in the Americas, when Columbus discovered gold in San Salvador and forced the natives to bring it to him—or else.

Yes, the white man's lusty obsession for gold has meant disenfranchisement, loss of land, and loss of life, even complete extermination at times, for the natives of the Americas. This has been the case beginning with Columbus' genocidal ransacking of Haiti (known then as Hispaniola, and later as Saint-Domingue). James Loewen's *Lies My Teacher Told Me* comments on this pattern:

The Santa Maria ran aground off Haiti. Columbus sent for help to the nearest Arawak town, and “all the people of the town” responded, “with very big and many canoes.” “They cleared the decks in a very short time,” Columbus continued, and the chief “caused all our goods to be placed together near the palace, until some houses that he gave us where all might be put and guarded had been emptied.” On his final voyage Columbus shipwrecked on Jamaica, and the Arawaks there kept him and his crew of more than a hundred alive for a whole year until Spaniards from Haiti rescued them.

So it has continued. Native Americans cured Cartier’s men of scurvy near Montreal in 1535. They repaired Francis Drake’s Golden Hind in California so he could complete his round-the-world voyage in 1579. Lewis and Clark’s expedition to the Pacific Northwest was made possible by tribe after tribe of American Indians, with help from two Shoshone guides, Sacagawea and Toby, who served as interpreters. When Admiral Peary discovered the North Pole, the first person there was probably neither the European American Peary nor the African American Matthew Henson, his assistant, but their four Inuit guides, men and women on whom the entire expedition relied. Our histories fail to mention such assistance. They portray proud Western conquerors bestriding the world like the Colossus at Rhodes.

Following that pattern, the effect of the discovery of gold in Georgia made the land suddenly attractive to Euro-Americans. This paved the way for the Indian Removal Act passed by Congress this year. “Indian Removal” was a euphemism for heartless eviction. A gold brick road for whites to the Indians’ land, a road of muck, sharp jagged rocks, and blood for the Indians, who would be disenfranchised and dispossessed as a result. This was nothing new, just a new garment cut from the same old cloth in the same old pattern. Way back in 1758, Britain had promised Indians that they would prohibit white settlement west of the Alleghenies; later, this promise was changed to the Appalachians. And that red/white boundary kept getting pushed further west by the United States government.

Andrew Jackson, the old Indian fighter who was called “the Devil” by many of the land’s original inhabitants, made Indian Removal a key issue in the 1828 Presidential Campaign.

Jackson, who won the election and took office in 1829, thought that America’s frontiers would always remain such (a bad thing, to his way of thinking), as long as Indians were around. He would have gladly

exterminated them completely in an act of “ethnic cleansing,” but world opinion made extermination of the pesky red race impossible. They would have to be uprooted instead.

So it was that this year Congress passed the “Indian Removal Act” by a vote of 102-97. Its official name was the euphemistic “An Act to Provide for an Exchange of Lands with the Indians Residing in Any of the States or Territories, and for Their Removal West of the River Mississippi.”

In his book “Crazy Horse and Custer: The Parallel Lives of Two American Warriors,” Stephen Ambrose showed that such had been the pattern since the beginning in America:

From the time of the first landings at Jamestown, the game went something like this: you push them, you shove them, you ruin their hunting grounds, you demand more of their territory, until finally they strike back, often without an immediate provocation so that you can say “they started it.” Then you send in the Army to beat a few of them down as an example to the rest. It was regrettable that blood had to be shed, but what could you do with a bunch of savages?

The feeling among whites at the time was that the lands acquired via the Louisiana Purchase consisted partly of land unwanted by the Euro-Americans, and as such would prove a handy location to stash the Indians. One problem was, though, that there were already some Indians living there (as was the case all across the continent). It was determined that the eastern Indians would be “bought out” and driven westward to Indian Territory, roughly corresponding to modern-day Oklahoma.

Thirty-seven cents an acre was a typical price paid the Indians by the government for land obtained from them by treaties. The Indians, for the most part, were given to understand they really didn’t have any choice in the matter. They would move voluntarily or otherwise, so they may as well take the little bit they were offered and make the most of it. Sometimes the government agents found it to their advantage to first ply the Indian representatives with alcohol before pressuring them to conclude the terms of the sale.

It got even worse, though: From 1840 to 1850 the government acquired approximately 20 million acres from the Indians at a cost of approximately \$3 million, or what ended up averaging out to a measly fifteen cents per acre--recall that the going price for land was \$1.25 per acre if bought from the government, more if purchased from private parties.

Secretary of War Lewis Cass wrote in an 1830 article promoting Indian removal: “...The progress of civilization and improvement, the triumph of industry and art, by which these regions have been reclaimed, and over which freedom, religion, and science are extending their sway...A barbarous people, depending for subsistence upon the scanty and precarious supplies furnished by the chase, cannot live in contact with a civilized community.”

Just in case there is any confusion about the matter, when Cass referred to a “barbarous people,” he meant the Indians. The “civilized community” of which he spoke was, supposedly, the Euro-Americans. Just five years before writing that article, Cass had promised the Indians, at a treaty council with Shawnees and Cherokees, regarding land the Indians were being given: “The United States will never ask for your land there. This I promise you in the name of your great father, the President. That country he assigns to his red people, to be held by them and their children’s children forever.” This promise (naturally) was broken.

While Indians were being forced out of the South to the West, blacks in the South were being forced to remain in the South. Not all blacks docilely accepted their fate; some fought against it. Some fought directly, like Nat Turner, who led a slave rebellion the year after this (more on that in the 1831 chapter). Others combated slavery by fleeing the South via a network of trails, “stations” (safe houses) and “conductors” (guides), which were collectively called the Underground Railroad.

As a counterpoint to Mr. Cass, quoted above, let us once more parade forth Mark Twain. In his essay “To the Person Sitting in Darkness,” written in 1901, he was referring to the situation in the Philippines, but it is apropos when dealing with the Indian and Negro situations discussed here, as well as of many others both before and since. Twain used his “pen warmed up in hell” to write:

Shall we? That is, shall we go on conferring our Civilization upon the peoples that sit in darkness, or shall we give those poor things a rest? Shall we bang right ahead in our old-time, loud, pious way, and commit the new century to the game; or shall we sober up and sit down and think it over first? Would it not be prudent to get our Civilization tools together, and see how much stock is left on hand in the way of Glass Beads and Theology, and Maxim Guns and Hymn Books, and Trade Gin and Torches of Progress, and Enlightenment (patent adjustable ones, good to fire villages with, upon occasion), and balance the books, and arrive at the profit and loss, so that we may intelligently decide whether to continue the business or sell out the property and start a new Civilization Scheme on the proceeds?

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In the 1830 census, George Raymond Gorham was eleven years old and was still living in Massachusetts along with his father William, stepmother Tamar, and brothers Joseph and Francis.

1831

As Long as the Green Grass Grows and the Water Flows

“Sell [our] country! Why not sell the air, the clouds, and the great sea?” – Tecumseh, Shawnee

“The Great Spirit, when He made the earth, never intended that it should be made merchandise.” – Sosehawa, Seneca

“Then he became our Great Father. He loved his red children, and he said, ‘Get a little further, lest I tread on thee.’” -- Speckled Snake, Creek, speaking of the Euro-Americans

“These six thousand mouths must eat, and these six thousand bodies must be clothed. When it is considered what a magnificent pastoral and mineral country they have surrendered to us—a country whose value can hardly be estimated—the mere pittance, in comparison, which must at once be given to support them, sinks into insignificance as a price for their national heritage.” – General James Carleton, speaking of Navajos and their land

“The facts are being concealed from the young people of today. School children of today do not know that we are living on lands that were taken from a helpless race at the bayonet point to satisfy the white man’s greed for gold.” – John G. Burnett, 1890

“By trying we can easily learn to endure adversity. Another man’s, I mean.” – Mark Twain

- ◆ Indian Removal Begins
- ◆ Nat Turner’s Uprising

As to the exact period covered by the removal of eastern and southern Indian tribes to the West, experts differ. Some view 1813 as the beginning and 1855 as the culmination of the removal. Others consider the removals to have lasted only from 1817 to 1842. The important point to remember is that it was not just one march that was made, nor just one tribe that was affected. The Indian Wars, an American Civil War in its own right, was spearheaded by long-time Indian fighter Andrew Jackson.

As there is no widely accepted definitive year that marks the start of the large-scale, wholesale Indian Removal, this year, the first full year after the passage of the Indian Removal Act, serves as well as any for our purposes.

Creeks, Choctaws, and Cherokees called it the “The Trail of Tears.” Approximately one quarter of the fifteen to eighteen thousand Cherokees who were forcibly removed from their land and herded to Indian Territory from the summer of 1838 to March of 1839 died on the twelve hundred mile route. Just as easily and accurately, then, the collective trail trod by

the original inhabitants of the country could have been called the Trail of Death. That, indeed, is how the possibly less poetic (or at least less alliterative, except perhaps in their own language) Potawatamis referred to the event.

An additional two thousand Cherokees had perished in the stockades to which they had been sentenced prior to the march even commencing.

The experience of the Navajo, when Kit Carson drove them from their Arizona home to Bosque Redondo, New Mexico, on a 350-mile journey during which they suffered from winter and spring blizzards, was termed by them "The Long Walk."

Those responsible for these forced marches utilized the euphemism "Indian Removal" to describe their actions, and tried to assuage their conscience by telling themselves that the Indians were better off in their new locales, and that "treaties" had been agreed to by the Indians. Convincing themselves of that may have made for sweeter sleep as opposed to admitting that the Indians were more often than not coerced or tricked into signing those treaties. Not only were these deals made under duress, the government did not stick to their bargain when assigning the Indians new land. The Indians were told that they could stay on their new land "as long as the green grass grows and the water flows."

The first Indian tribe removed at government order from its home were the Ohio Senecas, who were herded to land west of Missouri. The Senecas were told the area they were being given would never become a Territory or State of the United States. Kansas did, of course, eventually become first one and then the other. Scarcely twenty years later, in 1853, although green grass still grew and water still flowed (as before and since), then-commissioner of Indian Affairs George Manypenny said this:

"The rage for speculation and the wonderful desire to obtain choice land cause those who go into our new Territories to lose sight of and entirely overlook the rights of the aboriginal inhabitants. The most dishonorable expedients have, in many cases, been made use of to dispossess the Indian; demoralizing means employed to obtain his property. ... In Kansas, particularly, trespasses and depredations of every conceivable kind have been committed on the Indians. They have been personally maltreated, their property stolen, their timber destroyed, their possessions encroached upon, and divers other wrongs and injuries done them."

Explaining the viewpoint of those who viewed the usurpation of Indian lands as only proper, Congregational clergyman Lyman Abbott wrote in 1885:

It is sometimes said that the Indians occupied this country and that we took it away from them; that the country belonged to them. This is not true. The Indians did not occupy this land. A people do not occupy a country simply because they roam over it. They did not occupy the coal mines, nor the gold mines, into which they never struck a pick; nor the rivers which

flow to the sea, and on which the music of a mill was never heard. The Indians can scarcely be said to have occupied this country more than the bisons and the buffalo they hunted. Three hundred thousand people have no right to hold a continent and keep at bay a race able to people it and provide the happy homes of civilization. We do owe the Indians sacred rights and obligations, but one of those duties is not the right to let them hold forever the land they did not occupy, and which they were not making fruitful for themselves or others.

Not the most logical of arguments, but that's the story the plunderers, by and large, stuck to.

The Senecas were just the first of many tribes to experience such hostile treatment. Their recursive dispossession was a foreshadow of what would befall many other tribes soon afterwards.

Half a century later, conflicts between Euro-Americans and Indian tribes who did not wish to be displaced still raged. An article in the Kansas newspaper *The Iola Register* of April 6th, 1883, said of Geronimo's tribe:

The Apache Indians are again on the warpath in Arizona and New Mexico and have committed a number of outrages. If this thing is ever going to be stopped, one of two policies must be adopted. Either the tribe must be exterminated or it must be removed to some country where it can make a living by farming.

Not all whites were convinced of the rightness of fighting the original inhabitants. George Crook, who was called "the Gray Fox" by the Indians and was in William Tecumseh Sherman's opinion the greatest Indian fighter in American history, was asked before leaving for Apache country on yet another Indian campaign in 1875 if it was a hard thing to do. He replied, "Yes, it is hard. But, sir, the hardest thing is to go and fight those whom you know are in the right."

This Indian Holocaust darkly foreshadowed the Jewish one that was to arrive a century later: Compare Reservations to ghettos, massacres to pogroms, platitudes to slogans, promises to deception.

Even the Seminoles, who actively resisted removal and fought three wars against the United States, would eventually succumb to the tenacious harassment and sign a treaty with the United States--although not until 1934. Those who were last in that sense were first in another: The Seminoles started a new trend among Indian tribes in 1979 when they were the first to introduce gaming, in their case high-stakes bingo on their reservation in Florida.

Commenting on the validity of many of the treaties concluded through the ages, Vine Deloria, Jr., wrote in "Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto":

Used to dealing with kings, queens, and royalty, the early white men insisted on meeting the supreme political head of each tribe. When they

found none, they created one and called the man they had chosen the Chief.

Finding a chief at treaty-signing time was no problem. The most pliable man who could be easily bribed was named chief and the treaty was signed. Land cessions were often made and a tribe found itself on the way to a treeless desert before it knew what had happened. Most of the Indian wars began because of this method of negotiation. The Indians were always at a loss to explain what had happened. They got mad when told to move off lands which they had never sold and so they fought. Thus were renegades created.

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A common misconception about the large number of black slaves and the fewer numbers of Indian slaves is that the temperamental differences between the two races account for their different representation among those in forced servitude.

In actuality, there were many Indian slaves, but the reason there weren't even more of them had to do with their knowledge of the land (where they could hide in order to prevent being captured in the first place, and where they could escape to if they fall into the hands of unfriendlies). As to slaves brought from Africa, some feel they were more "docile" and simply accepted their lot, or even that they were too simple-minded to think of escape.

Besides the fact that the black slaves didn't have the knowledge of the surrounding land the Indians had, and thus were at a disadvantage as far as escaping goes, there were a great many who *did* escape, and there were also quite a few who fought back against their captors.

Perhaps the best known of those who actively resisted was Nat Turner, a Virginian who led a group of seventy like-minded slaves this year in a well-planned mass vendetta and escape attempt.

Shortly before dawn on August 22nd, this group first killed Turner's owners, and subsequently every white person they came upon for the next twenty-four hours--about sixty, all told.

This transformed the South into in a state of panic – not knowing where Turner and his gang were, and wondering if their own slaves, or slaves of neighboring plantations, would, fired up by Turner, rise up to attack them. Thousands of soldiers followed the trail for two months, until Tuner was finally captured and, on November 11th, hanged.

The effect that Turner's rebellion had on his fellow slaves was also not a pleasant one. Many whites went on a killing rampage of their own, murdering any slave even suspected of having any part in the rebellion. In addition to that, stricter laws were enacted in the uprising's aftermath which made slavery even more brutal than before, restricting the education of slaves, and making it more difficult for them to speak out against slavery or to be freed.

Thus another revolution, albeit understandable and even just one in many respects, backfired.

1832

A War Named for a Man

"Black Hawk is satisfied with the lands the Great Spirit has given him. Why then should he leave them? We have never sold our country...And we are determined to hold on to our village." – Black Hawk, Sauk

"We have crowded the tribes upon a few miserable acres on our southern frontier, it is all that is left to them of their once boundless forest: and still, like the horse-leech, our insatiated cupidity cries, give! give! ... Sir ... Do the obligations of justice change with the color of the skin?" – New Jersey Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen

♦ Black Hawk War

Of all the wars fought by the United States (Revolutionary, 1812, Mexican, Civil War, Spanish, the World Wars, Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, On Drugs, On Terror, etc.), only one was named after a person: The Black Hawk War (King Philip's war in 1675 was waged before the United States became a country). Black Sparrow Hawk, a leader of the Sauk people who was born in 1767, was the namesake of this war.

Black Hawk was certainly, although not officially, a chief, that is to say, a leader of the Sauk people, with whom the Fox were closely allied. Black Hawk saw the writing on the wall regarding the steady westward movement of the whites, displacing the natives. He knew what had happened to the Senecas from Ohio the year before, and what was now being done to the Choctaws of Mississippi. Confronted with the classical three options of fight, flee, or submit, Black Hawk chose to fight. He probably knew his chances against the Americans were so-so at best, but the British had promised him help, assuring him that they would send troops from Milwaukee (Wisconsin would not become a state for another sixteen years). The British soldiers were never deployed, however, and so the Indians had to fight on their own.

The war only lasted from April until August, and ended at the Battle of Bad Axe in Wisconsin, near the town of Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi River. It was there that Black Hawk kept his enemy at bay, buying time for as many women and children as possible to flee to safety. Jefferson Davis, future president of the Confederacy during the Civil War, was on the scene as a member of the U.S. military. He called Black Hawk's the most brilliant battle strategy he had ever witnessed.

Extraordinarily gifted and versatile athlete Jim Thorpe, who grew up in Oklahoma, was Black Hawk's great-grandson. Thorpe would have a daughter, Grace, who would be involved in the occupation of Alcatraz Island by an inter-tribal group of Indians in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

The Kollenborns arrived in this part of America around this time, in the same general area (western Illinois) that Black Hawk and his people lived. Although perhaps unintentionally, the Kollenborns were a small part of that push that pressed the Indians Pacific-wards, altering their lives from then until now. This is similar to the situation of James Shannon, who would arrive in Ute country in Colorado a few decades later.

1833

Grandfathers of Grandfathers

“We are all descended from...GRANDFATHERS!.” -- David Ross Locke, AKA Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby

“We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it -- and stop there; lest we be like the cat that sits down on a hot stove-lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove-lid again -- and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one anymore.” -- Mark Twain

- ◆ Robert Shannon born Canada
- ◆ William Kollenborn born either Germany or Illinois

Although Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and Albert Kollenborn were born only five years apart, the man who would become Theodore's grandfather was born the same year as the man who would become Albert's great-grandfather.

Robert Shannon, the fifth of sevens sons born to Thomas and Anny, first saw the light of day July 10th in Ontario, Canada.

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William Kollenborn's origin is a little more enigmatic than Robert Shannon's. Although the month was apparently either September or October, the assumed year is really a best guess of several possibilities. Most evidence points to William being born in 1833, although some sources indicate other years ranging from 1827 to 1836. His obituary, dated 1925, claims he was 97 years and nine months old at the time of his death (which would indicate 1827 as his birth date). More evidence, such as census data, point to 1833 as his birth year, though.

As to his place of birth, William told census takers he was born in Illinois, but it is said that he confided to family members that he was in reality born in Germany. Another rumor that throws a monkey wrench into the works has it that William was a stowaway on the ship from Germany. If “stowaway” is understood in the usual way, then he surely was not born in Illinois. However, he could have meant that his mother was pregnant with him during the journey, or possibly even gave birth to him on the voyage. If the latter were the case, he could have been considered a “stowaway” in that sense for at least part of the trip--he had been on board from the beginning (hiding, so to speak), but no ticket had been purchased by or for him. If William *was* born in Germany, or on the ship coming over, then the Shannons arrived on the American continent prior to the arrival of this branch of the Kollenborns (recall, though, that John Kollenborn was born in Virginia in 1816). At any rate, the

Kollenborns arrived in the *United States* first, as the Shannons stayed in Canada until the late 1880s.

If William was born in Germany, and didn't come to America until this time, it is very likely that the Kollenborns landed at New Orleans rather than New York or some other eastern port, as they make their first appearance in U.S. census records in Illinois rather than, for example, Pennsylvania, another very popular destination for German immigrants.

Around the time that William was born or arrived in the United States, Missouri was considered the far edge of American civilization. That doesn't mean, though, that Missouri was the westernmost dwelling place of Euro-Americans. Beginning in the 1830s, the Oregon Trail was used by families making new lives on the Pacific coast. But that area was considered the frontier, not really part of "civilization" as of yet.

Jersey County, Illinois, where the Kollenborns lived until the second half of the nineteenth century, was not yet called by that name, but would be soon: In 1673, what is now known as Jersey County belonged to France. By 1763 (anyone dyslexic?) Great Britain controlled the area. In 1774 Quebec, Canada laid claim to it. In 1787 it was referred to as Illinois County, Virginia. By 1790 it was St. Clair County, Northwest Territory. In 1801 the county name was the same, but it was part of Indiana Territory. In 1809, that part of Indiana Territory became Illinois Territory. In 1812, the name changed to Madison County. Illinois became a state in 1818; in 1821, the county changed names again, this time to Greene, and then finally to Jersey in 1839.

This example demonstrates the almost mind-boggling complexity that sometimes confronts the genealogical researcher in determining where his forebears have lived--occasionally such an endeavor is akin to attempting to paint a moving train. Although you may determine they were at "Point A" at a given time, what did "Point A" actually signify *at* that given time?

And so, name and boundary changes like these make it--to put it mildly--difficult at times to decipher census information and relate it to present-day locations. Someone may have told a census enumerator that he was born in a certain State or Territory, but the boundary could have changed between then and now (few states have retained their original configuration). So you must ask yourself in such a situation: Did the person mean that the location of his birth was state "A" at the time, although it is state "B" now? Or did he mean that he was born in what is now called state "B," although at the time it may have been something else? As shown above, it is oftentimes even more problematic when dealing with county names.

Again, the book which is generally considered to have been the most influential regarding German migration to America was Duden's *Report on a Journey to the Western States of America, and a story of several years along the Missouri*, published in 1829. It may have been read by the Kollenborns, if they had not yet come to the country. If so, it probably provided an impetus toward their decision to change continents, and where to locate once they arrived there.

To get an idea of what the sea voyage was like for families such as the Shannons and the Kollenborns who were emigrating across the Atlantic, note the following excerpt from *A Gentlewoman in Upper Canada*, which was gleaned from the journals of Anne Langton and her mother. They crossed the Atlantic Ocean from Europe to Ontario, Canada via New York in 1837:

I will give you a few hints in case you or any of yours cross the Atlantic. Bring a small mattress with you, for the aching of the bones when obliged to toss upon a hard, uneven surface for some days is no trifling inconvenience. My cold may have made mine more tender than usual. In the next place, bring a few basin cloths, for one is apt to look upon one's wash-hand basin with perpetual mistrust. Do not be quite dependent upon the packet's library for reading. I am glad that we are not so. There are odd volumes, pages torn out, and the key sometimes not forthcoming. But I should strongly recommend avoiding a crowded packet-ship and therefore one of great repute, or perhaps a packet-ship at all. A person should have health and spirits to stand the noise, the confusion and the merriment. Go where you will, there is no quiet except on a day like this, when the wildest appear subdued. There is certainly a great advantage in being able at all hours to call for anything-gruel, tea, lemonade, sago, or anything you can well think of. I do not say all good of their kind; our tea, for instance is neither good nor hot; coffee better. Your dinner when brought to you may after be cold, and when your appetite is most delicate a great, big, fat slice may be sent to you. These evils would diminish when you could sit at table, but the dreadful length of the meal would be worse. I said to one lady, who had been at the table at least two hours, "I am sorry for you having had such a tedious sit." "Oh, I like it," said she, "and I have been eating all the time." The dinner benches having backs you cannot move without disturbing several, unless you can get to one end. I wish these backs were on some of the stools, for unless you are lucky enough to get one of the sofa corners there is no rest for the head except such as the elbow and hand can afford, and rest for the head is often indispensable on board a ship. We have great comfort from the spare pillows. I generally contrive to perform the great task of dressing myself in time for breakfast, which meal appears about nine o'clock. The transatlantic ladies eat cold and hot meat, fried or pickled fish, or oysters, to his first meal, which seems with them a substantial one. A cup of coffee and a cracker is generally mine. The eggs are dubious, and your basket was a most wise and acceptable addition to our sea store on my father's account.

Indianan John "Johnny Appleseed" Chapman, who lived until 1845, sold apple tree seedlings to pioneers in, among other places, Illinois. It is possible the Kollenborns crossed paths with Chapman somewhere along the way. At any rate, they were in the right place at the right time for that.

1835

The Adventures of Tom, Huck, Sam, and James

“A baby is an inestimable blessing and bother.” -- Mark Twain

"The only time a woman really succeeds in changing a man is when he's a baby." -- Natalie Wood

- ◆ James Shannon born Ontario, Canada
 - ◆ Samuel Langhorne Clemens born Missouri

James Shannon, sixth son of Thomas and Anny (Young) Shannon and brother of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's grandfather-to-be Robert, was born January 23rd in Ontario, Canada.

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The man better known to the world as Mark Twain was born in Florida, Missouri on the last day of November of this year. Before long, Samuel Clemens' father John Marshall Clemens would move his family a few miles north to Hannibal, the Mississippi River town used by Twain as one of the primary protagonists in novels such as *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. The River itself would be the chief protagonist in his nonfiction work *Life on the Mississippi*.

At the time the Clemens family lived there, Hannibal was the second largest city in Missouri. Clemens would come to be called (among other things, both flattering and otherwise) "our culture's founding father" and "the most interesting American."

Like a previous American man of letters, Washington Irving (the writer of "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"), Twain was an autodidact.

Sam Clemens and James Shannon had three things in common: Their first name was Samuel, but they were better known by another moniker; neither one was ever accused of being a great poet; and both were involved (albeit very briefly in Clemens' case) in the Civil War. There the striking similarities end, though. Although Missouri was officially a "Union" state, the section in which Clemens grew up was near the section known, both geographically and ideologically, as "Little Dixie." Southern sentiment was strong there, and many owned slaves, including common folk like the Clemens family.

After a checkered career as a sort of second-rate bushwhacker (Clemens temporarily joined an independent and self-appointed group of irregulars of the Confederate army who called themselves "The Marion

County Rangers”), Sam made a strategic retreat from military life. He relocated along with his brother Orion to Washoe (Nevada Territory), where Orion had been rewarded with the post of Territorial Secretary for his campaign work on behalf of Abraham Lincoln.

James Shannon, on the other hand, remained on the job the entire four years of the costliest war (in terms of American deaths) ever fought by the United States. Among the battles at which James was present were: Bull Run, Antietem, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg (where his regiment helped defend Little Round Top), and Cold Harbor. James also took part in the “Mud March,” and was present at Appomattox Court House April 9th, 1865, when Robert E. Lee surrendered to U.S. Grant.

Those accounts, along with James’ long sickness, his being wounded in battle, and subsequent adventures, are covered in the appropriate chapters.

1836

Remember the Defenders

“But whatever he wrote, and in whatever fashion, Preston was determined that his poem should be of the West, that world’s frontier of Romance, where a new race, a new people – hardy, brave, and passionate – were building an empire; where the tumultuous life ran like fire from dawn to dark, and from dark to dawn again, primitive, brutal, honest, and without fear.” – from “The Octopus” by Frank Norris

“Before a war military science seems a real science, like astronomy; but after a war it seems more like astrology.” -- Rebecca West

- ◆ Bret Harte born New York
- ◆ The Alamo

On August 25th in Albany, New York, Francis Brett Harte was born. When he became a writer, Harte eventually dropped the use of his first name as well as one of the “T”s in his middle name. At one time Harte was considered a brighter literary star than his contemporary and sometime-friend Mark Twain.

Perhaps best known for his short story “The Outcasts of Poker Flat,” Harte has a high school named for him in Calaveras County (where the town of Poker Flat is located). One of the rural county’s high schools is located in the town of Angels Camp, which is the setting of Mark Twain’s short story “The Celebrated Jumping of Calaveras County.” The statue in the city park there in Angels Camp is of Twain. In neighboring Tuolumne County, the two writers share the name of a town (Twain Harte).

Like his peer Twain, Bret Harte wrote more than fiction. Also like Twain, Harte’s writing career began when he worked as a newspaper reporter. Harte’s bold criticism of those who massacred Wiyot Indians near Eureka, California, in 1860 is discussed in detail in that chapter.



Another man who defended Indians had to make quite a turnaround, or had quite a change of heart, in order to do so. David “Davy” Crockett of Tennessee had at first fought Indians, along with Andrew Jackson. In time, though, Crockett changed his viewpoint regarding the rightness of such aggression and, in his role as Congressman from Tennessee, spoke out on behalf of the natives. This rugged frontiersman with a gift for public speaking died defending, not the Indians, but the Alamo. Jim Bowie, for whom the Bowie knife is named (also called an “Arkansas toothpick,” although Bowie was born in Kentucky) was also among those who perished at the slaughter there.

Sam Houston, who had lived with Cherokees for three years and was called by them “Blackbird,” used the rage engendered by the carnage at the Alamo to his advantage a month and a half later. Spurring his ragtag bunch on with the exhortation “Remember the Alamo,” the Texicans defeated Mexican General Santa Anna at San Jacinto. This victory led to the formation of the Republic of Texas. Although Texans were eager to be annexed by the United States, the U.S. government was hesitant to make the acquisition, as America did not want to get into a war with Mexico, nor unbalance the equilibrium they had achieved between the numbers of free- and slave states.

1837

The Watery Part of the World

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest -- Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!" – from
"Treasure Island" by Robert Louis Stevenson

"The best mind-altering drug is truth." -- Lily Tomlin

◆ John Silva born Azores

John Emmanuel Silva, who would become the grandfather of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's first wife Esther Nelson, was born in February of this year. Like Juan Cabrillo, who was probably the first European to set foot in California, John was Portuguese. He was not born in Portugal proper, but in Topo, on the island of St. George, in the Azores, a chain of islands owned by Portugal.

In one of those unfathomable coincidences which occur in every extended family, many from the Shannon side were born on islands: besides John, his father-in-law George Gorham was born 1819 on Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, and his mother-in-law (George's wife) Susan Lucky was born on Eel River Island in northern California.

Remarkably, there are Eel Rivers in both northern California and two miles south of Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the first Gorhams in America settled. The two places also have whaling in common—or did at the time George and Susan were born. The Eel River in California was also sometimes called the Weeott River, for the Indian tribe (although using an alternate spelling from that used for the Wiyot tribe).

John Silva may have given the Wiyots the land they currently inhabit at Table Bluff. He directed Henry Look (one of his grandsons) to give the tribe some of his land in the event of his death. The Wiyot's chronology shows that they received land from a "church" in 1908. John apparently died around this time. Eleanor (Look) Weber, Henry's daughter, rather vaguely reports John's death as occurring "after 1905." One account says that he gave his land to family, and they thereafter "returned it" to the rancheria (the Wiyot tribe). Yes, "returned," is the proper way to put it, as the entire area for miles around Table Bluff had been Wiyot land before the Euro-Americans arrived on the scene.

Some accounts show John as having been born 1857. The majority of accounts, though, indicate 1837. Especially is 1837 the more likely year if the rumor about him is true that the cause for his emigration was to escape the consequences of impregnating three women in the Azores. Since he came to the United States in 1872, if he had been born in 1857, he would have only been fourteen or fifteen years old at the time of this alleged procreative activity, as opposed to being in his mid-thirties.

The cause for confusion about the year of John's birth probably stems from the biographical sketch of a certain John P. Silva that appears in Leigh H. Irvine's 1915 book *History of Humboldt County California, with Biographical Sketches of The Leading Men and Women of the County who have been identified with its Growth and Development from the Early Days to the Present*. That John Silva was born in 1857, but is not the John E. Silva spoken of above--perhaps he was a nephew, cousin, or even son, though.

1838

Walking the Walk

“If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.” – from “Walden” by Henry D. Thoreau

“If I have been correctly informed, the whites may do bad all their lives and then if they are sorry for it when about to die, all is well! But with us it is different; we must continue throughout our lives to do what we conceive to be good.” – Black Hawk, Sauk

“Their Wise Ones said we might have their religion, but when we tried to understand it we found that there were too many kinds of religion among white men for us to understand, and that scarcely any two white men agreed which was the right one to learn. This bothered us a good deal until we saw that the white man did not take his religion any more seriously than he did his laws, and that he kept both of them just behind him, like Helpers, to use when they might do him good in his dealings with strangers. These were not our ways. We kept the laws we made and lived our religion.” – Plenty-Coups, Crow

“It appears that they are anxious to pass on their religion, but keep very little of it for themselves.” – Ohiyesa, Sioux

“When the righteous become many, the people rejoice; but when anyone wicked bears rule, the people sigh.” – Proverbs 29:2

- ◆ John Muir born Scotland
- ◆ Black Hawk dies
- ◆ Trail of Tears

John Muir, who would come to be called “The father of our National Park System,” was born in Dunbar, Scotland, April 21st. Muir was a naturalist, and studied geology, chemistry, and botany. He was a great hand (or should we say foot--or feet) at walking. On one occasion, he walked all the way from Indianapolis, Indiana to the Gulf of Mexico.

This “Sage of the Sierras” was Scotland-born, Wisconsin-bred, and California-led. When he “came home” to California, arriving via ship, he did not tarry long in San Francisco but set out on foot for “The Yosemite.” He was immediately smitten with the incomprehensibly gorgeous valley, and remained so his whole life long. Yosemite is a special place to the Shannons, too. It has retained its hold on the Shannon family from the days of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon down till today. Four generations, and counting, have felt the magic and pay tribute to Muir, a benefactor of all who love “anyplace wild.” In fact, one of the contemporary family members recently put together a Yosemite trail guide on DVD (<http://yosemitetrailsdvd.com/index/Home.cfm>).

Muir devoted his life to fighting for conservation and preservation of the natural resources he so loved. He was an explorer, inventor, wood carver, and gifted writer. He played a key role in the establishment of not only Yosemite as a National Park, but also Sequoia, Mt. Rainier, Petrified Forest, and Grand Canyon Parks. Muir also, on one of his many extended forays into the wilderness, discovered Glacier Bay in Alaska (in 1879). The hardy Scotsman founded the Sierra Club in 1892 and served as its president until his death in 1914.

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Black Hawk, the Sauk Indian who also loved the land and fought in an attempt to preserve it for future generations of his family and tribe, died at the age of seventy-one this year in Iowa.

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The Trail of Tears had begun a couple of decades earlier, but perhaps the most famous sufferers on the trail were the Cherokees, who were moved out of their ancestral territories primarily this year, pushed by General Winfield Scott ("hero" of the war with Mexico) and his soldiers.

The Cherokee, who were one of the so-called "five civilized tribes" (because their culture and social system was similar to whites, having a formal constitution, leading an agrarian lifestyle, and sending their children to school) had won a lawsuit against the state of Georgia, permitting them, according to the U.S. Supreme Court, to retain possession of their land. This court victory was based on recognition of the Hopewell Treaties the U.S. government had concluded with the Cherokees in 1785 and 1786. When the Supreme Court said one thing and President Andrew Jackson said the opposite, though, it was Jackson's will that was done. The executive branch of government, in this case, was unwilling to back up the judicial branch.

Andrew "The Devil" Jackson claimed that these prior treaties could be ignored because they were made by the federal government in violation of States' (such as Georgia's) rights. Yet he called the *Indians'* habits savage and *their* institutions rude. Drawing a conclusion that makes the Mad Hatter seem sober and sensible by comparison, Jackson referred to his policy toward the Indians as a benevolent one. As the saying goes, "With friends like that, who needs enemies?"

Georgia had three basic reason for wanting to rid itself of the Cherokees in its midst: 1) Sovereignty (they didn't want an independent nation living within its borders); 2) they wanted the Cherokee's land; and 3) they wanted the gold that was on Cherokee lands (inadvertently revealed to the whites when a Cherokee boy sold a piece of gold jewelry to a white trader).

The Indians were not totally friendless among the members of white society. In 1838, Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote an open letter to President

Martin Van Buren, who had succeeded Jackson as President the year before. In it, Emerson implored:

We only state the fact that a crime is projected that confounds our understandings by its magnitude, a crime that really deprives us as well as the Cherokees of a country, for how could we call the conspiracy that should crush these poor Indians our government, or the land that was cursed by their parting and dying imprecations our country, any more? You, sir, will bring down that renowned chair in which you sit into infamy if your seal is set to this instrument of perfidy; and the name of this nation, hitherto the sweet omen of religion and liberty, will stink to the world.

Emerson's plea fell on deaf ears. Martin Van Buren's response was to send seven thousand federal troops and unnumbered Georgia militia to escort the Cherokees away from their former land. Not all involved relished their duty. In a letter to his grandchildren written more than half a century after the event, John G. Burnett, who had been a U.S. Army private during the "Trail of Tears," summed up his feelings on the matter this way:

However murder is murder whether committed by the villain skulking in the dark or by uniformed men stepping to the strains of martial music.

Murder is murder and somebody must answer, somebody must explain the streams of blood that flowed in the Indian country in the summer of 1838. Somebody must explain the four-thousand silent graves that mark the trail of the Cherokees to their exile. I wish I could forget it all, but the picture of six-hundred and forty-five wagons lumbering over the frozen ground with their cargo of suffering humanity still lingers in my memory.

Let the Historian of a future day tell the sad story with its sighs, its tears and dying groans. Let the great judge of all the earth weigh our actions and reward us according to our work.

The President of the United States had a completely different take on the matter. In December of this year, eight months after Emerson wrote the scathing indictment and impassioned plea partially quoted above, Van Buren, the first President born a U.S. citizen (in other words, the first President born to American parents), crowed in a speech to Congress:

It affords sincere pleasure to apprise the Congress of the entire removal of the Cherokee Nation of Indians to their new homes west of the Mississippi. The measures authorized by Congress at its last session have had the happiest effects.

Happy effects? Four thousand Cherokees had died on the way to their “new homes” in present-day Oklahoma, a land that was also, in the main, eventually taken from them.

1840

Borne Away

“The past was real. The present, all about me, was unreal, unnatural, repellent.” – Richard Henry Dana, in “Two Years Before the Mast”

“We must be willing to let go of the life we have planned, so as to live the life that is waiting for us.” -- E.M. Foster

- ◆ Charlotte Hilly born Illinois
- ◆ Deborah Richardson born Ireland
- ◆ Richard Henry Dana’s *Two Years Before the Mast*
- ◆ Census

The Clemens females, Sam’s wife Livy and their daughters, spent much time and energy smoothing the rough edges off the man of the house. Mark Twain was not unlike many Americans of the time: fiercely independent, and simultaneously proud and defensive of his upstart country and its “down home” culture. The 1840s, the setting for Twain’s greatest work, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, was a time when not just Clemens (then a boy) was simultaneously rough and tumble and engagingly innocent--so was the country in general.

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It is thought that Charlotte Angeline Hilly was born this year, in Jerseyville, Illinois. As with many others, though, the year of her birth can not really be asserted with any great degree of confidence. It is possible that Charlotte was born in 1841—again, there are differing dates in various documents, and some even spell her name “Sharlet.” At any rate, Miss Hilly would marry William Kollenborn in 1859, give birth to James Wesley Kollenborn in 1862, and thus put herself in line to eventually becoming Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn’s great-grandmother.

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Deborah Richardson was also born this year, in Ireland. She would eventually marry Robert Shannon and give birth to Will Shannon, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon’s father.

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Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, a seminal work on pre-statehood California, was published this year, based on experiences Dana had sailing towards, living and working in, and then sailing away from California in the mid-1830s.

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Although I have located no Kollenborns in the 1840 census, Mary Ann, at the very least, was doubtless in the country by this year, as she married George Hoffman the following year, on September 30th, 1841, in Jersey County, Illinois. As can be deduced from the 1850 census, she was likely either William's mother or grandmother.

John Kollenborn was also presumably in the country at this time, as he states in the 1880 census that he was born in Virginia in 1816.

1844

Wired

“What hath God wrought?” – Samuel F.B. Morse’s first telegraph message

“Quid quid latine dictum sit, altum viditur.” (Whatever is said in Latin sounds profound).
-- Unknown wag

♦ Telegraph and Morse Code

American painter Samuel F.B. Morse, building on the work of many before him (as is the case with virtually all inventions), designed the first operable telegraph and the code that could be used in conjunction with it to transmit and receive messages. The first practical public use of his apparatus was made this year with a pithy dispatch (quoted above) that traveled over the wires between Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Maryland. Although Morse had publicly demonstrated his invention six years earlier, on February 21st, 1838, it was not until this year that the infrastructure was in place and he, the device, and the public were ready for the telegraph to go “prime time.”

The 40-mile length of wires and poles which existed this year to support the new technology would expand to 23,000 miles in just ten years. By 1851, major U.S. cities in the east were connected; by 1861, telegraph communications between the two coasts were being made.

Such communication capabilities made the vast nation easier to govern and made pioneering the frontiers of the Far West less daunting and intimidating. Along with the railroad, the telegraph was to help unite the country horizontally, east to west.

1846

Rebels and Cannibals (Very Steep Marching Indeed)

“An inglorious peace is better than a dishonorable war.” – Mark Twain

“Live in such a way that you would not be ashamed to sell your parrot to the town gossip.” – Will Rogers

“Is not Life miserable enough, comes not Death soon enough, without resort to the hideous enginery of War?” – Horace Greeley

“Great is the guilt of an unnecessary war.” -- John Adams

“Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the peacemakers for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in any country.” -- Hermann Goering

- ◆ Oregon Treaty
- ◆ Bear Flag Rebellion / Mexican War
- ◆ Donner Party
- ◆ Susan Lucky born California
- ◆ First Baseball game in America

The United States grew a little more in size this year. Britain and the U.S. had squabbled over who owned the land in the northwest, and where exactly the boundary lay. On June 15th, Britain ceded the territory now known as Oregon and Washington to the United States.

America actually wanted a little more land than they got. In fact, they wanted the new border to extend all the way to Alaska, which was at the time owned by Russia. However, President Polk, who would soon engage the Mexicans in battle, did not want the land bad enough to go to war with Britain yet another time. British prime minister Robert Peel didn't think too much of the area he gave up, considering the territory simply an untamed wilderness. Thus, he suggested the boundary line be set at the forty-ninth parallel. This was accepted by America.



The wresting of California from the Mexicans, who took it from the Spaniards, who took it from the Natives, began May 13th of this year and would end two years later, in 1848. The war was touched off by the admission of Texas as a state by President John Tyler on his last day in office in 1846. This act enraged Mexico.

Up until then, the U.S. had refused the Republic of Texas' bid to become a state for that very reason—they didn't want to provoke a war with Mexico. However, the year before, in 1845, France and England had forced the United States' hand. They made overtures of alliance to the young Republic of Texas. It was this that impelled outgoing President John Tyler, alarmed at the possibility of giving those European powers a toe-hold in America, to recommend to Congress that Texas be annexed. This left incoming President James Polk "holding the bag"—he was the one who had to deal with the fallout when he moved into the White House in 1846.

But Polk did not need to be backed into a corner to play his expansionist cards. According to *Voices of a People's History of the United States* by Howard Zinn and Anthony Arnove, Polk actually provoked the showdown with Mexico:

All that was missing in the plan was an incident. A patrol of American troops was sent into territory between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande River that the Mexicans claimed was their land. The patrol was wiped out by Mexican forces. In response, Polk declared, falsely, that "Mexico...has invaded our territory and shed American blood upon the American soil."

The war with Mexico was widely unpopular. Then-Congressman Abraham Lincoln challenged Polk over the matter in Congress. President Polk had claimed that Mexico had attacked a U.S. Army detachment on U.S. Soil. When Lincoln demanded to know the exact spot where this alleged infraction took place, Polk assumed a stony silence. Even future Civil War General and U.S. President Ulysses S. Grant, who also distinguished himself in this war, considered the war with Mexico to be a shameful butchery perpetrated on a weaker rival.

Another issue at play in the war revolved around slavery. A decade-and-a-half before the Civil War broke out, tensions between the north and the south were already in evidence. Which territory was added to the country was always subject to scrutiny by both sides as to where it would fall in relation to the slavery question. James M. McPherson's "Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era" sheds this light on the conflict with Mexico:

Territorial acquisitions since the Revolution had added the slave states of Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Florida, and Texas to the republic, while only Iowa, just admitted in 1846, had increased the ranks of free states. Many northerners feared a similar future for this new southwestern empire. They condemned the war as part of a "slave power conspiracy" to expand the peculiar institution. Was not President Polk a slaveholder? Had he not been elected on a platform of enlarging slave territory by annexing Texas? Were not pro-slavery southerners among the most aggressive proponents of Manifest Destiny? Did not most of the territory (including Texas) wrested from Mexico lie south of the old Missouri Compromise line?

of 36° 30'--a traditional demarcation between freedom and slavery? The Massachusetts legislature indicted this "unconstitutional" war with its "triple object of extending slavery, of strengthening the slave power, and of obtaining control of the free states." James Russell Lowell's rustic Yankee philosopher Hosea Bigelow fretted that

They just want this California
So's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An' to plunder ye like sin.

One noteworthy opponent of the war is mentioned in the 2005 book "Do You Speak American?" by Robert MacNeil and William Cran:

The antiwar protests that arose at home have a familiar ring in modern times. Whigs and abolitionists in the North claimed the war was contrived by Southerners to acquire another slave state. Former president John Quincy Adams denounced it as "a most unjust war."

Another distinguished opponent of the war was Henry David Thoreau, who refused to pay the poll tax in his native Massachusetts (and spent a night in jail because of it). Thoreau later said in a lecture:

It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. ... Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice. A common and natural result of an undue respect for law is, that you may see a file of soldiers, colonel, captain, corporal, privates, powder-monkeys, and all, marching in admirable order over hill and dale to the wars, against their wills, aye, against their common sense and consciences, which makes it very steep marching indeed, and produces a palpitation of the heart.

Incidentally, it was this war with Mexico that added the phrase "From the Halls of Montezuma" to the Marine Corps hymn.

The United States' unfriendly takeover of California was called the Bear Flag Rebellion. President Polk authorized Thomas Larkin at Monterey, California (the Monterey in California, the Capitol during Mexican rule, has only one 'R,' whereas the Monterrey in Mexico has two) to foment a separatist faction. Western explorer, surveyor, and military man John Charles "The Pathfinder" Fremont, along with Stephen Kearney and future President Zachary Taylor, also played key roles in the rebellion. Taylor, though, was replaced by President Polk with War of 1812 standout Winfield Scott--partly because Polk, rightly enough, feared Taylor as a potential political rival.

American settlers from the eastern United States had been trickling into Mexican California for years. They farmed land, traded goods, and started small businesses. As a direct result of the influx of Euro-

Americans, California's native population was reduced from 150,000 in 1845 to less than 30,000 by 1870.

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Among the would-be emigrants to California were the members of the Donner Party. Their first mistake was choosing George Donner as their leader. That mistake led to another, more directly disastrous, decision: their taking of a supposed shortcut recommended in a guidebook written by a man who had never actually been on the trail he described in his book.

This series of faulty decisions culminated in the party being surprised by an early winter storm, trapping them in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Sadly, some of them eventually assuaged their hunger by cannibalizing other members of the party after these had died of starvation, exposure, or sickness.

Of the ninety members of the Donner party, only forty-eight--a little more than half--survived to reach Sutter's Fort in Sacramento.

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Susan Lucky, a full-blooded Indian (most likely Wiyot, but possibly Wintu or Wailakki), was born on Eel River Island, in Humboldt County, California this year. At the time Susan was born there were more Wiyots in California than there were Euro-Americans (of whom there were about four hundred).

Only thirty-two miles and Del Norte County separate Humboldt County from the Oregon border. Humboldt County has the coolest summer climate in the contiguous United States and the lowest average daily variance in temperature.

Eel River Island lies approximately two miles southwest of the town of Loleta and three miles southwest of Table Bluff, where the primary reservation of Wiyots is currently located on 88 acres of land. The island is also situated only a few dozen miles from where Will Shannon's ranch, and also that of his son Theodore Roosevelt Shannon nearby, would later be located. In fact, Will's place was on the Eel River, downstream in southern Trinity County.

Susan's birthplace is also approximately fifteen miles south of Indian Island, in Humboldt Bay between Eureka and Samoa, the site of a major massacre of her people which would take place in 1860, when Susan was a young teenager.

Wiyot Territory, before the arrival of the Euro-Americans, or "second settlers," as the Indians sometimes refer to them, stretched from south of Rio Dell to north of McKinleyville. Eel River Island is smack dab in the middle of that parcel. Eureka, on Cape Mendocino--to which the undersea Mendocino Escarpment points--is the westernmost city in the forty-eight contiguous states.

Not much is known about Susan, besides when and where she was born and died, when she married, and who her daughter was. More on these events will be discussed as they take place later.

In Irvine's *History of Humboldt County*, the initial reaction of the Indians to the arrival of whites in the area in 1806 is related:

The Indians did not welcome the newcomers because they were destroying the sea-otters, which abounded in the bay, disturbing geese and ducks, and annoying the clam diggers. Several conflicts occurred, and the Indians refused to trade with the Russians.

Although it was actually an American, Jonathan Winship, who "discovered" Humboldt Bay (that is to say, he is thought to be the first white man to see it), he was at the time (1806) in the employ of a Russian fur trading company. Admitting there were people there prior to him, Winship called the area "The Bay of the Indians."

In 1849, the Josiah Gregg party (Americans) explored the area. The above-mentioned book relates the following regarding their experience:

The river was crossed, whereupon the company came suddenly upon an Indian ranch. Men, women and children fled. The scene was somewhat ludicrous all round, as the party itself had no suspicion that Indians dwelt there. The firearms of the party were wholly unfit for use, being soaked with rain. The narrative of Mr. Wood [Kentuckian L.K. Wood] as to the episode with the Indians here follows:

The scene that followed wholly divested our minds of all apprehension of danger, for as soon as they saw us, men, women and children fled in the wildest confusion, some plunging headlong into the river, not venturing to look behind them until they had reached a considerable elevation upon the mountain on the opposite side of the river, while others sought refuge in the thickets and among the rocks, leaving everything behind them. As soon as they had stopped in their flight, we endeavored, by signs, to induce those yet in view to return, giving them to understand, as best we could, that we intended them no harm; but it was all for a time to no purpose. They had never before seen a white man, nor had they received any intelligence of our coming; and to their being thus suddenly brought in contact with a race of beings so totally different in color, dress, and appearance from any they had ever seen or heard of, is attributable the overwhelming fear they betrayed...

...We had hoped that the Indians would not care to become better acquainted with us, and would allow us to pass unmolested. Imagine our surprise, then, when we were about camping for the night, there came marching toward us some seventy-five or eighty warriors, their faces and bodies painted, looking like so many demons, and armed and prepared for battle. The guns and ammunition of the little company were soaking wet and worthless except as clubs. It was a grave question what to do, but it

was quickly decided to assume an air of indifference. When they came within a hundred yards of us, however, we motioned them to halt, and they obeyed. Two of the company then advanced holding up to the view of the savages a number of beads and other fancy articles which the travelers were fortunate enough to possess. The warriors seemed greatly pleased with the articles, soon after which they were persuaded that the invaders were friendly and had no desire to hurt the Indians. The savages soon became friendly. They represented that their people were very numerous and that the travelers were at their mercy. They made it plain that they could at any moment slaughter the entire company. We soon started to convince them that they were mistaken and that a small company like ours could do wonders with our weapons.

Their curiosity was roused, and they wondered how the weapons were used. In order to accomplish their purpose, the white men gave them to understand that the guns could kill as many of them at a single shot as could stand, one behind another. They were not satisfied and expressed their doubts. They demanded to see the effect of shooting at a mark. The white men, knowing of the unfit condition of their weapons, agreed to make a display of their power the next morning.

Prudence and due regard for our safety compelled us to keep a careful watch during the night, but notwithstanding this, and the fact that some of the company felt little inclined to sleep, one of their expert thieves, aided by the pitchy darkness, crept to the spot where we were camped and took from beneath a pair of blankets a Colt's revolver without detection. This was surprising to all, especially to the owner of the revolver, who could not sleep and was doubtless awake while the Indian was at his side.

It was the intention of the company to escape at dawn, but the Indians, anticipating this course, had gathered in great numbers, bringing their women and children to the spot. It was then decided, as the ammunition had been dried and the guns prepared, to give the promised demonstration. Here is the way the event culminated:

A piece of paper some two inches in diameter was handed to an Indian, who was asked to fasten it on a tree about sixty paces distant. It was explained that the marksman would shoot and that the ball would strike the paper. The Indians were arranged in a circle, full of curiosity. It was purposely not explained that the weapon would make any noise, so when the explosion occurred the entire party was panic-stricken. The women and children set up a terrific shrieking, at the same time dispersing in all directions. They feared that the warriors had been slain, but when they saw that nobody was hurt they returned to see what had happened to the tree. They carefully examined the hole in the paper, noting also that the bullet had penetrated the tree and disappeared into its depths.

They now seemed disposed to treat us with greater respect. Taking advantage of the impression thus created, we tried to convince them that our small company was able to cope with all they could bring against us, and explained the force of a bullet thrown from one of our guns. It was also explained that the power of the gun was as much greater than the power of an arrow as its noise was louder.

In the United States in 1840, Indians were not considered citizens. They could not vote, nor testify in court cases, and they only counted as three fifths of a person when computing the number of representatives a state would have in Congress in the House of Representatives. In fact, at the time of Susan's birth, Indians in California were still being bought and sold, like a buggy or a tract of land.

Susan Lucky's lifespan overlapped with that of the Yahi Indian called Ishi (1862-1916). Both Susan and Ishi only lived until early middle age, both died of tuberculosis, and both were born in northern California approximately one hundred miles (as the crow flies, not as the road winds) from one another.

Despite those similarities, Susan's and Ishi's life greatly differed. This difference was not so much due to the fact that Susan and Ishi were from different tribes, but that they lived in completely different situations. Susan was already living among Euro-Americans by 1862, the year of Ishi's birth, whereas Ishi did not live among whites until almost another half century after that, in the final years of his life.

Just as the last of the Yahis did not call himself Ishi, but was given that name by others (Ishi is the Yahi word for "man"), the Wiyot people did not designate themselves as such. In actuality, "Wiyot" is simply the name of one of the tribe's three districts, the other two being Batawat, on the lower Mad River; and Wiki, on Humboldt Bay (the Wiyot district was on the lower Eel River).

Since Susan was born just south of Humboldt Bay, she hailed from the Wiki district. Modern-day towns that are within the traditional Wiyot territory are McKinleyville, Blue Lake (formerly Scottsville), Arcata (formerly Union—which is the English translation of the Indian word "Arcata"), Eureka, Kneeland, Loleta, Fortuna, Ferndale, and Rohnerville. Rivers within the territory are Mad River (Batawat), Elk River, Eel River and the Van Duzen.

Some sources indicate that Susan was born, not in the latter half of 1846, but in 1840. However, her grave marker states that she was forty-seven years old at the time of her death, which occurred on May 23rd, 1894, meaning she would have probably been born in the latter half of 1846.

Ishi's life is discussed in greater detail in the 1911 chapter.



The game which would become the national pastime was first played formally this year in Hoboken, New Jersey, between the New York Knickerbockers and the New York Nine. Rather than being a brand new game, baseball was actually based on the British game of Rounders, which had first been played in England in 1744. The old game of Rounders was not only the forerunner of American baseball, but also of the modern British game Cricket.

1848

Gold and an Irresistible Offer

“The Golden Rule: He who has the gold makes the rules.” -- Anonymous

“These legal thieves, clothed in the robes of the law, took from us our lands and our houses, and without the least scruple, enthroned themselves in our homes like so many powerful kings.” -- Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, speaking of Yankee lawyers in California

- ◆ Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo
- ◆ Gold Discovered in California
- ◆ Mary Ann (Shannon) Philp dies

Future U.S. Military General and President Ulysses S. Grant, who took part in the Mexican War, nevertheless called it “one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation.” As was to be expected, the stronger nation won the war. The resulting Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo added not only California, but also Nevada and Utah as well as parts of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming to the United States’ growing portfolio of real estate. The region once dismissed as a vast inhospitable desert changed hands for a cool \$15 million on February 2nd. California alone, if a separate country, would weigh in with the fifth largest economy in the world.



Mexico, of course, didn’t really want to sell its northern lands. They were made “an offer they couldn’t refuse.” The Mexicans must have been especially nonplussed about the transaction after finding out about what had transpired nine days earlier: On January 24th, gold had been discovered in Coloma, east of Sutter’s Fort, by an employee of John Sutter named James Marshall. The United States, it seemed, had the Midas touch.

Although many people who heard the rumor of gold in California were skeptical, a number were sage or foolish enough to “light out for the territory” on first news of the strike. This first wave of miners reached Sutter’s Fort, in the present-day State capitol of Sacramento, on May 19th of this year.

The New York Herald printed an article on the discovery of gold in its issue of August 19th. The steamship *California* departed New York bound for California on Oct 6th. Those who still doubted were transformed into believers on December 5th, when no less a light than President James Polk announced in a speech to Congress that the reports of gold in California were by no means nonfactual, or even exaggerated. This

announcement touched off a bigger wave of emigrants to the gold fields: the 49ers would far outnumber the 48ers.

The average trip from the eastern United States to the gold fields took about five months (whether traveling overland or by ship), so it was well into 1849 before the more circumspect but nevertheless enthusiastic emigrants arrived in the far west. For the many who came from foreign lands—Ireland, China, Australia, Chile, the Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands (known today as Hawaiians from Hawaii), and many others—it took longer to receive the news and make the journey.

James Marshall, the man who had made the discovery of nuggets while checking on the progress of the lumber mill he had been contracted to build for John Sutter, tried to make a living off the discovery for years afterward. Some prospectors, thinking Marshall was "lucky," followed him around like puppy dogs, hoping that he would lead them to more deposits of the beautiful and malleable yet tough metal.

Marshall milked his popularity as well and as long as he could, but he eventually died insane and impoverished. The county where he made his discovery was eventually christened El Dorado, after the fabled city lined with streets of gold.

Some prospectors struck it rich, but most did not. Many more fortunes were made during the Gold Rush by those who supplied miners with tools and food than by those who scratched at the earth with shovels and picks in an attempt to unearth the land's hidden cache of preciousness. Merchants, shopkeepers, laundresses, cooks, professional gamblers, prostitutes, and hoteliers and saloon keepers ended up with a lot more gold dust and nuggets than the average prospector did.

Four men of note who amassed their fortunes tangentially from gold fever were Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, and Mark Hopkins. First becoming wealthy by providing goods and services to the miners, these four men ("The Big Four") later founded the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railway. They thus became known as the "railroad kings" ("robber barons" to many, as we will see in the 1880 chapter).

Marshall's discovery of gold at the Coloma sawmill is far better known than subsequent discoveries nearby--nearby in both time and distance. Patricia Johnsen-Hicks reports in her booklet *Tales of Trinity County, California*:

Gold was discovered in Trinity County in July 1848 by Pierson Barton Reading, who owned a Mexican land-grant in what is now Shasta County. As soon as he heard the rumor that gold had been discovered at "Sutter's new mill," Reading went to see John Sutter, his former employer. Reading was taken to the site on the American River. He thought it looked like some country west of his rancho that he had seen while hunting (now Trinity County), and a short time later, discovered gold in quantity at what is known as 'Reading's Bar'."

In his book *Eldorado, the California Gold Rush*, Dale L. Walker adds:

The northernmost of the 1848 diggings lay in the Trinity River valley, two hundred miles north of New Helvetia, discovered by another Sutter employee and former Bear Flag rebel, Pierson B. Reading. The Trinity stream and bench gravels were so rich the tiny camp grew into a sizable town, Weaverville, named for one of its more prosperous prospectors.

A half century after Reading's find, Trinity County would become the home of the Will and Gertie Shannon family, including their firstborn, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

There is some indication that gold may have actually been discovered in Trinity County *before* the discovery by Marshall at Coloma. The book "A Memorial and Biographical History of Northern California. Pen Pictures from the Garden of the World" in its section on Trinity County has this to report along those lines:

Mr. Gross, a French agent, reported that he wound his way across to Trinity mountain early in the spring of 1849, and on his way met two men, apparently Americans, who claimed to have sojourned on Trinity River since the fall of 1847, and that each carried back with him \$20,000 in gold dust.

It is possible that others also found gold elsewhere in the state, and were able to keep their find secret.



Mary Ann (Shannon) Philp, eldest daughter of Robert Shannon and Deborah (Richardson) Shannon, died at the age of twenty-seven this year, leaving two children, aged one and six. Her widower, William Oke Philp, would marry Mary Ann's only sister Eliza the next year. On August 17th, 1878, on his way home from visiting his parents in England, William died at sea from black fever.

1849

The Elephant

"It is our manifest destiny to overspread and to possess the whole of the continent which Providence has given...our yearly multiplying millions...for the development of the great experiment of liberty." – John O'Sullivan

*We satisfy our endless needs
and justify our bloody deeds
In the name of Destiny
and in the name of God*
– from the song "The Last Resort" by The Eagles

"Send me some more of it, because I and my companions suffer from a disease of the heart which can be cured only with gold." – Hernan Cortes to Montezuma

"The earth...should be left as it was...The country was made without lines of demarcation, and it is no man's business to divide it... I see the whites all over the country gaining wealth, and see their desire to give us lands which are worthless...Say to us if you can say it, that you were sent by the Creative Power to talk to us. Perhaps you think the Creator sent you here to dispose of us as you see fit. If I thought you were sent by the Creator I might be induced to think you had a right to dispose of me. Do not misunderstand me, but understand me fully with reference to my affection for the land. I never said the land was mine to do with it as I chose. The one who has the right to dispose of it is the one who has created it. I claim a right to live on my land, and accord you the privilege to live on yours." – Chief Joseph, Nez Perce

- ◆ John Muir moves with his family from Scotland to Wisconsin
- ◆ California Gold Rush begins in earnest
- ◆ Cholera and Fire
- ◆ California Seeks Statehood

Many came to the mountains for what they hoped the mountains could give them materially. John Muir came to the mountains for what they could provide his spirit. He, in turn, repaid the favor to them, and helped lay the groundwork for the rest of us to enjoy them, too. That was to come later, though. In 1849, John's father moved his family from Scotland to the Portage, Wisconsin, area (not far from where Laura Ingalls Wilder lived in the "little house in the woods").



The first steamer bound for the gold fields reached San Francisco Bay February 28th, and poured forth its cargo of human hopefule.

John Sutter must have thought, "when it rains, it pours." The discovery of gold on his land was no boon to him. With the outbreak and quick spread of "gold fever," workers were hard to retain at any wage, and his land was picked over mercilessly by rabid raiders of the soil. As if that were not bad enough, "his" town of Sacramento was flooded (literally, that is—with water) for six weeks beginning in March.

In April, the first wagon trains bound for the gold fields departed from Missouri and Iowa, the forerunners of an influx that would inundate the state with one hundred years' worth of normal growth in a mere decade.

This is not to say, though, that those wagon trains of April were the very first into California. John Bidwell had led a wagon train into California back in 1841. The difference in 1849 was that these were the first drawn to California by the age-old lust for gold or, as the saying went, to "see the elephant" (a contemporary expression that denoted any awesome and exciting experience; among soldiers a dozen years later, it would come to mean having experienced battle in the Civil War). San Francisco was the dissemination point to the gold fields for those arriving via ships. For those who came overland, Sacramento was the destination (Coloma, where James Marshall discovered gold, is closer to Sacramento than it is to San Francisco).

The Gold Rush drew all sorts of men—tinker, tailor, sailor, soldier, spy, butcher, baker, candlestick maker, flush men, busted men, desperate men, con men, beggars, choosers, losers, keepers, finders, weepers, and adventurers. Some famous men, or those who would be, also came. Among these latter can be found Alexander Hamilton's son Colonel William Steven Hamilton (who was a pioneer merchant in Weaverville, Trinity County), and James Denver, for whom the capital of Colorado was later named. Denver also lived in Trinity County, in 1851 and 1852. During his stay in California, Denver killed a newspaper editor (who had made public some shady dealings of his) in a duel. Other famous personages who came to California were John J. Audubon's son John Woodhouse Audubon and Jesse James' preacher father Robert, who died in the town of Rough and Ready in September 1850.

Deaths in gold rush country were no rarity. After ascertaining that one-fourth of its policyholders met violent deaths there, Mutual of New York ceased issuing life insurance policies to anyone heading for the gold fields.

Many who came were not just drawn by the lure of gold lying in the streams and under the rocks, but were also pushed by circumstances at home. In Ireland, a horrendous famine was taking place. Between 1847 and 1854, 1.6 million people—one quarter of Ireland's population—removed to the United States from that country, many of them to California.

Elsewhere in Europe, wars were being waged, and many chose to escape that seemingly interminable situation. For example, news of the California Gold strike reached France while the country was in the grip of revolution. In China, wars and lack of work caused many to turn their gaze westward. The Chinese called California "Gold Mountain."

And yes, the gold rush also attracted many who would turn a profit from, and even prey on, the prospectors. This class included merchants, bankers, card sharps, saloon keepers, and prostitutes. All in all, 300,000 adventure- and fortune-seekers came to California during the gold rush--the largest human migration in history.

It is enlightening to read the reflections of a contemporary of these events discussing, among other things, the way the 49ers were thereafter depicted. In *The History of Humboldt County*, Leigh Irvine writes:

John Carr gives a vivid account of those who were his associates in those times, in his entertaining Pioneer Days in California. He tells the reader that he was always amused when he read the wholly incorrect accounts of pioneer days, as set forth by writers of later years. Their story books and newspaper articles were often illustrated by woodcuts of "rockers" and "long toms," while the portraits or cuts of the miners themselves were such that he sometimes imagined that the miners must be disturbed in their graves. It will be interesting to quote him, thus: "I sometimes think that, if it were allowed to the spirit of man to come back to this world, some outraged miner who sleeps his last sleep on the mountain side, or in the flats of California, would rise from his grave and haunt the artist who drew such caricatures of the early California miners. Most of the miners that I see in the woodcuts appear to be old, haggard looking men, with bent backs, slouch hats, and wrinkled faces, more like the picture of the tramp of 1890 than the honest miner of 1850.

"As a rule the first immigrants that came to California were young men--the very flower, physically speaking, of the United States; and the pictures in the modern woodcuts no more represent them than they do Chinese."

It is interesting to go back to those early times for evidences of the social life and economic conditions in general. It seems that in those early days the United States mails were very uncertain and very costly, but whenever new mines were discovered or a new camp was located it is said that some enterprising person would go around and obtain all the names of the people in the camp. Soon thereafter he would start a pony express and it was not much trouble to induce each man to take some kind of a newspaper. It is said that the Western men would usually take the Missouri Republican or the Louisville Courier-Journal, while the Eastern men took the New York Herald or the New York Tribune. The newspapers sold for fifty cents each, and the postage on each letter was \$1. Men did not begrudge the \$1 and were glad to receive mail at that price.

The single house of a miner, often situated near a spring or creek, was frequently the forerunner of a town. Those houses were hardly worthy of the name, being crude and having no floors except the earth itself. The beds were usually made of logs, which were squared so as to be comfortable, and lined with gunny bags or potato sacks. Fern leaves and hay were frequently used to spread over the log and soften it for a bed.

The covering was of blankets, and on this the miners were rather comfortable and would have remained so but for the habits of those who did not use sufficient water and precaution with themselves, for which reason many of the camps were infested with vermin.

One of the comforting features of those houses consisted of large fire-places, which, in cold weather, always had roaring fires. They were built usually of granite or slate and were very capacious, being at least six feet wide. This great size enabled them to accommodate good sized logs and saved the miners and others of the camp from cutting the wood very short.

One of the great perils in many camps was from rattlesnakes, which were very numerous. A snake would cause consternation in a camp where bruin and the wild lions of the hills would be laughed at or hunted to death.

It has been estimated that only ten percent of the gold in California has been unearthed.

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William Kollenborn may have witnessed a huge fire across the Mississippi River from his home this year. William was living on the Illinois side of the river, and doubtless saw at least the smoke from the May 17th St. Louis fire that burned fifteen blocks, the city's docks, and twenty-seven steamboats moored on the river.

That fire struck St. Louis in the midst of a nation-wide cholera epidemic. St. Louis suffered the most, per capita, of any city in the country. Four thousand five hundred died in a 100-day period there.

Repeatedly during the nineteenth century, cholera spread from the Ganges Valley of India to the rest of the world. Major outbreaks occurred in 1832, this year of 1849, and 1866. Unsanitary conditions and the especially peripatetic nature of the world's populace during this period caused the disease to spread far, wide, and fast. Famine in Ireland and political upheavals in Germany and Austria, as well as the gold rush in California, were causing many people to migrate great distances, unwittingly playing a global game of tag in which "you're it" spread germs that led to sickness and oftentimes death.

By 1880, the cause of cholera was known (it is spread through food or water that has been contaminated with human waste), but in 1849 the origins of the sickness were disputed. Some blamed the malady on miasmas (foul-smelling odors emanating from decomposing matter); others blamed such things as dietary indiscretions, the consumption of alcohol, and even the wrath of God.

William Kollenborn and his family, as they were living just across the Mississippi River from St. Louis, no doubt had some concerns about the disease, and probably had some friends who had died from it, and may have even been sick (but recovered) themselves.

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California, so recently a part of Mexico, wanted admittance into the Union. The September 3rd, 1849 statehood assembly, held in Monterey, included a resident of the Trinity River mining camps, as reported the book *Eldorado, the California Gold Rush* by Dale Walker:

The commissioners represented all populated areas of California, from San Diego north to the Trinity River mining camps of the Oregon border country.

As to the new State's boundaries, some delegates wanted California to reach all the way to The Rockies, but that was not to be.

1850

The Bear

"In the year 1850 my people had never heard of the present white race, and we were then making our fires with two pieces of wood, one the willow and the other of hardwood." – from the book "To the American Indian, Reminisces of a Yurok Woman" by Che-na-wah Weitch-ah-wah (Lucy Thompson)

"There is no North," said Mr. [Daniel] Webster. There is none. The South goes clear up the Canada line. No, gentlemen, there is no Boston today. There was a Boston once. Now, there is a north suburb to the city of Alexandria . ." – Theodore Parker, 1854

"This so-called Fugitive Slave Law, what is it, that I am called upon to obey it and assist in its execution? It is the most disgraceful, atrocious, unjust, detestable, heathenish, barbarous, diabolical, tyrannical, man-degrading, woman-murdering, demon-pleasing, Heaven-defying act ever perpetrated in any age of the world, by persons claiming to have consciences and a belief in a just God. In one word, it is the sum of all villainies ." – ship captain Rodney French

"Some years ago...having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world." – from "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

- ◆ California becomes a State
- ◆ Clarence Bailey born east of the Mississippi
- ◆ Census

Sacramento, the flat and hot city that surly basketball commentator Charles Barkley once called a "cow town" was more like a fish town in January, less than a year after the severe flooding of the previous year--the future capital of the new state was wiped out by another rash of flooding. The capital of California during Mexican rule had been Monterey. The first capital of the state under U.S. rule was Benicia. Eventually, Sacramento, the site of Sutter's Fort, would become the capital.

California became a State September 9th. But similar to the Missouri Compromise of 1820/1821, when California entered the union it did so with conditions attached: California would be admitted as a free state, but New Mexico and Utah would enter the union with no restrictions on slavery (they would decide for themselves which route they would take regarding the South's "peculiar institution"). More ominously, the Fugitive Slave Law was passed (shades of 1793!), which made it legal for a slave owner to track down runaway slaves in the North and return these to their southern plantations.

Back in 1808, Congress had passed a law officially prohibiting the African slave trade. This obviously did not mean that slavery in the U.S.

was no longer tolerated, but just that buying slaves directly from Africa was from that time forward a violation of the law.

Unlike most states, California never went through the probationary “dues-paying” period and process of being a Territory. That is why the “Great Seal of California” prominently features the Roman goddess Minerva, who was reputed to have sprung full blown and grown from Jupiter’s brain.

What is it about California that attracted the Shannons, who would move here in the late 1880s and early 1890s from Canada? Many modern people who have never been to California conjure up in their mind images of beaches filled with bikini-clad girls and surfer dudes, sunglass-bedecked Hollywood moguls, smoggy and super-crowded Los Angeles, and not much else, when they think of “the golden state.” But those things do not represent the real California.

At the time the Shannons came, wheat was king in California, taking over that spot from gold, in the transition in the state’s economy from mining to agriculture. The province of Ontario, Canada, was also a wheat-growing area, and the Shannons had been farmers there. Perhaps this was the draw: a familiar way of life in a warmer clime. Perhaps there were other reasons, completely different ones. The state is certainly not without a panoply of seductions.

California is a land of extremes and contrasts. Within its borders is found the highest point in the contiguous United States, Mt. Whitney (14,495 feet), and in the same (Inyo) County, barely more than fifty miles distant and within view of each other, the lowest point, Death Valley (282 feet below sea level).

A land of superlatives, California, at first primarily a wheat-growing area, would eventually lead the nation in a multitude of crops, such as cotton (ahead of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, *et al*), peaches (eat your heart out, Georgia!), dairy products (more than the “dairy state” of Wisconsin), etc. From almonds to zucchini, California produces a representative bumper crop for practically every letter of the alphabet. Nearly twenty-five percent of all people who visit the U.S. come to see and experience California.

California is, indeed, a big land, in more ways than one. It is over 150,000 square miles in size--larger than Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Greece combined. In *Blue Highways – a Journey Into America*, William Least Heat-Moon wrote, “I’ve heard – who knows the truth? – that if you rolled West Virginia out like a flapjack, it would be as large as Texas.” If subjected to the same treatment, California would doubtless be *much* larger than Texas.



Clarence Bailey, who was to become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon’s maternal grandfather, was born this year in either New York or Michigan. The uncertainty as to locale stems from conflicting records. At any rate,

Clarence and his parents did eventually end up in Michigan, and subsequently moved to Kansas, before he and his wife and young family moved on from there to California.

The Erie Canal, linking the Hudson River in New York to the Great Lakes in the upper Midwest, had been completed in 1825, making westward travel and migration much easier for easterners. It is likely that Clarence's parents, or even grandparents, had taken this route to Michigan, which was viewed as being in the West in the 1820s.



In his *Report on a Journey to the Western States of North America*, Gottfried Duden had mentioned a need for certain craftsmen in America. One specific instance he mentioned was: "There is a great lack of glass factories. In St. Louis an ordinary bottle costs twelve and a half cents. The same is true of pottery ware. There is no lack of good clay, and since private rights are no hindrance, a type can soon be found in this large territory that is adapted to finer vessels, together with a site near navigable rivers and dense forests."

As will be seen directly, William Kollenborn, who lived across the Mississippi from St. Louis at the time, was employed as a potter this year. Duden also shows his prescience with the following prediction: "Beer brewers would soon become rich along the Mississippi; however, they themselves would have to attend to the culture of barley and hops, as up to the present there has not been much interest in raising them here. St. Louis gets its beer from Pittsburgh and even from the Atlantic coast."

St. Louis is today the headquarters of Anheuser-Busch, which manufactures Budweiser. Although the quality of their product is (highly and vigorously) debatable, the success of their endeavor, in terms of sales, is indisputable.

In the 1850 census, Albert Kollenborn's great-grandfather William was listed as a seventeen-year old potter in Upper Alton, Madison County, Illinois. He was living in the Mary A. Kollenborn household. As she was sixty years of age, Mary must have been either his mother or possibly even grandmother. Nine years earlier, in 1841 (at the age of fifty-one), Mary had wed George Hoffman in Illinois. If Mary was indeed William's mother, this was doubtless not her first marriage, but the condition or whereabouts of William's biological father at this time is unknown.

And what happened to Mr. Hoffman—did he die? Were he and Mary divorced, she returning to her maiden name? Or was this Mary Kollenborn perhaps a different person than the Mary Kollenborn who had married George Hoffman? The answer to these questions remain elusive.

For what it's worth, William's son James (who would be born 1862) would name one of his two sons George, perhaps for George Hoffman,

and one of his daughters Mary Charlotte, perhaps for both Mary Kollenborn (his grandmother? Great-grandmother?) and Charlotte (Hilly) Kollenborn, his mother.

Mary was, according to the census, born in Germany in 1790 (the same year Thomas Shannon was born in Ireland), whereas William is recorded as having been born in Illinois (as mentioned previously, William may have in fact been born in Germany, or on the ship while his family was coming over to America).

Also residing in the Mary Kollenborn household at the time were Lewis Kollenborn, fifteen, attending school, born in Illinois, and three females surnamed Lawrence: Elizabeth, thirty years old; Clarey, nine years of age; and Gusty, seven; Elizabeth, apparently the mother, had been born in Pennsylvania, but all of her daughters had been born in Illinois. Perhaps Elizabeth was Mary's widowed or divorced daughter.

The Kollenborn family seems to have resolutely resisted or roundly rejected migration to California for quite a long time. William was the "right age" for the gold rush, but was apparently content to remain in the Midwest. Many of the Shannons, on the other hand, did not pass go or collect \$200 when they made the move from Canada to the United States. They went straight to California—and stayed there—for the most part living no where else since their arrival. Will Shannon arrived in the golden state at the age of fifteen and stayed. His son Theodore never lived anywhere else, nor has his son, also named Theodore.

In 1850, Shannons in the U.S. were predominantly residing in Missouri; as of 1920, there would be more Shannons in Tennessee than any other state; by 1990 they would be "everywhere" in the United States, as well as all over Canada and Australia.

In early 2004, public records of people surnamed Kollenborn existed in twenty-four of the United States, but none were then to be found in either Illinois and Missouri (to which this branch of the Kollenborns would migrate in the 1860s).

George Gorham was listed in the census as a thirty-one year old mariner, living in Nantucket, Massachusetts, in the same household with: his father William, who is listed as being a sixty-one year old carpenter; his stepmother Tamar, sixty; and his twenty-eight year old half-brother Francis W., whose entry contains the word "idiotic" under the column labeled "Whether deaf or dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper, or convict" ("idiotic" meaning, at the time, mentally retarded).

William had only one child with his first wife Mary (George), almost surely none with his second wife Betsy Swain (due to the short period of time they were married before she died), and one (Francis) with his third and final wife Tamar.

Records contained in *San Francisco Ship Passenger Lists* by Louis J. Rasmussen show two ships that arrived in San Francisco in this time period that had a Gorham listed as being on board: In the case of the vessel that arrived on April 29th, 1850, the *Gold Hunter*, a Captain Gorham (no first name given) was among those on board. This could not

have been George, since to arrive at that time, the ship must have left Massachusetts several months earlier (before the census was taken).

The second ship, *Capitol*, sailed from Richmond, Virginia and arrived March 1st, 1853. The captain of this ship was also surnamed Gorham (and again, no first name was recorded). These two Gorhams may well have been the same person in both the 1850 and 1853 voyages, in which case it was not George. If they were *not* the same person, though, the second one could have been George. If so, it is likely that George settled in California for good soon after that 1853 voyage, possibly leaving the ship after arrival in California.

There was also a bark named the *Alice Tarleton*, which sailed from New York, with a passenger named George Gorham on board. Intriguing as this may be, two problems remain: Why would George sail from New York rather than Nantucket or Boston, and how could he have been in two places at one time? (the bark sailed on May 21st, 1849, approximately a year prior to the 1850 census, when he was recorded as still living in Massachusetts). It's possible that this *was* indeed, our George, and he just wanted to see New York before traveling. If so, though, his family would have had to have some reason for saying he was still living with them when, in fact, he was no longer.

One possible scenario as to why his family may have claimed him on the Massachusetts census is that he was still sailing at the time of the census, and thus they may have figured he was not being counted elsewhere (had not arrived in California yet, to be counted there) so he should be counted *somewhere*, and Massachusetts was his last fixed residence.

Chances are, though, that the Gorhams captaining those ships were not George, but distant relatives of his. Although George listed himself as a mariner on at least one California census, thereafter he worked as a laborer in California. It is not likely that a former ship captain would have been reduced to that circumstance, especially when living on the ocean (Humboldt County where he lived being on the coast).

There was also a George C. Gorham who ran for governor of California in 1867. This Gorham may have been one of the ship passengers noted earlier.

1851

The Bay of Indians

“The dollar sways the thoughts of the multitude, and of what avail are the little words of a few against such unspeakable madness.” --from “California, An Englishman’s Impressions of the Golden State” by Arthur T. Johnson

“To one who has not seen a redwood forest, description is futile.” -- from “A Memorial and Biographical History of Northern California. Pen Pictures from the Garden of the World” (by various authors)

- ♦ Gold rush in Wiyot territory

Just as the discovery of gold in Georgia meant expulsion for the Cherokees on whose land the precious metal had been found, so it happened with the Wiyots when gold was discovered in their territory in Humboldt County. As noted earlier, gold had been discovered in nearby Trinity County three years earlier, in 1848. A minor discovery at Gold Bluffs in Wiyot territory did not bode well for the natives there. The shiny attractor brought more whites to the area, along with their dubious “progress” and “civilization.”

The Wiyot people had inhabited their land for thousands of years. In the common nomenclature of the day, the Wiyots were often referred to as the Humboldt or Eel River tribes, also Humboldt Bay Indians and Klamath River Indians. The area in which they live has long been renowned for its majestic redwood forests and thick salmon runs. Before the coming of Euro-Americans, Wiyot people around Humboldt Bay hunted the area’s wildlife, fished for salmon and gathered roots for medicine, food, and basketry.

Humboldt Bay had remained hidden to three centuries of Spanish and English mariners. And so the tribe had not been affected by the Spanish, whose string of mission-prison camps did not extend that far north. In June 1775, six days before the Battle of Bunker Hill, Spaniards Bruno de Heceta and Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Cuadra had spent nine days in a small harbor fifteen miles north of Humboldt Bay. On Trinity Sunday they held a Catholic Mass on the bluff overlooking the bay and named the place Trinidad.

Two months later, seven weeks after Bunker Hill, San Francisco Bay was “discovered” (by whites).

Both Trinity River and Trinity County were later named for the bay, as it was mistakenly thought that Trinity River emptied into the bay (in actuality, Trinity River empties into the Klamath River). In his memoirs entitled “A Backward Glance at Eighty,” Charles A. Murdock explained who was mistaken, and why:

Among the very early settlers in California was Pearson B. Redding, who lived on a ranch near Mount Shasta. In 1845, on a trapping expedition, he struck west through a divide in the Coast Range and discovered a good-sized, rapid river flowing to the west. From its direction and the habit of rivers to seek the sea, he concluded that it was likely to reach the Pacific at about the latitude of Trinidad, named seventy years before. He thereupon gave it the name of Trinity.

What's in a name? In this case, a source of aggravation for many. Because of the name, in 1850 thousands of gold miners were misled into seeking to find the gold fields on the Trinity River by starting out from Trinidad Bay, thinking it would lead them to the Trinity River—which, of course, it didn't.

Lookouts on the mastheads of Briton Sir Francis Drake's ships in 1579 and Spaniard Sebastian Vizcaino's in 1603 probably saw Humboldt Bay (though not its entrance, which is hidden by sand dunes) during their voyages.

Vizcaino, at any rate, had been a little south, in Cape Mendocino (or "Cabo Mendocino," as the Spaniards called it). In his account of Vizcaino's voyage, "Father" Ascension wrote:

In this latitude of Cabo Mendocino, there were many mountain and much show of trees in valleys protected from the northwest wind. From what could be discerned of the country inland, it had a good appearance, and is of good character and fertile. It seemed to be inhabited by Indians, as on every side there were large numbers of smokes or fires.

British explorer George Vancouver spent what he described as three "gloomy and unpleasant" days in the area in 1793. The area was well-known to Russian fur traders by then, too. These Russian fur traders, who had devastated other areas, were initially uninterested in the sandy shores of the Humboldt Bay area, as they did not consider it a premiere sea-otter habitat. However, the first white to enter and chart Humboldt Bay, an American in their employ named Jonathan Winship, did indeed come for the sea-otters. As mentioned earlier, Winship called it "The Bay of Indians."

In 1845, the Humboldt River was named by John C. Fremont for German explorer and naturalist Baron Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt, who had earlier explored the area. Humboldt wrote to thank Fremont, who was the first person to name something for him on the North American Continent.

Once the bay's location was made known, many Euro-Americans arrived and described the bay in glowing terms. For example, Charles Gilman wrote in 1850:

The land is the most beautiful I ever saw—large hills sloping down to the water, and beautiful plateaus. The red wood, cedar, spruce, hemlock, oak, and alder abound. Fruits such as raspberries, strawberries, currants,

hazels, cherries, etc. are abundant. Many fine roots are also found, but what exceeds all I ever saw is the quantity of game and fish. Elk, deer, black and grizzly bear, beaver, otter. Geese, ducks, curlews, snipe, robin, partridge are without number. In this bay so bountifully supplied by nature we have made a location...rich mines are within two days...have every prospect of succeeding in accomplishing the object of our enterprise —by location of suitable land for a township in the neighborhood of the coast mines.

In 1853, John Carr wrote:

My first sight of Arcata [Uniontown] was a pleasing one. I thought it one of the most beautiful places for a town I had seen in the State, lying in and surrounded by a beautiful and productive country, with a forest of majestic redwoods for a background, and Humboldt Bay lying in front of it...to me it seemed like an earthly paradise.

And Mrs. R.F. Herrick, wife of the first Indian agent in the area, penned the following in 1859:

We thought Arcata the most beautiful place we had seen in California. The Plaza looked like green velvet, and the dark background of great redwood trees was the most beautiful I had ever seen. When I saw Arcata first, the sun was shining over it. I then thought that the Indian name, which means a bright or sunny spot, was very appropriate.

Gold and natural beauty were not the only things that brought large numbers of Euro-Americans to the area in this time period. Following the Josiah Gregg party's exploration of the area in 1849, whites began to move into the area for various reasons. The Gregg party, which surveyed the land route from Trinity County to Humboldt Bay and gathered scientific data along the route, had been welcomed by Wiyot chief Ki-wel-lat-tah.

The Mad River, which was along the part's route, was named such because of bad blood that arose between the Gregg party's leader and its other members. In his "A Backward Glance at Eighty," Charles A. Murdock described the scene thus:

Soon after crossing a small stream, now named Little River, they came to one by no means so little. Dr. Gregg insisted on getting out his instruments and ascertaining the latitude, but the others had no scientific interest and were in a hurry to go on. They hired Indians to row them across in canoes, and all except the doctor bundled in. Finding himself about to be left, he grabbed up his instruments and waded out into the stream to reach the canoe, which had no intention of leaving him. He got in, wet and very angry, nursing his wrath till shore was reached; then he treated his companions to some vigorous language. They responded in kind, and the

altercation became so violent that the row gave the stream its name, Mad River.

A member of the party later reported on the incident. Speaking of the expedition's namesake, he said:

He indulges in such insulting language and comparisons that some of the party, at best not too amiable in their disposition, came very near inflicting upon him summary punishment by consigning him, instruments and all, to this beautiful river. Fortunately for the old gentleman, pacific councils prevailed, and we were soon ready and off again. This stream, in commemoration of the difficulty I have just related, we called Mad river.

As mentioned, not all contact between the Indians and the whites was antagonistic. In fact, Kentuckian Lewis K. Wood, in particular, was befriended by the Wiyot's chief, who reciprocated the good will.

Unfortunately, though, contact between the two divergent cultures more often than not ended in disaster. Che-na-wah Weitch-ah-wah of the Yurok tribe wrote that the Euro-Americans forcibly moved any Wiyot who resisted the plunder of their lands to Smith River to live among a rival tribe. Later, the Wiyots were moved again, this time to the Klamath River, and eventually to the Hupa river reservation on the Trinity River. The resettlement was often bloody, as Che-na-wah described:

The order came to move them to the Hoopa (Hupa) reservation... so the Humboldts (Wiyot) were gathered together... by the soldiers, and were kicked and clubbed, the children thrown in boats, and when killed they were cast into the river.

Life in the region wasn't always without its dangers for the Euro-Americans, either. The aforementioned L.K. Wood was later crippled following an encounter with several grizzly bears while walking in the woods. Josiah Gregg also apparently died on a subsequent journey; neither his body nor his scientific data were ever recovered, though.

Wood had killed grizzly bears on earlier occasions. The encounter he had with grizzlies which ended in grief to himself, referred to above, provides one of the most exciting tales of bear attacks extant. Few have been as severely wounded as Wood and lived to tell the tale. The following account is contained in *History of Humboldt County* by Leigh Irvine, and quotes Woods' own account of his adventure:

We continued our course up the river as best we could, sometimes aided by an Indian or elk trail, at others literally cutting our way along. Upon passing from the forest into a small opening, we came suddenly upon five grizzly bears. Wilson and myself immediately went in pursuit of them, but unfortunately met with no further success than to wound one of them severely. The day following this, while traveling over a piece of mountain prairie, and passing a small ravine or gulch, we espied a group of no less

than eight more of these animals. Although exhausted from fatigue, and so reduced in strength that we were scarcely able to drag ourselves along, yet we determined to attack these grim customers.

It was arranged that I should approach as near as possible and fire, then make the best of my way to some tree for safety. The latter part of the arrangement I did not assent to, for one very good reason--I was so completely prostrated from exposure and starvation that had I the will to run, my limbs would scarcely have been able to execute their functions. We continued to approach our antagonists until within about fifty paces, when I leveled my rifle at the one nearest me, and after careful aim, fired. The shot was, to all appearances, a fatal one, for the huge monster fell, biting and tearing the earth with all the fury of one struggling in death. As soon as I had fired, Wilson said to me, in a low tone of voice, "Run! Run!" Instead, however, of yielding to his advice, I immediately commenced reloading my rifle. Wilson now discharged his gun at another with equal success.

When I had fired, five of the bears started up the mountain. Two now lay upon the ground before us, and a third yet remained, deliberately sitting back upon her haunches and evidently determined not to yield the ground without a contest, looking first upon her fallen companions and then upon us.

Wilson now thought it about time to retreat, and accordingly made the best of his way to a tree. Unfortunately for me, I could not get the ball down upon the powder, and in this predicament, so soon as Wilson started to run, the bear came dashing at me with fury. I succeeded, however, in getting beyond her reach in a small buckeye tree. I now made another effort to force the ball down my rifle but with no better success than at first, and was therefore compelled to use it to beat the bear off as she attacked the tree, for the purpose of breaking it down or shaking me out of it. She kept me busy at this for two or three minutes, when to my astonishment the bear I had shot down, having recovered sufficiently from the effects of the wound, came bounding toward me with all the violence and ferocity that agony and revenge could engender. No blow that I could inflict upon the head of the maddened monster with my gun could resist or even check her.

The first spring she made upon the tree broke it down. I had the good fortune to gain my feet before they could get hold of me, and ran down the mountain in the direction of a small tree, standing about thirty yards distant. Every jump I made I thought must be my last, as I could distinctly feel the breath of the wounded bear as she grabbed at my heels. I kept clear of her while running, but the race was a short one. On reaching the tree, or rather bush, I seized hold of the trunk of it and swung my body around so as to afford the bear room to pass me, which she did, and went headlong down the hill some twenty paces before she could turn back. I

exerted all my energies to climb the tree, but before I could get six feet from the ground, the hindermost bear caught me by the right ankle and dragged me down again. By this time the wounded bear had returned, and, as I fell, grabbed at my face. I, however, dodged, and she caught my by the left shoulder. The moments that followed were the most critical and perilous of my life. Here, then, thought I, was the end of all things to me! That I must perish--be mangled and torn to pieces--seemed inevitable. During all the time I was thus situated, my presence of mind did not forsake me.

Immediately after the second bear had caught me by the shoulder, the other still having hold of my ankle, the two pulled against each other as if to draw me to pieces; but my clothes and their grip giving way occasionally, saved me. In this way they continued until they had stripped me of my clothes, except a part of my coat and shirt, dislocated my hip, and inflicted many flesh wounds--none of the latter, however, being very serious. They seemed unwilling to take hold of my flesh, for, after they had divested me of my clothes, they both left me--one going away entirely, and the other (the wounded bear) walking slowly up the hill, about one hundred yards from me, and there deliberately seated herself and fastened her gaze upon me as I lay upon the ground perfectly still. After several minutes I ventured to move, which, I suppose, she must have seen, for the first motion brought her pell mell upon me again, roaring at every jump as loud as she could roar. At this moment, I must confess, my presence of mind nearly forsook me. I knew that if she again attacked or took hold of me it must be upon my naked flesh. No sooner had she reached me than she placed her nose violently against my side, and then raised her head and gave vent to two of the most frightful, hideous and unearthly yells that were ever heard by mortal man. I remained perfectly quiet, hoping that by so doing she would leave me, and in this hope I was not disappointed, for after standing over me a short time she again walked away. I now thought she had left for good, and determined to place myself, if possible, beyond her reach, should she, however, return again.

Up to this time I was unconscious of the extent of the injury I had received; that an accident had befallen my leg I was well aware, but not until I attempted to get up was my true situation manifest to me. I then found that I could not use my right leg, and supposed it was broken.

Turning to look about me, to assure myself that my enemy had retired, imagine my surprise at seeing her again not more than one hundred yards distant, sitting back upon her haunches and her eyes glaring full at me. With my leg in the condition I have related, I dragged myself to the buckeye bush, from which I had been pulled down by the bear, and after much difficulty succeeded in climbing up about eight feet. So soon as Wilson had discovered me up the tree, he left his tree and came to me. The bear seeing him, came bounding toward us with great ferocity. Wilson cried, "What in the name of God shall I do?" I replied that he could come

up the limb of the adjoining tree, and he was barely able to get beyond reach, before she arrived. She deliberately seated herself immediately beneath us, and kept her eyes steadily upon us, and as either one or the other of us happened to move, she would utter an angry growl. I observed Wilson present his rifle at her, and not shooting immediately, I said: "Shoot her--for God's sake, shoot her--for she is the beast that did me all the injury I have received!" He watched her eyes closely for a moment with his aim still fixed upon her, and when I again repeated my request for him to shoot, he replied: "No, sir; let her go--let her go, if she will."

After having detained us in this situation for a few minutes, she went away, and disappeared altogether, much to our joy and relief--thereby giving me an opportunity to get down from the tree.

Now that all fear of interruption from our late visitor was passed, I began fully to realize my true condition. The wounds I received became momentarily more painful. As soon as the remainder of the party came up, I was carried some distance down the mountain to a place suitable for camping. Here we remained twelve days, subsisting entirely upon the meat afforded by the bear Wilson shot in the late encounter.

Wood was seriously wounded, and he and his partners had to stay in camp for two weeks, as he could not be moved. Their case finally became critical enough, due to lack of food and water, that Wood told them to either arrange for the Indians to care for him or simply shoot him--he didn't want to die of starvation, and didn't feel he could bear to travel (no pun intended) with his severe injuries.

Eventually, though, after being treated by the Indians with a variety of herbs, and resting a little more, Wood did end up having himself strapped onto a horse and transported out of there. He bore the effects of the grisly grizzly encounter for the remainder of his life, though.

Besides the lure of gold, the "invasion" of whites into Humboldt County also took place partly as a result of the war with Mexico ending. Many soldiers were given land in California on the successful termination of hostilities. Mariners, farmers, and ranchers also poured into California, many of them settling in the Wiyot's traditional territory.

1852

Caught Red-Handed

“Liberty! - the electric word! What is it? Is there anything more in it than a name - a rhetorical flourish? Why, men and women of America, does your heart’s blood thrill at that word, for which your fathers bled, and your braver mothers were willing that their noblest and best should die? ... To your fathers, freedom was the right of a nation to be a nation. To him [George Harris], it is the right of a man to be a man, and not a brute; the right to call the wife of his bosom his wife, and to protect her from lawless violence; the right to protect and educate his child; the right to have a home of his own, a religion of his own, a character of his own, unsubject to the will of another.” -- from “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” by Harriet Beecher Stowe

“What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July? I answer; a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciations of tyrants, brass fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are, to him, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy—a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is not a nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of the United States, at this very hour.” -- Frederick Douglass

- ◆ Massacre of Wailakkis
- ◆ Massacre of Wiyots
- ◆ Massacre of Wintus at Bridge Gulch
- ◆ *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe

Although it is possible that Susan Lucky belonged to one of the other tribes who lived in the area--such as the Karok, Yurok, Chimariko, Mattole, Norelmuk, Wintu, or Wailakki--it seems most likely (albeit based on circumstantial evidence only) that she was Wiyot.

Census takers of the time did not customarily worry about which particular tribe a person belonged to, and so did not specify tribal information along with the rest of the census data. Susan was simply described in the census as being “full-blooded Indian.” Some claim the Shannons in Trinity County have Wailakki blood, but the Wailakki were originally from Chico, and were not brought to Round Valley (near Ukiah, in Mendocino County, which borders Humboldt County) until around 1858. So Susan, who was born in Humboldt County in the 1840s, was probably not Wailakki.

Besides Wiyot and Wailakki, there is another relatively strong possibility regarding Susan’s tribal affiliation. As reported in the book *In My Own Words; Stories, Songs, and Memories of Grace McKibbin, Wintu*

by Alice Shepherd, an Indian woman named Grace McKibbin had a first cousin once removed named Kate Lucky. As Grace was born in 1894, her father was probably born around 1870. As cousins are normally approximately the same age as one another, Grace's father's cousin (Grace's first cousin once removed) was probably also born around 1870. Susan Lucky, born 1840 or, more likely, 1846 or 1847, was apparently of the prior generation and, if related to Kate, was most likely her aunt.

After the 1860 massacre, when the remaining Wiyots merged with neighboring bands from other tribes (such as the Wailakki, as well as the Yurok, Karok, and the Mattole), it is conceivable that Susan either took on the surname of a family with whom she lived, or that the census taker recorded her surname as being "Lucky" due to the fact that she was then residing with a family of that name. At any rate, all of these tribes were small, and it is quite likely that intermarriage was not a rare event for them.

As noted earlier, Susan was born on Eel River Island, which was Wiyot territory and is very close to Table Bluff, the location of the Wiyot's main rancheria in modern times. Based on the location of Susan's birth, where she was known to have lived throughout her life--where she was also buried--as well as the fact that her son-in-law John Silva instructed his grandson Henry Look to give his (Silva's) land to the Wiyot tribe upon his death, his mother-in-law Susan was most likely a member of that tribe.

All three of the tribes which seem most likely to be Susan's--the Wiyot, the Wintu, and the Wailakki--experienced massacres around this time. The Wiyot and the Wailakki both suffered such this year of 1852. As we will see, though, the massacre of Wiyots in 1860 far out-shadows the one that took place this year, both in terms of scale and in its ruthless barbarity.

The massacre of Wailakkis occurred at Natural Bridges in Trinity County on April 23rd. About forty years after the massacre, a group of men organized themselves into a group, calling themselves "The Old Settlers." Some of the men who had participated in the massacre, or had been residents of Weaverville, related their recollections. One of the men who had been in the area in April 1852 recalled:

When the shooting stopped, and the guns, screams, and yelling had quieted, the bark teepees were in full blaze. The air was filled with the odor of burning flesh. I walked along the outer edge of the little valley. I had seen some Indians trying to escape near the edge. As I walked, I heard a gurgling, cooing sound. Turning over the body of a young squaw, I found a live infant in her arms. I took that child up and finding no wounds on its body, I carried it to a stream and washed away the blood. Then I wrapped it in a warm blanket and set it against the root of a pine tree, near the campfire. Soon, a lot of the boys came up to inspect my find. I was telling them about finding the child, when another group came near. This was a group of men who had been drinking too freely.

They wanted to kill the baby. They were killing anyone they might find still alive. Myself and some others, with guns drawn, stopped the killing. Two others were found alive, to the best of my knowledge. One was a girl of about fourteen or fifteen, maybe older. She had a wound in her abdomen. Also, there was a boy of about nine or ten years old who was not injured. I could not bear to see any of these children killed or left to starve, since there were no adults remaining to care for them. Some of us decided to take them back to the mines at Weaver Creek, near the main Trinity River.

On the long trip back to Weaver Creek, we had to cross a high mountain ridge which still had snow banks. It was a hard climb up and then a long trek down, over very rough country. We did have the advantage of some Indian trails which appeared to be very ancient, and which probably had provided the Indians with trading routes between the mighty Trinity River and the inland, high mountain hunting grounds. Later I would learn that the place where we had found the Indians was a favorite 'resort' for them in the warm season, and that they had gathered there for a Springtime Renewal. As I recall, it took about three days hard hiking to get back to Weaver, and since I was carrying the little girl and my gear, it was especially tough for me.

I was from a more civilized country and unused to this rough terrain before I had tackled the long trek from Ohio to California. Some of the men still had whiskey, and some were carrying "trophies" on poles. It is my best guess that these were either men who had come from frontier backwoods, or men who had completely lost their minds... When I arrived in town, I turned the little girl over to the care of Mrs. Ewing, whose husband owned the only hotel in town, if such dwellings could be called a 'hotel.' The accommodations were not such as you would expect now. It was a large room filled with bunk beds, and each bed had a blanket which was inhabited with bugs of unknown variety.

I believed Mrs. Ewing would care for the little brown child, who I judged to be about two years old. I heard later that a Mrs. Harper somehow came to be in possession of the child, but I know also that her husband got himself arrested and taken to trial at Oroville - I heard he robbed a woman on a stagecoach where he and the old woman were passengers. I believe Mr. Harper was in the Queen City of Shasta when he was arrested, and when she heard of his plight, Mrs. Harper got a mule and taking the child, she headed for Shasta. Rumor had it that, before coming to the mines in California, Mr. & Mrs. Harper had plied the cards on a Mississippi River boat for some time, but that is just a rumor I cannot verify.

Anyway, I heard that by the time she reached Shasta, she had decided that she could not, or should not take the Injun child with her. It was there that she sold the baby to a mule teamster who gave her forty-five dollars for the child, and he brought the baby who became known as Ellen, back

to Weaver Creek. Some time later, I heard that the teamster and his wife kept the child and raised her in their household. I guess she is still with their family in Weaver - or so I have heard.

Between 1852 and 1864, the natives in the region were nearly exterminated. Many of the women who survived did so only because they were either under the “protection” of white owners who used them as slaves or concubines, or who in some cases married them. The other option open to them was to lead an isolated life in the mountains, running and hiding from the Euro-Americans.

In one case, a young Indian girl was kidnapped by a white man--twice. Both times she escaped. He set out after her, to track her down and bring her in a third time, but the girl’s tribe found him first, and killed him.

In his memoirs entitled “A Backward Glance at Eighty,” Charles A. Murdock, who grew up in Humboldt County, having relocated there from Massachusetts as a young teenager, described the Indians of the mid-1850s in Humboldt county in this way:

There were many Indians, and they were interesting. They lived in rancherias of puncheons along the river. Each group of dwellings had a musical name. One village was called Matiltin, another Savanalta. The children swam like so many ducks, and each village had its sweathouse from which every adult, to keep in health and condition, would plunge into the swiftly flowing river. They lived on salmon, fresh or dried, and on grass-seed cakes cooked on heated stones. They were handsome specimens physically and were good workers.

...
The Indians were very friendly and hospitable. If I wanted an account-book that was on the other side of the river, they would not bother for a canoe, but swim over with it, using one hand and holding the book high in the air. I found they had settled habits and usages that seemed peculiar to them. If one of their numbers died, they did not like it referred to; they wished for no condolence. “Indian die, Indian no talk,” was their expression.



It was in this era and area that Susan Lucky married George Gorham. It is impossible to know now whether their alliance was one borne of romance, expedience, necessity, or a “lesser of two evils” choice made by Susan (assimilate or be annihilated). One thing we know for certain: Susan wasn’t “registered” at Wal*Mart in order to make it easier for her friends to purchase appropriate bridal gifts.

Susan’s Wiyot people were also the victims of a massacre this year, foreshadowing the worse one to come eight years later: In February, two white men living on the west side of Eel River, near Humboldt Bay, were murdered and their house robbed. Owing to high water, it was several

weeks before news of the murders reached the settlements. When the news did get out, groups of volunteers were hastily assembled at Eureka and other nearby communities. A rancheria of unsuspecting Wiyot Indians, living on the bay, was pounced upon and several Indians were killed. The posse then rode up the Eel River and killed some fifteen other natives—all without making any effort to discover just who the guilty Indians were—if, in fact, Indians *were* the culprits.

Not all whites agreed with this type of vigilante "justice," though. Redick McKee, Indian agent in the area, wrote a long letter to California Governor John Bigler, wherein he blamed the troubles on the whites and pleaded that measures be taken to "vindicate the laws of the country, as well as of humanity, and...bring some of these desperadoes to punishment."

If Susan Lucky did not suffer directly from or at least witness the 1852 massacres, she may have in 1860, possibly even losing one or both of her parents in one incident or the other. She was probably six years old in 1852, fourteen in 1860.

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The Wintu also suffered a devastating attack this year, known as the Bridge Gulch Massacre, from which there was only one survivor, an eight year old boy who "played dead" and, under cover of the thick gun smoke, crawled uphill through a gulch to escape the scene.

In "Pioneer Days," John Carr calls this tribe simply "Trinity Indians." In revenge for the killing of a man named Anderson, one hundred fifty-three Indians were wiped out:

A second Glencoe was about to be enacted—this time in the highlands of California instead of the highlands of Scotland. A tribe of people was about to be blotted from the face of the earth for revenge. As soon as it was sufficiently light to see that none could escape, the signal was given. The parties advanced on the camp where the foe were yet sleeping, and then commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children. Rifles and revolvers did the bloody work, with the help of the bowie-knife. After the carnage was over, one hundred and fifty-three dead bodies lay on the battle field. None escaped but three infants.

Oddly enough, just eight pages later, Carr makes this assertion concerning an event which also took place in Trinity county, during which two white men were killed by a sheriff posse: "Many of the old settlers of Weaverville, if they read this chapter, will remember the Fourth of July, 1852, as being the bloodiest day in the annals of the county." Yet, the "second Glencoe," which cost 153 lives, also occurred in Trinity County.

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The Civil War, almost ten years in the future, did not arise overnight or come as a complete surprise. Animosity between the agricultural south and the industrial north had been building for decades. Slavery was one of, but certainly not the only, point of contention between the two disparate regions. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin* engendered strong anti-slavery feelings among people formerly ignorant, undecided, or apathetic about the issue, and hardened the resolve of those who were already abolitionists. Stowe accomplished this by putting names and faces--albeit fictional--to the unwilling inmates of the "peculiar institution" of slavery.

It has been said that "The pen is mightier than the sword." Whether or not that is true, in this case the pen seems to have led to the sword. Abraham Lincoln is thought to have once referred to Mrs. Stowe as "the little lady who wrote the book that made this big war." As for Stowe herself, she always insisted that it was not she that wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but God.

The "little lady's" novel retained its popularity long after the Civil War ended. Even decades later, troupes of traveling actors recreated the story on stage throughout the country, even in small towns.

1854

Ruffians, Raiders, and Rebellions

"We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side which is stronger in numbers as it is in right." – William Seward

"We are playing for a mighty stake. The game must be played boldly. ... If we win we carry slavery to the Pacific Ocean, if we fail we lose Missouri Arkansas Texas and all the territories." – David Atchison

"It was a very bad battle as so few were killed." – from the newspaper “The San Francisco Bulletin”

- ◆ Kansas-Nebraska Act
- ◆ Chinese Tong War in Weaverville
- ◆ U.S. Grant leaves Humboldt County

On January 23rd, Congress passed the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which repealed the Missouri Compromise of 1820. No longer would all states north of latitude 36° 30' necessarily be “free”—instead, each state would decide for itself whether it wanted to be free or slave, based on a popular vote. Kansas and Nebraska were both very large territories (encompassing much more land than the current states of those names).

This situation brought the slavery issue front and center, and fanned the flames of existing pro-slavery/abolitionist antipathy higher and hotter than ever before. Partisans on both sides of the issue moved into these territories, to “get the vote out” for their side.

In his rip-roaring book of reminiscences entitled “Pioneer Days In California,” the “Black Republican” (member of the Free Soil Party) John Carr wrote the following regarding this momentous time and its effect on the residents in the northwestern portion of that state:

As soon as the passage of that act was known, men began to take sides on the slavery question—Northern men went with the North, Southern men with the South.

Later in the book, Carr continues regarding the situation in 1859:

The Kansas troubles were agitating the country. Civil War had commenced in that territory on a small scale. The Kansas-Nebraska Act had left the slavery question to the decision of the people of the territory directly interested. Free-State men from the North had emigrated to Kansas under the auspices of the anti-slavery societies in quite large numbers, while the Southern States had sent their pro-slavery men to plan the “divine institution” in that free land. The anti-slavery party, it is said, had armed its disciples with Sharp's rifles, free-soil tracts and bibles; while the pro-

slavery emigrants (known as border ruffians) were armed with the revolver and deadly bowie-knife. On the prairies of Kansas those hostile factions met, each side representing the fiery element of its section.

Kansas became a state January 28th, 1861; Nebraska did not enter the union until March 1st, 1867. Regardless of the border ruffians, such as "Bloody Bill" Quantrill's Raiders, Kansas chose to be a free state, disallowing slavery. By the time Nebraska became a state, slavery was no longer allowed *anywhere* in the country.



By 1854, a little less than forty years from when the Shannons would arrive in Trinity County, nearly two thousand Chinese people lived and worked in and around Weaverville, the county seat. For those familiar with the remoteness and sparse population of the area today, this figure is made more comprehensible when you take into account that more people lived in the area in the gold-rush 1850s than at any time since.

You might wonder why the Chinese came to California. Did they have no idea of the abuse they would suffer at the hand of the Euro-Americans? Wouldn't they have been better off remaining in China? Although it's impossible to give a definitive answer to these questions, there was a compelling reason for many of them to leave their homeland: A Civil War, called the T'ai P'ing Rebellion, raged in China from 1849 to 1864.

The Chinese immigrants earned a reputation as tireless workers, and so were much in demand as laborers, carpenters, cooks, and house servants. The popular 1950s television show "Bonanza," set in late 1800s western Nevada, just across the California state line near Mark Twain's old stomping grounds of Virginia City, depicted a ranching family which employed a Chinese cook.

In the mines, though, attitudes were different. Resentment of foreigners was epidemic among many of the prospectors, and the Chinese in particular were favorite targets of bigotry. The Chinese were different: They took work at lower wages than others; wore queues (pigtails), baggy trousers, and "coolie" hats made of split bamboo; carried buckets and bags of belongings suspended from a bamboo pole across their shoulders; preferred opium over whiskey, dried fish over beef, rice over beans, and tea over coffee; had a sing-song language and a "heathen" religion.

The Chinese often worked abandoned claims in the "diggings," sifting through tailings and dumps. A common phrase in the mines for a particularly worthless prospect was "one even a Chinaman would pass by." But if the waste gravel produced a bit of gold, they were driven off.

Although chased off the better claims, and only allowed to work the land rejected by whites, Chinese miners had to pay a four dollar per

month “head tax.” White miners paid no such tax—it applied to foreigners only.

To provide an indication of how Chinamen were treated during the gold rush, note this passage from “Pioneer Days in California” by John Carr:

We moved to what was known as Webber Creek, where I got my first look at a Chinaman. The fellow was coming down the creek with a big broad hat on, dressed in what seemed to me to be women's clothes, with a bamboo pole on his shoulders with two great bundles at each end. I told my partner I was going to see that Chinaman, and getting out of the claim I halted “John,” to give him a thorough examination. He commenced begging, saying he had no money.

“Me velly poo' Chinaman—no muchee dust.”

At the same time he pulled out a bag of dust, which he offered to give me if I would let him go. I told him that I did not want to rob him, but to look at him. After a while he began to comprehend what I wanted, and pulled down his queue, showed me his bundle, and gave me some China tea, and I gave him his dinner, after which we parted “velly good flends.” While I worked there “John” would make us a call whenever he passed that way.

From the Chinaman's reactions it's obvious that Mr. Carr was a more gentle soul than many whites the Chinese had to deal with. As if the whites weren't enough of an enemy, this year a one-day war was waged in Trinity County between two Chinese “tongs,” or factions, identified as the Cantons and the Hongkongs. After a Canton leader was killed, his tong issued a challenge to the other and a ‘battle’ was scheduled by mutual agreement to take place one month later.

The rival tongs had been quarreling for months, and their animosity was, if not instigated, at least exacerbated by some of the whites in the area. Despite what Edwin Starr says in his song “War,” war is good for more than just the undertaker: It ramps up the economy (for some, anyway), a result that is enjoyed especially by non-participant merchants. As a result of the impending conflict, in July every blacksmith in Weaverville and surrounding camps was busy making weapons: Spears with three prongs, curved hooks affixed to fifteen-foot-long poles, swords, and shields of iron or plaited straw.

For some of those provoking the hostilities, it may have been more of a lark or simply a chance to have some “fun” at others’ expense--a practical joke turned deadly serious.

The local sheriff, a man named Lowe, tried to prevent the battle, but was unable to. The two “armies” drilled and paraded. Finally, on the day of battle, July 14th, the two tongs assembled at Five Cent Gulch near Weaverville. Both sides heralded their advent with horns and gongs, each force carrying heavy two-handled swords, pikes, daggers, shields, and

bright banners on long poles. The white throng of two thousand white miners not only observed, but also bet on the outcome and served as military advisers.

The armies continued marching and parading for two hours, hurling insults and threats. Finally, they clashed. Some accounts of the fight claim that the Canton tong outnumbered the Hongkong tong by a ration of three to one (four hundred men to one hundred thirty). Whatever the case, the Hongkongs forced the Cantons into an untenable position, dividing their force among the crowd of spectators, and defeated them. The casualty tally was at least seven Chinamen killed and twenty to thirty wounded in the ten-minute battle.

The *San Francisco Bulletin*, true to a prevalent sentiment of the day, reported on the event as quoted above.

It was earlier noted that blacksmiths did a “land office” business at this time, fashioning weapons for the Chinese factions in preparation for the upcoming unpleasantness. It is interesting to also compare the account of one of those blacksmiths, namely the previously quoted John Carr, author of the books “A Vulcan Among the Argonauts” (“Vulcan” being a nickname of the day for a blacksmith) and “Pioneer Days in California.” In the latter book, Carr described the Chinese incident this way:

In the summer of -54 the burg was thrown out of its usually quiet and peaceful ways by two bands of hostile Chinamen, the Hongkongs and Cantons. It appeared that, for several months previous, there had been trouble between the factions. One or the other of the parties would occasionally get some of their men hurt by the opposite faction, and then there would be war on a miniature scale. Finally they killed one of the Cantons' leading men, and patience ceased to be a virtue with them. They challenged the Hongkongs for a regular pitched battle, to come off about a month ahead. The Hongkongs accepted the challenge thus thrown at them, and commenced preparing for action. The first I knew of the impending war came from one of the China bosses, who came into the shop with a pattern similar to the iron of a pike-pole and wanted to know how much I would charge to make one hundred like the pattern out of steel. I told him one dollar and fifty cents each. He told me to go ahead. About an hour later the boss of the Hongkongs came into the shop and asked: “How muchee one hundled?”

I told him one dollar and fifty cents. He told me if I would quit making them for the Cantons he would give me two hundred for his company. I said: “All right, John.”

In a short time afterwards the boss of the Cantons made his appearance, and told me, if I would quit the Hongkongs' work, he would give me two dollars and a half, and I could make him three hundred more. I said: “All right, John.”

They were a little different from the first lot, but just as easily made. This was crowding things in my line pretty heavily, besides my regular work, which was driving me considerable. For three weeks I ran the shop day and night, making China instruments of war. Some of the queerest things I made for them that I have ever seen or read of—great spears with three prongs, heavy enough for old Goliath to have wielded in his day; others were made something like brush scythes. And they would take them away from the shop before they were cold, and pay up for them. They had nearly every blacksmith shop in the country engaged in like manner. In the meantime other Chinamen were in the woods cutting poles fourteen or fifteen feet long, bringing them to town, and dressing them up for handles for the instruments we were making. Things were going on finely. After they got one or two hundred armed men on each side they would frequently drill in the streets. One party had the upper end of town, on Court street, and the other party had the lower end. So there was very little danger of them coming together in town, and the whites gave them to understand that if they got to fighting in the streets and injured a white man, the whites would kill every mother's son of them on both sides. Finally both armies got armed and drilled, and the day was set for the fight.

In the meantime William M. Lowe, the Sheriff of the county, came to me and forbade my making any more war instruments for the belligerents, or delivering any that I had on hand, knowing that they were going to disturb the peace with them. I tried to reason with him, but it was "no go." Finally, I inquired of him what the penalty was.

"A fine of five hundred dollars!"

"Is that all?" I said, "and when will you enforce it?"

"When the Grand Jury meets," said he, "I will have you indicted sure."

"All right, Mr. Lowe," I replied. "I can afford to pay five hundred dollars, and them come out winner in the game." I went on making war instruments. That was the last I heard of it. I was not indicted.

...

The hostile armies stood facing each other, halloing all sorts of slang at each other in their own language. Finally it began to be rumored that there was not going to be a fight—that they were fooling the boys who had come so far to see it. That was more than the honest minders could stand, and they were not going to stand it either. Finally, after waiting until patience was exhausted, they started to drive the two armies together and make them fight, whether they wanted to or not.

...

In the meantime another party of whites got between the two divisions of Hongkongs and would not let one division take any part in the fight. This left the big party really the smallest. When the Cantons saw the turn

things had taken in their favor, they charged across the gulch, or flats, up the bank and into the ranks of the Hongkongs. The Hongkongs stood to their work like men. As soon as they crossed pikes with each other, then commenced the popping of pistols. I was standing with a number of others on a large log, on the brow of the gulch, a short distance from the scene of the fight. When the pistols commenced popping I turned round to jump off the log so as to get behind it. A Swede was standing on the same log with a six-shooter in his hand, shooting into the combatants indiscriminately, just for the fun of it. Before I left the log he fell over with a bullet through his brain. He never knew what hit him. As soon as he fell, there was a scampering—behind the log was considered a much safer place than on top of it. The fellow died immediately. He no doubt was shot by a white man close by. In after years I was told the fellow's name who fired the fatal shot. But the general verdict was that it served him right.

A short time after this wanton slaughter, most of the Chinese left Trinity County, due mainly to a change in the economy. By the 1860s, mining in the area was pretty much played out, and many of the Chinese had gone to work building the Transcontinental railroad across the Sierra Nevada mountains. The Chinese did not leave without a trace, though. The Weaverville Joss House, where they worshiped, still exists. Also, miles of boulders, carefully piled along Trinity Alp streams, testify to their hard work while mining.

Even as late as 1905, the Chinatown in Weaverville was one of the largest in the state. In late October of that year, though, a fire ravaged the entire Chinese district, practically wiping it out.

This is not to say that mining operations completely dried up. Large scale gold mining went on into the 1930s, in fact. And the population did not completely wither, either: By the late 1800s, “red gold” (redwood lumber) and other types of wood would be the primary source of income in the area, as logging and saw-milling operations grew stronger. In fact, logging, along with ranching, is what would occupy Theodore Roosevelt Shannon throughout his life in Trinity County.

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Future Civil War general and U.S. President Ulysses S. Grant resigned his commission as a Captain in the Army in the middle of the year after a bleak five months at Fort Humboldt. Grant did not get along with his commanding officer, who was considered a martinet and a stickler for detail--traits that were bound to rattle the down-to-earth, no-frills Grant. The weather was also predominantly wet and gloomy during Grant's stay on the coast. Above all, perhaps, he missed his family.

The reason a fort was established in Humboldt County in the first place? In their booklet “Redwood Pioneer—a frontier remembered: Seed of Settlement Brought A Bountiful Harvest,” Genzoli and Martin wrote:

It all began when difficulties between the Indians and the arriving white settlers intensified. The latter called out loud-and-long for military protection.

For the years to follow, there were various kinds of skirmishes and battles, but not always for the protection of the settlers—some of the commanding figures felt the Indians needed as much protection from the vengeance of the invading whitemen. This did not always go well with the pioneer citizenry.

As to who needed protection from whom, Genzoli and Martin wrote in another booklet in the “Redwood” series, namely “Redwood Country—Legacy of the Pioneer: The Real Western Frontier Tells Its Own Story”:

The Army had arrived to bring protection to the white settlers who had fallen victim to the wrath of the Indians, whose rights were gradually being degraded by ruthless white plunderers.

When the army finally abandoned Fort Humboldt in 1892, many were even at that advanced period of time not ready to see them leave. This was two years after the U.S. Census bureau had declared the frontier officially closed, and around the time that Will Shannon was moving into the area. The booklet excerpted from above goes on to explain:

In Eureka, the Chamber of Commerce had been carrying on a frenzied correspondence with Washington, D.C., the Indian Agency, Congressmen, to turn off the exodus of the U.S. Army. The Chamber of Commerce said conditions were still far from settled, and here in Eureka, the tone of communications gave letter recipients the idea of a pending attack—at any moment. But the Infantry left, just the same.

And, according to the June 30, 1892 edition of *The Humboldt Times*, the end to military activity at Fort Humboldt was celebrated by the principals:

“With one or two individual exceptions, they were given their liberty until 1 p.m. The way those brave defenders of our country's flag 'lit out' for the nearest beer emporiums was a caution.”

Today, the former site of Fort Humboldt has been assimilated into Eureka proper.

For more on who needed protection from whom, see the 1860 chapter.

1856

Spanning the Big Muddy

“The Mississippi River – too damned muddy to drink, too wet to plow.” – U. S. Grant

“The European nations found us here and were made aware that it was possible for man to exist and subsist here...” – Pleasant Porter, Creek

- ♦ The first Bridge across the Mississippi River

A great facilitator in allowing a migration of peoples from east to west was the bridging of the Mississippi River. The first bridge was built across the “Big Muddy” this year, connecting Rock Island, Illinois with Davenport, Iowa.

Black Hawk, whose home had been near Rock Island and who died on a reservation in Iowa, had only been dead eighteen years when this monumental event took place. Crossing the Mississippi River instantly became a safer proposition, more family- and “user”-friendly. The floodgates of humanity that would stream across the current of the river now began to swell tremendously.

The Kollenborns’ first home in the United States had been on the east side of the Mississippi, in Illinois, a little north and east of St. Louis. They were among those who would, just a few years later, cross the Mississippi, probably via a bridge, on their migration westward from Illinois to Missouri.

1857

Islands in the Stream

"Our Civil War was a blot on our history, but not as great as the buying and selling of Negro souls." – Mark Twain

"It is impossible for us to suppose these creatures to be men, because, allowing them to be men, a suspicion would follow that we ourselves are not Christian." -- Baron Montesquieu

"Emerson has said that consistency is a virtue of an ass. No thinking human being can be tied down to a view once expressed in the name of consistency. More important than consistency is responsibility. A responsible person must learn to unlearn what he has learned. A responsible person must have the courage to rethink and change his thoughts. Of course there must be good and sufficient reason for unlearning what he has learned and for recasting his thoughts. There can be no finality in rethinking." – B. R. Ambedkar

- ◆ Dred Scott case
- ◆ Robert E. Huddleston born
- ◆ Thomas Shannon dies

The controversy caused by the Dred Scott case edged the nation a step closer to war. Dred was a slave who had been taken to the non-slave States of Illinois and Wisconsin by his captor, an army surgeon named John Emerson, before being brought back to Missouri. Mr. Scott sued for his freedom, on the basis of having lived in those free States. The Supreme Court did not see things Dred's way, though. In fact, Chief Justice Roger Taney went so far as to say that blacks were not citizens, and were "so inferior that they had no rights which a white man was bound to respect."

Mr. Scott lived in Illinois at the time the Kollenborns were there, and they no doubt knew about his (both literal and figurative) trials. Although most German-Americans were anti-slavery (in fact, some historians claim that the German population in Missouri were responsible for preventing that State from seceding from the union, which may have made the difference in the war), it is impossible to know from this distance of time what the Kollenborns' exact thoughts were on the issue in general or the Dred Scott case in particular.

Besides the travesty of justice imposed on Mr. Scott himself, the court's unconscionable decision could have been the leading edge of a wedge that would expand slavery to the north. For, if one could take slaves along to non-slave states, and retain them as such, what would prevent people from taking numbers of slaves north for stays of indefinite periods, thus making the whole country, in effect, enslaver-friendly?

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Robert Huddleston, Albert Kollenborn's maternal grandfather, was born in Tennessee in the mid-to-late 1850s. Various documents report his year of birth as being 1856, 1857, and 1858. And so the middle in those range of years is (admittedly arbitrarily) chosen as his theoretical birth year.

Robert's grandmother Sally attempted to bring her five children to Missouri from Claiborne County, Tennessee. Robert's father/Sally's son John Wesley Huddleston was twenty years old at the time. Although young, John Wesley already had a son at the time of the move. We know this because this son, Robert, was born in Tennessee rather than Missouri. Based on when and where Robert was born, this move must have occurred in the mid-to-late 1850s (depending on just how old John Wesley was when he fathered Robert). Unfortunately, Sally died on the trip west. Even if her husband Benjamine was still alive, he was apparently not with the family.

The orphaned children were placed with various families on their arrival in Missouri. Nine-year old Lizzie (Ruth Elizabeth) stayed with her older brother John Wesley (and presumably his wife, Laura (Lee) Huddleston), along with young Robert. Lizzie may have been more of a second mother than an aunt to Robert, who ended up naming his daughter--who would become Albert Kollenborn's mother--after her (more on that in the 1889 chapter).

Most of this branch of the Huddleston family lived in and around Lexington, Missouri, by the early 1900s. Lexington is only about fifty-two miles from Carrollton, where Robert's daughter Lizzie would marry James Branstuder in 1914, and also about fifty-two miles from Brunswick, where Lizzie and her family (including her son from her first marriage, Albert Kollenborn) lived in the 1910s and the "roaring" 1920s.

The Branstdusers had arrived in the United States from Germany by 1748 at the latest. In that year, an ancestor of Jim's, namely Johannes Jacob Brandstetter (the original spelling of the name), whose parents had been born in Germany, was born in Pennsylvania. By 1824, Jim's forebears were in Ohio, in Illinois by 1875, and in Missouri by 1891. The spelling of their surname changed from Brandstetter to Branstitter in the early 1800s and then to the current spelling of Branstuder around 1850.

With Lizzie, Jim would subsequently leave Missouri for Oklahoma and, finally, Oklahoma for Arkansas.

In his book "Report on a Journey to the Western States of North America" Duden helps explain why the Kollenborns may have chosen this part of Missouri in which to live: "On the north side of the Missouri, the extent of fertile land is very great. The emigration of Americans from the older states has been tending to favor this direction."

It is claimed that Huddleston is a Tennessee Cherokee name. It is also a Scots name, meaning "Huddle stone," or stone from a place named Huddle (or some variation of that spelling). Although no known pictures

of Robert Huddleston exist, his daughter Ruie Lee Elizabeth Huddleston, Albert's mother, looked as if she could easily be part Indian:

{{ 2_1857LizzieAndLulaMaeAndJim.tif -- half page }}

Picture of (from left to right) Lula Mae Branstuder, Ruie Lee Elizabeth "Lizzie" (Huddleston) Branstuder, and (behind them) Jim Branstuder, at their home in Hiwasse, Arkansas in the 1930s

In *The Surnames of Scotland* by George F. Black, it is stated that Huddlestons have been in America since 1620, with the arrival of Captain John Huddleston, master of the *Bona Nova*. Recall that this Huddleston came to the assistance of the Puritans in Plymouth when they were in need of food in the early years. By 1850, those surnamed Huddleston were living predominantly in Iowa and Missouri.

John Wesley Huddleston, Lizzie (Huddleston) Kollenborn Branstuder's grandfather, applied for citizenship in the Cherokee nation (application # 4798). He apparently knew, thought, or hoped he was Cherokee, although he apparently could not prove that he was (for an unknown reason, his application was not accepted).

It is also unknown whether these Huddlestons had any indirect familial relation to Mark Twain's friend and benefactor Henry Huttleston Rogers. True, the names are not exactly the same, but they could have been originally the same, as Kollenborn and Kollenburn both stem from the same original family (see the 1888 chapter for a discussion of where and when this alteration of spelling came about). Henry Huttleston Rogers was given his mother's maiden name as his middle name, as was common practice at the time. Shannon family members who bore their mother's maiden names as their middle name include George Raymond Gorham, possibly Esther Silva Nelson (some documents show her middle name as Silva, but others as Sylvia), and Jeremiah Bliss Nelson (who coincidentally had both a paternal grandfather as well as a maternal great-grandfather also named Jeremiah).

Another naming convention of the day was to give a child the first and middle name of a famous personage's first name and surname. Examples of this practice among the Shannon and Kollenborn families include Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and his brother Calvin Coolidge Shannon; Henry Harrison Kollenborn; Andrew Jackson Green, and his wife Mary Magdalene (Haecker) Green. Also, Jeremiah Bliss Nelson's father was named Benjamin Franklin Nelson.

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Thomas Shannon, the patriarch of the Shannons on the American continent, died this year in Canada at 64 years of age.

1859

Drawing the Line

“Talk! Talk! Talk! That will never free the slaves. What is needed is action-action!” – John Brown

“Caution! Caution, sir? I am eternally tired of hearing the word caution. It is nothing but the word of cowardice.” – John Brown

“All right, then—I’ll go to hell!” – from “The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn” by Mark Twain

*John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
His soul goes marching on.*
-- from William Steffe's song "John Brown's Body"

“It is not advisable to wear ones best trousers when going out to fight for truth and justice.” -- Henrik Ibsen

- ◆ John Brown's body a-moulderin' in the grave
- ◆ Movement to split California
- ◆ William Kollenborn and Charlotte Angeline Hilly wed

Radical abolitionist John Brown raided the federal armory at Harper's Ferry, Virginia this year. Brown and his band of twenty-one were hoping to steal weapons with which to arm blacks and lead a slave revolt (a would-be member of this small army was Harriet "Moses" Tubman, a former slave who had led many slaves to freedom; Mrs. Tubman was absent due to illness). Their efforts backfired, though: Brown was captured by future confederate military leaders Robert E. Lee and J.E.B. "Jeb" Stuart, and eventually hanged.

Present at his execution were U.S. Army soldiers John Wilkes Booth and Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson. Brown's martyrdom on December 12th was yet another event that spotlighted the slavery issue and moved the nation one step closer to war. Herman Melville called Brown "The meteor of the war."

John Brown and Robert E. Lee had something in common that they also held in common with Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War: they felt they were instruments in the hands of God, doing his will.

Nowadays, Harper's Ferry is no longer in Virginia, but rather in West Virginia. This is not because the town has changed its longitude or latitude. During the Civil War, the western part of Virginia (which has been described as the "homeland of crotchety backwoodsmen and squirrel hunters") did not want to secede from the Union, and so it formed a new free and pro-Union state. It was allowed into the Union on

the condition that it turn over the arsenal at Harper's Ferry to the Federal government.

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Whereas the Civil War led to the division of Virginia into two states, the same conflict may have *prevented* California from going down that road. In this year of 1859, State senator Andres Pico succeeded in getting a bill passed by the legislature calling for the horizontal separation of California into Northern and Southern sections.

This idea to split California in two was not new. Back in 1851, the *Los Angeles Star* editorialized that southern California would be better off as a Territory dependent upon the federal government than as six counties neglected by the state. The South, the newspaper said, received hardly anything for its tax dollar. The idea was to form the new Territory of Colorado from what was at the time the southern part of California. Pico's bill was approved by popular vote in the state and was then sent to Congress for consideration. The outbreak of the Civil War destroyed its chances of becoming a reality, though.

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William Kollenborn and Charlotte Angeline Hilly were united in marriage March 7th in western Illinois. They would become the great-grandparents of Albert Kollenborn.

1860

Massacres, Emancipators, and Wiry Fellows

“Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation, we began by declaring that ‘all men are created equal.’ We now practically read it ‘all men are created equal, except negroes.’ When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read ‘all men are created equal, except negroes, and foreigners, and catholics.’ When it comes to this I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty —to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy.” – Abraham Lincoln

“South Carolina is too small for a republic and too large for an insane asylum.” – James L. Petigru

“What amount of suffering it takes to make a man a babe-killer, is a question for future moralists.” – Bret Harte, February 29th, 1860

“In the Atlantic and Western States, the Indians have suffered wrongs and cruelties at the hands of the stronger race. But history has no parallel to the recent atrocities perpetrated in California. Even the record of Spanish butcheries in Mexico and Peru has nothing so diabolical.” -- from the May 12th, 1860 issue of the “New York Century” newspaper

“This relatively small geographical area is a microcosm of the brutal savagery of the white Anglo-Saxon transient, who came to rape a land and a people. Those shibboleths of ‘inevitable conflict’, ‘the greatest good for the greatest number’, and ‘the destiny of the white man’ are the ramblings of a violent national attitude that brought death, destruction and dishonor upon the western hemisphere.” -- from the Preface to “Genocide in Northwestern California: When Our Worlds Cried” by Jack Norton

“Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.” – Martin Luther King, Jr.

- ◆ Lincoln elected President
- ◆ The Pony Express
- ◆ Massacre of Wiyots near Eureka, California
- ◆ Census

When considering what happened of import on the national scene in 1860, many Americans would think first of Abraham Lincoln’s victory in that year’s Presidential campaign. For others, the beginning of the Pony Express may also come to mind. For a much smaller number of people, the year 1860 may bring to mind the orchestrated wanton slaughter of Wiyot Indians that took place simultaneously at three locations near Eureka, California in the winter of that year.

A common thread in these three events is the untimely demise of all the subjects: Just five years later, in 1865, Lincoln was assassinated by

a former soldier and then-thespian named John Wilkes Booth; the Pony Express was dealt a death blow by the telegraph less than 20 months after the express company's inception; and hundreds of Wiyots, many of them in the prime of life, were murdered. In fact, as can be readily deduced from Bret Harte's quote above, many of those killed were mere infants.

Another common thread that runs through these events is that the principals (Lincoln, Pony Express, Indians) are all today American icons. But there was no Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. in 1860; the Pony Express was just another enterprise, to be patronized or not, depending on your need for its services—probably most Americans of the day never heard of it; and as for the Indians? They, especially, were not treated as anything special at the time. In fact, as Dee Brown describes in detail in his book "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee," a thirty-year period of especially brutal slaughter of the Indians began in 1860.

Although Lincoln is currently one of the most, if not *the* most, popular U.S. Presidents in history, the 1860 Presidential election was very hotly contested. The South had already threatened to secede from the Union if *any* Republican was elected (actually, slave states had been talking secession for years, but the heat of the rhetoric intensified to fever pitch at this time). Illinois Senator Stephen Douglas was no fall guy; he provided a genuine challenge to fellow statesman Lincoln. In fact, only 40% of Americans cast their ballot for Lincoln--who didn't even appear on the ballot in ten southern States. Still, of course, 40% was more than Douglas and the others received.

While this may appear to be a shockingly low percentage for the man now viewed as The Great Emancipator, it is not all that rare for "only" 40% to vote for the winner in any given election. In actuality, it could only be expected that the majority of citizens would vote for an individual if two conditions were met: the number of candidates running for the office was limited to two; and all members of the populace cast a ballot. The first condition is seldom true. In 1860, for instance, besides the Republican Lincoln and the Democrat Douglas, John C. Breckinridge ran as a Southern Democrat, and John Bell as the Constitutional Union party representative. The second condition (everybody voting) is never true, nor would it ever be in a free society.

Although Lincoln garnered only 40% of the popular vote, he did receive 60% of the electoral votes—180, as compared to 123 for Douglas, Breckinridge, and Bell combined. By way of comparison, sixth President James Monroe came close to being the unanimous choice when he ran uncontested for reelection in 1820.

Another oddity regarding this year's election was that Lincoln and his Vice Presidential running mate had never met. Following their election, Lincoln wrote to Hannibal Hamlin, and suggested that it might be a good idea for them to get acquainted.

Some people were more than just a little perturbed by Lincoln's ascendancy to the Presidency. Following through on their threat, South

Carolina seceded on January 9th, 1861, fewer than three weeks following Lincoln's December 20th victory.

Other southern states soon followed. More on that later, though.

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The Pony Express offered swift (for the times) delivery of mail along its route from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California. The "help wanted" ad for these long-distance jockeys was a beckoning call to adventuresome or desperate people who could meet the following prerequisites:

WANTED: Young, skinny, wiry fellows, not over eighteen. Must be expert riders willing to risk death daily. Orphans preferred. Wages \$25 per week.

Stated otherwise: Old fat guys, the timid, and those whose demise would cause undue heartache to various and sundry relatives need not apply.

The Pony Express operated like a relay race: the riders spurred their mounts at full speed from one station to the next, where they were relieved by a fresh horse and rider, passing the mail like a baton from one man to the next. Its retinue of riders, which included William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, carried parcels just under 2,000 miles within a ten-day span—averaging upwards of two hundred miles per day!

This work was performed by five hundred horses and eighty riders—forty heading east and forty heading west at any given time. In a total 650,000 miles of travel by the Pony Express riders, only one parcel was lost.

In his excellent book *Roughing It*, Mark Twain described the phenomenon:

In a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks and watching for the "pony-rider"--the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joe to Sacramento, carrying letters nineteen hundred miles in eight days! Think of that for perishable horse and human flesh and blood to do! The pony-rider was usually a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance. No matter what time of the day or night his watch came on, and no matter whether it was winter or summer, raining, snowing, hailing, or sleetting, or whether his "beat" was a level straight road or a crazy trail over mountain crags and precipices, or whether it led through peaceful regions or regions that swarmed with hostile Indians, he must be always ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind! There was no idling-time for a pony-rider on duty. He rode fifty miles without stopping, by daylight, moonlight, starlight, or through the blackness of darkness--just as it happened. He rode a splendid horse that was born for a racer and fed and lodged like a gentleman; kept him at his

utmost speed for ten miles, and then, as he came crashing up to the station where stood two men holding fast a fresh, impatient steed, the transfer of rider and mail-bag was made in the twinkling of an eye, and away flew the eager pair and were out of sight before the spectator could get hardly the ghost of a look. Both rider and horse went "flying light."

The rider's dress was thin, and fitted close; he wore a "round-about," and a skull-cap, and tucked his pantaloons into his boot-tops like a race-rider. He carried no arms--he carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, for even the postage on his literary freight was worth five dollars a letter. He got but little frivolous correspondence to carry--his bag had business letters in it, mostly. His horse was stripped of all unnecessary weight, too. He wore a little wafer of a racing-saddle, and no visible blanket. He wore light shoes, or none at all. The little flat mail-pockets strapped under the rider's thighs would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as airy and thin as gold-leaf, nearly, and thus bulk and weight were economized. The stage-coach traveled about a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five miles a day (twenty-four hours), the pony-rider about two hundred and fifty. There were about eighty pony-riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretching in a long, scattering procession from Missouri to California, forty flying eastward, and forty toward the west, and among them making four hundred gallant horses earn a stirring livelihood and see a deal of scenery every single day in the year. We had had a consuming desire, from the beginning, to see a pony-rider, but somehow or other all that passed us and all that met us managed to streak by in the night, and so we heard only a whiz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the windows. But now we were expecting one along every moment, and would see him in broad daylight. Presently the driver exclaims: "HERE HE COMES!" Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across the endless dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! In a second or two it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling--sweeping toward us nearer and nearer--growing more and more distinct, more and more sharply defined--nearer and still nearer, and the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear--another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away like a belated fragment of a storm! So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unreal fancy, that but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail-sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, maybe.

This exciting and romantic endeavor was short-lived, however. Any who may have sought a long-term career with the Pony Express, which began operation April 3rd, would have been disappointed on November

21st, 1861, less than 600 days later. On that date, the Central Overland Express ceased operation, as their service was made obsolete by the invention and implementation of the telegraph, which provided faster and less expensive delivery of messages.

Samuel Morse had invented the telegraph in 1837, but it wasn't until 1844 that it was mature enough to be of practical use. An additional seventeen years were necessary until a coast-to-coast network of telegraph poles were completed--in 1861, twenty-four years after his invention.



We now turn our attention to the least-well-known of this year's incidents that we will consider--the coordinated massacre of hundreds of Indians on the northern coast of California. Even many of those who are knowledgeable regarding native Americans are ignorant of this attack. For example, Dee Brown's book *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, which contains a panoply of accounts of Indian massacres between 1860 and 1890, does not so much as mention this incident. First, some background information:

While stationed at Fort Humboldt, Hiram Ulysses Grant, lonely for his wife and children, complained about the isolation of the post and the cold, wet, weather there. The Wiyots in 1860 would have doubtless welcomed a return to their prior condition, that is to say, the isolation that they had previously enjoyed.

According to the 1870 census, Susan Lucky was a full-blooded Indian. As discussed in the 1852 chapter, it is most likely that Susan Lucky was a member of the Wiyot tribe. As has been mentioned, though, in each of the three most probable cases of her tribal affiliation (that is, Wiyot, Wailakki, or Wintu), her people experienced at least one massacre during this time period.

It has also been noted that Susan Lucky was eventually married to George Raymond Gorham, the Yankee sailor born 1819 in Nantucket, Massachusetts. Susan and George would become the great-grandparents of Esther Sylvia Nelson, who would marry Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

Although their marriage was not officially registered with Humboldt County until February 21st, 1869, Susan and George were probably husband and wife for many years prior to that. This assumption is made partly due to their ages in 1869 (Susan was twenty-nine and George was fifty), but mainly because Susan had given birth to their daughter, Mary Abby Gorham, five years prior to that date, in July of 1864.

Most, if not all, Indian women in northwestern California had three ornamental lines tattooed on their chins. One white man described an Indian woman of the time as having "one hundred eleven on her chin." According to illustrations, the "one hundred eleven" on squaws' chins were vertical lines descending to the bottom of their chins from each end of their bottom lip and from just below the middle of the bottom lip.

George Gorham was himself a “marked man.” The “1896 County of Humboldt Great Register” stated that he bore a “tattoo on both his wrists.” Whether this body decoration stemmed from his time as a mariner, or was an attempt by him to “go native,” these markings may have aided him in becoming more readily accepted by his wife’s extended family, among whom tattooing of both males and females was customary.

Susan’s people were barely considered human by the government and many of its officially recognized citizens. Since Indians were not allowed the right to testify in court, they were easy targets of violence and discrimination. Indian children were still being bought and sold in California at this time. Even kidnapping and slavery of Indians (mostly women and children) was legal as a result of California’s 1850 Indian indenture law.

The Indians in general were just an afterthought on census enumerations. California did not issue Indian roll numbers until 1929, thirty-five years after Susan’s death (meaning that they did not keep close track of which Indians belonged to which tribes). Yet it was not that whites were simply *ambivalent* about the Indians. Sadly, it was worse than that—many whites hated the original human inhabitants of the land, wanted them driven away, and oftentimes even driven completely out of existence. In 1845, there were 150,000 Indians in California; by 1870, there were only 30,000.

One specific incident where this ugly desire for “ethnic cleansing” manifested itself took place in Humboldt County on February 26th, 1860. This date marks one of California’s worst massacres. The slaughter took place on Indian Island, which is one and one half miles long and is situated in Humboldt Bay about that same distance offshore from Eureka. Most of the victims of the massacre were Wiyot women and children.

The massacre was actually coordinated butchery conducted simultaneously at three separate Wiyot villages: the village of Tuluwat on the northern end of Indian island; another village on the island’s southern spit; and a mainland village located on the Eel River. The island on which most of the massacre took place has been known by many names through the years: Indian Island, Gunther Island, and Duluwat Island. For the sake of simplicity and consistency, we will stick with the designation Indian Island hereafter.

The Wiyots’ “World Renewal” ceremony was being celebrated at Tulawat village (there is also some confusion regarding the actual name or spelling of this village—some refer to it as Duluwat, Oulawat, and even Tutulwat). As was their tradition, the Wiyot men, for the most part, had left the village by nightfall, the plan being to return the next day with supplies. The women and children, along with a few men, were left on the island to rest. The week-long celebration was nearing its end, and many visiting Indians had already returned home. Furious winds blowing from the northwest kept the inhabitants of the North Bay (those from Mad

River) from going home that night, but those who lived south of the island were able to get back to the mainland.

Eureka newspapers of the time exulted at the massacres conducted under cover of darkness by the “good citizens of the area,” as they were considered. *GOOD HAUL OF DIGGERS* (“diggers” being a derogatory term for Indians in northern California) and *TRIBE EXTERMINATED!* were two irrationally exuberant headlines that appeared in the *Humboldt Times* regarding the incident.

Not all of the local reporters adopted such a cavalier and callous attitude, though. The man born Francis Brett Harte was working at the time as a typesetter and reporter for the *Northern Californian*, a weekly newspaper printed in nearby Union, or Uniontown (now known as Arcata). Harte used as his headline: “INDISCRIMINATE MASSACRE OF INDIANS—WOMEN AND CHILDREN BUTCHERED.” His article went on to say:

When the bodies were landed at Union a more shocking and revolting spectacle never was exhibited to the eyes of a Christian and civilized people. Old women, wrinkled and decrepit, lay weltering in blood, their brains dashed out and dabbled with their long, grey hair. Infants scarce a span long with their faces cloven with hatchets and their bodies ghastly with wounds...No resistance was made, it was said, to the butchers who did the work, but as they ran or huddled together for protection like sheep, they were struck down with hatchets. Very little shouting was done, most of the bodies having wounds about the head. The bucks were mostly absent, which accounts for the predominance of female victims.”

Harte’s reports circulated further than the northern California coast. Newspapers in San Francisco and even New York picked up the story. Outsiders began referring to Eureka as “Murderville.”

Major G.J. Rains, commander of Fort Humboldt, who came to be known among some circles of whites as an “Indian lover” (obviously meant in a derisive way, rather than as a compliment) made this report to his adjutant general after inspecting the scene:

I have just been to Indian Island, the home of a band of friendly Indians between Eureka and Uniontown, where I beheld a scene of atrocity and horror unparalleled not only in our own country, but even in history, for it was done by man, self-acting and without necessity, color of law, or authority...perpetrated by men who act in defiance of and probably in revenge upon the Government of the State for not sending them arms and having them mustered as a volunteer company for the murder of Indians by wholesale...At any rate such is the opinion of the better class of community as related to me this Sunday morning. I was informed that these men, volunteers calling themselves such, from Eel River, had employed the earlier part of the day in murdering all the women and children of the above island and...midst the bitter grief of parents and

fathers, many of whom had returned, I beheld a spectacle of horror of unexampled description...and this done without cause, other wise, as far as I can learn, as I have not heard of any of them losing life or cattle by the Indians. Certainly not these Indians, for they lived on an island and nobody accuses them.

In a later report, Rains estimated the deaths at approximately 188 Indians, mostly women and children: "55 at Indian Island, 58 at South Beach, 40 on South Fork Eel River and 35 at Eagle Prairie." The first three attacks occurred on the same night; the Eagle Prairie massacre occurred later, although apparently considered by Rains part and parcel of the same campaign of extermination.

Harte's account continued: "*Our Indian troubles have reached a crisis...It is a humiliating fact that the parties who may be supposed to represent white civilization have committed the greater barbarity...We can conceive of no palliation for women and child slaughter. We can conceive of no wrong that a babe's blood can atone for. Perhaps we do not rightly understand the doctrine of 'extermination.' What amount of suffering it takes to make a man a babe-killer, is a question for future moralists. How a human being, who could remember how he had been taught to respect age and decrepitude, who had ever looked upon a helpless infant with a father's eye---could with cruel unpitying hand carry out the 'extermination' that his brain had conceived, who could smite the mother and child wantonly and cruelly, few men can understand.*"

A correspondent for the *San Francisco Bulletin* (possibly Harte himself, writing anonymously due to threats made against him) wrote:

Society is completely demoralized on Eel River; and the thugs are largely in the majority, led on by Wiley of the Humboldt Times and by Van Nest (sic) the Sheriff...Young men talk and think of nothing else but hanging and killing young Diggers and their mothers. The pulpit is silent, and the preachers say not a word. In fact, they dare not...Men who detest and abhor the thugging system, from circumstances which surround them are silent.

The wounded, dead, and dying were found all around, and in every lodge the skulls and frames of women and children cleft with axes and hatchets, and stabbed with knives, and the brains of an infant oozing from its broken head to the ground. But five men were killed on Indian Island, and but few elsewhere...so, where is the good to come from these murders of 55 on Indian Island, 58 on South Beach, 40 on South Fork of Eel River previously, and 35 subsequently on Eagle Prairie—188 lives of human beings in all?"

To ensure that their stance on the matter was clear, the *Bulletin* further editorialized:

Individuals constitute a community, and the acts of each member make up the common character of the whole body. It must be expected that villains will grumble and snarl; but it is the duty of the Press, the Bench, the Pulpit and of every honest man, to denounce crime. This is a duty which we owe to heaven and the society in which we live...an active, zealous duty, bringing to justice especially those who out-savage the savage. We must not lay the flattering unction to our souls that in the great day of account and retribution, when the catalogue of human frailties and crimes is read out, we have disapproved sufficiently by our silence alone.

Sheriff Van Ness (misspelled Van Nest in the article excerpted above) was quoted as saying of the massacred Indians, “served them right.” He failed to explain why he felt they deserved this fate.

Unfortunately, this attitude was by no means rare. Discussing the milieu in which George Custer grew up, Stephen Ambrose wrote the following in his book “Crazy Horse and Custer: The Parallel Lives of Two American Warriors”:

Western boys took as their heroes the Indian fighters; killing Indians was the noblest activity...As the frontier advanced, newspaper reporters kept up with it, to send back East impassioned, heroic stories about the mighty conquerors of the red man. The stock adventure stories of the 1840s, sold in cheap paperback editions by the thousands to eager young readers, including Custer, recounted the deeds of the Indian fighters.

Custer’s contemporaries on the West coast had also allowed themselves to be taken in by the sordid claptrap sold by the yellow journalists.

It seemed to be common knowledge that Eel River ranchers were the guilty parties. However, regarding the Grand Jury trial which ostensibly convened in order to mete out justice regarding the massacre, an article which appeared in the June 1st, 1860 issue of the *San Francisco Bulletin* said, “Two or three men who were on the last Grand Jury which sat at Eureka, were thugs. The man L__*, is the same person who boasted of having killed sixty infants with his own hatchet at the different slaughtering grounds. This is the same man who peddled whiskey to the U.S. soldiers and the Indian not 18 months ago.”

* “The man L__” refers to Hank Larrabee. Whenever he was mentioned in the newspapers, only an “L” was used, perhaps for fear of retaliation by those who supported his murderous ways. Larrabee had killed Indian children on several occasions previously, and committed another massacre, of Eel River Athapaskans, before finally being driven out of town over a more mundane altercation with other white men in Eureka.

One Wiyot man, described as intelligent and formerly inclined to be friendly to the Euro-Americans, said that he had nothing more to live for

after his family had been killed, and that he was going to the mountains with what few of his tribe were left, to fight against the whites.

Susan Lucky (assuming she was a member of the Wiyot tribe or affiliated with them) was among the survivors, of course. She doubtless lost many friends and acquaintances, and possibly even some relatives. It is unknown whether she even attended the World Renewal celebration. If so, she apparently returned to her home south of the Island prior to the attacks.

George Gorham, who would marry Susan a few years after the massacre, must have possessed some combination of bravery, contrariness, and toughness, or perhaps ignorance and foolhardiness, to marry an Indian in those times. Battles between the Euro-Americans and the coastal tribes in the area raged fiercely through 1865.

Although nobody was ever convicted in connection with the Indian Island massacres, it is quite likely that the perpetrators (in addition to Mr. Larrabee and the Eel River Rangers mentioned above) were a group calling themselves the "Hydesville Dragoons." In his book "Genocide in Northwestern California: When Our Worlds Cried" Jack Norton writes:

In January 1860, a volunteer company at the small town of Hydesville in Southern Humboldt County had been formed under one Captain Wright, because "the fishing season was over and many men were out of employment." Their supplies were furnished on credit by the citizens of Hydesville and the volunteers took the field, killing some forty Indians on the South Fork of the Eel River. In February, these "Hydesville Dragoons" applied to be mustered into service by the Governor of the State. But the governor did not consider it necessary, especially as another Company of United States Troops had been ordered by the Department Commander to Humboldt County for the "protection of citizens and property." Later, a portion of Captain Wright's company held a meeting at Eel River. Upon receiving the news of the failure to be commissioned, "they had resolved to kill every peaceable Indian man, woman and child in Humboldt County."

It was this background that set the stage for the Indian Island massacre in February 1860. It had been carefully and methodically prepared by years of brutal murders and common disregard for human life. Again the "good citizens of Eureka" need not have been so shocked and dismayed at the "outrages of a few ruffians." They had condoned, if not directly participated in, hundreds of activities that can only be viewed and condemned as genocide and the most odious crimes against humanity.

...
The infamy of this massacre was not only that it was the first openly acknowledged slaughter of Indians, but even more reprehensible, that the conspirators were never caught... It was common knowledge that Seaman Wright of Hydesville was angered at the Governor's refusal to sanction his murderous volunteers. A week before the Indian Island Massacre, the Humboldt Times had reported that Captain Wright, instead of awaiting the Governor's approval, had taken the field. The article states that "the

Volunteer Company of Dragoons, under Captain Wright, are still in the field and the last we heard from them they were on Van Duzen's Fork of the Eel River. Also the citizens of Hydesville had raised \$1,000 to equip and supply the volunteers, at the same time hoping the State would reimburse them in their cause.

It is utterly extraordinary that after "summoning before us a number of citizens of this county whom we supposed could give us some information," the Humboldt County Grand Jury was unable to "bring to trial the persons engaged in this revolting crime." There were well over fifty men comprising the Hydesville volunteers, according to several historians, and the muster roll of the volunteers signed by Adjutant General Wm. G. Kibbe listed forty-six men. But whatever may have been the exact number, it can reasonably be assumed that there was ample opportunity to identify the murderers if the citizenry of Humboldt County had wished to do so.

In lieu of the situation, it seemed that the only two options available to the Indians in the area at the time were assimilation or extermination: The quickest route to assimilation was by marriage—but it was open to women only. Susan Lucky apparently chose assimilation.

And, in fact, the Wiyots surviving to this day have been assimilated to one degree or another. The language of the Wiyots is Sulatelik. The word Sulatelik even approaches a tribal designation in its usage. However, the people we refer to as Wiyots never had a distinctive name for themselves. “Wiyot” is in actuality the name of one of their districts, and so the name “Wiyot” is simply one assigned to them by others. The last native speaker of their language died in 1962. As is true of many tribes today, there are no full-blooded Wiyots left. Modern-day Tribal chairperson Cheryl Seidner is three quarters Wiyot.

Despite attempts to eradicate them, the Wiyots still exists. As Ms. Seidner says, “We are still here...we are still a people. We still cast a shadow.” The Wiyot people do more than simply displace air between the sun and the earth, though. A cultural revivification effort is underway. Besides Wiyot basket-making and dances, the language is being resurrected from conversations taped by a linguist at Berkeley in the 1950s.

When Susan Lucky died in 1894, her people had been reduced from approximately 1,500 to 2,000 prior to 1860 to between 100 and 200 souls. What had led to such a dramatic decline in the population of the Wiyot people? According to one source, this rapid reduction in numbers was “due to disease, slavery, target practice, ‘protection’, being herded from place to place* and, of course, massacres.”

* Survivors’ descendants describe this shepherding of them as “death marches.”

In his book "Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands," Charles Nordhoff wrote about the Indians of Humboldt County, and their being forced onto reservations:

As for the Indians, they are gathered at the Round Valley Reservation to the number of about twelve hundred, where they stand an excellent chance to lose such habits of industry and thrift as they had learned while supporting themselves. At least half the men on the reservation, the superintendent told me, are competent farmers, and many of the women are excellent and competent house-servants. No one disputes that while they supported themselves by useful industry in the valleys where were their homes they were peaceable and harmless, and that the whites stood in no danger from them. Why, then, should the United States Government forcibly make paupers of them? Why should this class of Indians be compelled to live on reservations?

Under the best management which we have ever had in the Indian Bureau —let us say under its present management—a reservation containing tame or peaceable Indians is only a pauper asylum and prison combined, a nuisance to the respectable farmers, whom it deprives of useful and necessary laborers, an injury to the morals of the community in whose midst it is placed, an injury to the Indian, whom it demoralizes, and a benefit only to the members of the Indian ring.

...
The Indians were an industrious and harmless people; even the squaws worked; the Indian men had learned to take contracts for clearing land, weeding fields, and so forth; and many of them were so trustworthy that the farmers made them small advances where it was necessary. They were not turbulent, and I was surprised to be told that drunkenness was rare among them.

After secret deliberations among the mean whites, incited by no one knows who, and headed by the demagogues who are never found wanting when dirty work is to be done, a petition was sent to the State Superintendent of Indian Affairs at San Francisco for the removal of the Indians; but the more decent people immediately prepared and sent up a counter-petition, stating the whole case. This was in the spring of 1872.

I do not know the State Indian agent, but I am told that he hesitated, did not act, and, in May of the same year, a mob, without authority from him or from any body else, without notice to the Indians, and without even giving these poor creatures time to gather up their household goods or to arrange their little affairs, drove them out of their houses, and sixty miles, over a cruel road, to the reservation.

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The 1860 U.S. census found the William Kollenborn family still east of the Mississippi River at this time. William and Charlotte (Hilly) Kollenborn were recorded as residing in Phills Creek Precinct (Fidelity Post office), Jersey County, Illinois. William was then 27, owned no real estate, but had \$530 of "personal estate." Charlotte was 18, and their first child, a son named Julian, was then 5 months old. Another member of the household was two-year-old Bertha Smith, whom they had apparently unofficially adopted—a Kollenborn "tradition" that we will come across again approximately one hundred years later.

John Silva, who would later marry Susan Lucky's half-Indian daughter, was a Humboldt County farmer/dairyman in the 1860 census.

The Shannons were still in western Ontario Province, Canada. The patriarch of the American Shannons, Thomas, had died just three years prior, in 1857, ten years after his wife Anny had passed away. Their son Robert was now 27 years old, and had not yet married.

Back in New England, seventy-two year old William and seventy-one year old Tamar Gorham, along with their thirty-seven year old son Francis (George's younger brother), are listed in the census as residing in the alms house in Nantucket. George is no longer in the household. By this year at the latest he had left Massachusetts and was living in California, as he appears listed in this year's California census.

1861

Provocations (A House Divided)

“...renew such sacrifices as our fathers made to the holy cause of constitutional liberty.”
– Jefferson Davis

“‘A house divided against itself cannot stand’. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.” – Abraham Lincoln, 1858

“Why, if a kingdom becomes divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand; and if a house becomes divided against itself, that house will not be able to stand.” – Mark 3:24, 25

“The reason why the world lacks unity, and lies broken and in heaps, is, because man is disunited with himself.” – Ralph Waldo Emerson

“I can do it all.” – George McClellan, Civil War Union officer

“My plans are perfect.” – Joseph Hooker, Civil War Union officer

“The hen is the wisest of all the animal creation, because she never cackles until the egg is laid.” – Abraham Lincoln

“Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she had laid an asteroid.” – Mark Twain

“I have been told I was on the road to hell, but I had no idea it was just a mile down the road with a dome on it.” -- Abraham Lincoln

“How many times must the cannonballs fly, before they’re forever banned?” – from the song “Blowin’ in the Wind” by Bob Dylan

- ◆ Lincoln Takes Office
- ◆ More States secede
- ◆ Civil War
- ◆ James Shannon joins 16th Michigan Infantry / The Brady Sharpshooters
- ◆ Telegraph functional coast-to-coast
- ◆ Pony Express ceases operation

Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated as the 16th President of the United States early this year, destined--along with George Washington--to become one of the two most famous and beloved in the country's history. Not everyone was overjoyed to see the lanky lawyer enter the White House, though. In his “Pioneer Days in California,” John Carr reports:

There were rumors of plans to assassinate the President-elect...So, on the 4th day of March, 1861, Lincoln was inaugurated—the first President whom it had become necessary on inauguration to surround with the army of the United States in order to protect his person from the bullet or the dagger of the assassin.

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Particularly to the Southerners was Lincoln anathema. In fact, so upset were these about Lincoln's moving into the White House that many southern states, one by one, made good on their threats to secede from the Union. By the time Lincoln took office, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi had joined South Carolina in seceding. Within six months Texas, Virginia--the birthplace of seven Presidents--, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee joined the ranks of former member states of the United States.

Native Americans, for the most part, favored the South over the North. Having been so ill-treated by the reigning government, they thought a change might do them good. As in the past, though, they always seemed to choose the losing side. In the wars between France and Britain fought in America, more Indians had sided with the French than the British, and ended up on the losing side. In the subsequent war between the nascent American government and the British, they sided, for the most part, with the British, and were again on the losing side. They were destined this time, too, to end up taking the hindmost.

Although they were slave states, the following border states remained with the Union: Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware. At the start of the Civil War, there were eleven states that belonged to the Confederate States of America, while twenty-three remained with the Union. Added to the number of Union states during the War were the new states of West Virginia (which had been the northwestern section of Virginia, and included John Brown's old stomping grounds of Harper's Ferry), and Nevada, where Sam Clemens' brother Orion had been serving as Territorial Secretary (Sam had traveled west with him, at least partly in order to get away from involvement in the Civil War).

Apparently wanting to break tradition even as regards the length of term in office, the Secessionists elected Jefferson Davis to a six-year term as president of the Confederacy.

Southerners as a whole apparently did not want or really expect war with the North, though. McPherson's "Battle Cry of Freedom" explains the era's prevalent mindset among the secessionists:

They believed that "the Yankees were cowards and would not fight"—or said they did, to assure the timid that there was no danger. "So far as civil war is concerned," remarked an Atlanta newspaper blithely in January 1861, "we have no fears of that in Atlanta." A rural editor thought that women and children armed with popguns firing "Connecticut wooden

"nutmegs" could deal with every Yankee likely to appear in Georgia. Senator James Chesnut of South Carolina offered to drink all the blood shed as a consequence of secession. It became a common saying in the South during the secession winter that "a lady's thimble will hold all the blood that will be shed."

These prognostications were not the sagest ever promulgated, though. The war about to commence would shed more American blood than all other wars America ever engaged in *combined* (as of the time of writing), and by the end of it all Atlanta would lay in ashes.



Lincoln felt the nation must remain united whatever the cost, by any means necessary. The Southern States were adamant about deciding for themselves what to do about slavery. The intransigence of the two sides led to a conflict that has been called many things. A few of these titles are “The War Between the States,” “The War for Southern Independence,” “The War of Northern Aggression,” “The War of the Rebellion” and, most commonly, “The Civil War.” As just noted, even in the super-mechanized twentieth-century pandemoniums known as the World Wars, America would not suffer as many casualties. “Only” 117,000 Americans were killed in World War I, and 405,000 in World War II. In the Civil War, 620,000 Americans were killed—360,000 on the victorious Union side, the remaining 260,000 from the Confederacy. The ratio of those killed in battle to total combatants was 1:65. Additionally, 1 in 10 were wounded, and 1 of every 13 died of disease.

As soldiers were thus five times more likely to die of disease than from battle, it rightly caused them much fear. In his book "The Life of Billy Yank: The Common Soldier of the Union," Bell Irvin Wiley wrote:

We are more afraid of ague here than the enemy," wrote an Illinois Yank from Cairo two weeks after Sumter's fall. The observation was an apt one, for malaria, popularly known as ague or "the shakes," was distressingly common from the beginning to the end of the war. The malady's prevalence was due in no small part to ignorance of its cause, the accepted idea being that it resulted from poisonous vapors emanating at night from swamps. Some soldiers attempted to close their quarters to the miasma and incidentally they shut out the mosquitoes, but in so doing they made atmosphere unhealthy and stuffy...One out of every four cases of illness reported in the Union Army was malarial in character. The disease was so common, indeed, that a standard greeting in some camps was "Have you had the shakes?" If the vibrations of the more than one million cases of malaria that plagued the men in blue could have been synchronized the South might have been shaken into submission.

Not just malaria, but also pneumonia, tuberculosis, diarrhea/dysentery (contracted from drinking tainted water), and typhoid were also very common—and often fatal.

It must be admitted that, if nothing else, the South had it all over the North when it came to picking military leaders with flashy names.

Compare P.G.T. (Pierre Gustave Toutant) Beauregard, Thomas

“Stonewall” Jackson, Robert E. Lee, J.E.B. “Jeb” Stuart, Jubal Early, James Longstreet, and Braxton Bragg (for example) with Hiram Ulysses Grant (U.S. Grant’s real name), George McClellan, Joseph Hooker, and John Pope, *et al.* But elan, panache, blood-curdling yells, and fancy hats do not win wars. Nor do chivalry, tradition, and mystique.

In this case, not even cannier and more daring leadership always won the day. The South was no match for the north’s superior numbers and equipment. The industrial north had 21 million inhabitants; the agrarian South had a total of nine million, four million of whom were slaves.

Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter, on Charleston Harbor in South Carolina, on April 12th. The venue was fitting, as South Carolina had been the first state of the eventual eleven to secede, and the only one to do so in 1860, before Lincoln had even begun his term in the White House. This attack was answered three days later with Lincoln’s call for 75,000 military volunteers. An official declaration of war followed on the 4th of July, after the convening of Congress in special session.

Aging general Winfield Scott considered Robert E. Lee the best officer in the U.S. Army. At Scott’s urging, Lincoln offered Lee field command of the Union Army. Lee considered slavery “a moral and political evil.” He also strongly preferred that the country remain united. In this vein, Lee wrote in January of this year: “The framers of the Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formulation, if it was intended to be broken up by every member of the [Union] at will. ... It is idle to talk of secession.”

Nevertheless, when Lee’s home state of Virginia decided on seceding, Lee said “I cannot raise my hand against my birthplace, my home, my children.” April 18th, the same day he was offered command of the Union forces, Virginia seceded. Lee informed Scott that not only did he decline the offer of Union command, but he also resigned from the army. Scott replied: “You have made the greatest mistake of your life, but I feared it would be so.”

Although most southern officers decided as did Lee, some of them remained true to the Union, such as David “Damn the Torpedoes” Farragut of Tennessee.

In his classic work “The Life of Billy Yank: The Common Soldier of the Union,” Bell Irvin Wiley wrote of the war’s beginning:

The South’s attack on Fort Sumter fell like a thunderclap on the country north of Dixie. True, there had been talk of war, especially since the secession of the cotton states and the organization of the Southern Confederacy, but the agitators, consisting mainly of politicians, journalists,

preachers and reformers, many of whom were on the make, were relatively few. A substantial portion of the population still hoped for a peaceful solution of the sectional crisis even after Jeff Davis set up his rival government.

Fort Sumter changed all this. The flag had been affronted. Men wearing the American uniform had been forced by hostile fire to surrender a Federal fort and march out in acknowledged defeat. And with that humiliating incident peaceful secession lost all respectability. The die was cast.

The secession of the southern states, and the exclamation mark on this at Fort Sumter had rearranged the letters in the national name from United States to Untied States. The Union could not, would not, stand for that. In his initial call for volunteers, Lincoln requested three months service only. Most Americans thought the Civil War would end after one gigantic battle, the winner marching on to take the loser's capital, in either Washington, D.C. or Richmond, Virginia. Before long, though, it became apparent that that thinking was erroneous. The requested service time for Union military volunteers increased to three years, as can be seen in the poster below.

Very few expected the war to last as long as it did. But the war dragged on, and descended into new depths of atrocity as a panoply of new technology was used in war for the first time: Trains for transporting troops and equipment; telegraphs for communication; ironclad ships as a replacement for "old-fashioned" wooden ones; hot-air balloons for reconnaissance missions; land mines; hand grenades; the use of trenches, or foxholes; submarines; and, worst of all, the paradigm of "all-out war." Hostilities were not limited to enemy combatants. Their foodstuffs and material things were also destroyed, causing untold misery and suffering to enemy soldiers, and also to millions of civilians on both sides--and even to those who declined to take sides.

Fittingly, perhaps, Mark Twain was on the last Mississippi River steamboat upriver before the Union blockade at Memphis, Tennessee that began in May of this year.



James Shannon, grand-uncle of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, served almost the complete duration of the war in a sharpshooting brigade on the Union side. According to military records, James was blue-eyed, light complected, sandy-haired, and stood almost 5'11" (one measurement shows him at 5'10 3/4", another at 5'10 5/8"). That was fairly tall for those times--the average Civil War soldier was 5'8" and weighed just 143 pounds. James recorded his (normal) occupation as farmer--a calling that was also pursued by most of the rest of his family in Canada.

In fact, in this way (being a farmer), James was a typical soldier, as half of them listed farmer as their prior occupation. James also corresponded to the average age of a Union soldier—which ranged between 25 and 26 throughout the conflict.

At the termination of his initial obligation, in 1863, James, along with most others in his regiment, re-enlisted. In one of the poems James penned after the war, in which he pines the loss of his sweetheart Jane, James claimed that his object in fighting was to amass some money so that he would be in a position to marry Jane on his return. She apparently tired of waiting for him, though, and married somebody else. James felt that Jane had chosen marriage as an escape from poverty. Those poems, along with letters penned from Colorado gold mining camps, and one from a “mystery location,” are reprinted in the 1881, 1886, and 1887 chapters.

As to the money a soldier received, and how much of an incentive it might be, Bell Irvin Wiley explained as follows in “The Life of Billy Yank”:

At first thought it seems preposterous that thirteen dollars a month, the pay of infantry privates during most of the war, should be an attraction. But the first months of the war were marked by depression, and unemployment recurred periodically until 1863. Too, bounties early became a part of the recruiting system and these were steadily increased until early in 1864 a soldier was able to write: “I receive for reenlisting nearly...Eight hundred dollars which I shall devote to straightening things at home.”

If soldier pay was low, so were wages in general, and army employment had a certainty and permanence rarely found in field or factory. Duplicated frequently throughout the land was the situation of a Pennsylvanian who wrote to his wife in November 1861: “It is no use for you to fret or cry about me for you know if i could have got work i wood not have left you or the children.”

Volunteers were paid in coin, as the first paper money (\$5, \$10, and \$20 bills) was not issued in the U.S. until 1862.

Whether accumulating a grubstake to get a leg up on matrimony was really James’ primary reason for joining the military is impossible to say. It is quite possible, though, that the poster below may have appealed to his sense of adventure:

{} 3_1861Sharpshooters.tif -- full page {}}

In September, James joined Stockton’s Independent Regiment, in either Plymouth or Detroit, Michigan. Kin Dygert, mentioned in the poster above, did become his captain. James’ hometown of Warwick, Ontario, Canada, is only about twenty miles east of the U.S./Canada frontier where Ontario and Michigan come together at the southern end of Lake Huron, and about fifty miles from Detroit.

Thus James was not among the first wave of volunteers, who had flocked to the colors in April and May, after the attack on Fort Sumter. After that initial spike in volunteers, though, there was another in July after the setbacks of the Seven Days campaign and the humiliating rout of the Union forces at Bull Run in July.

James was not the only Canadian in the Regiment. Colonel Frank Keeler said of them: "There are no Germans, Irishmen or any other foreigners except for three or four Canadians in our companies..." All told, over 50,000 Canadians fought on the Union side throughout the course of the war.

As to the national and geographical origin of James' comrades, Wiley writes in "The Life of Billy Yank":

The nativity of the Northern soldiers was an impressive conglomerate. Descriptive rolls show that every state in the Union and virtually every nation and province on the globe were represented in the Union ranks... The overwhelming majority of Yanks, probably more than three fourths of them, were native Americans.

States most heavily represented were New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio (in sheer numbers—perhaps not relative to population). As to the characteristics of immigrants and their influence on the wars' outcome, Wiley says this of the Irish:

Generals often called on them when the situation was most desperate, and comrades openly admired them for their reckless courage... Their pugnaciousness and the excessive fondness of many of them for strong drink sometimes made them difficult to discipline, but their Troublesomeness was counterbalanced by their ready humor, sparkling repartee and matchless buoyancy. Their joviality, aptitude for play and love of pageantry brightened camp life and made their festive days occasions which attracted hordes of visitors from far and wide. All in all their influence and example both in battle and garrison was an immense asset to the Union cause.

And as to the rest of the "British peoples," including the Canadians, Wiley continues:

The same might be said of the other British peoples, from the mother isles and the various dependencies, who joined the Union ranks in large numbers. Their numbers and characteristics varied but their combined contribution was substantial. More than 50,000 Canadians wore the Federal uniform, along with 45,000 Englishmen and lesser numbers of Scotsmen, Welshmen and other natives of the empire.

James was, of course, both Irish and Canadian—Irish by ancestry, and Canadian by birth.

Despite Keeler's statement about there being no Irishmen, there were four Baileys who served in the 16th Michigan. Perhaps they were born in America rather than Ireland, and were thus not considered Irish by Keeler. A nephew of James named Will was to marry a Gertrude Bailey a few decades later. As her people had lived in Michigan prior to relocating to Kansas, and then later from Kansas to California, these Baileys with whom James served may have been ancestors of Gertrude's. There was also a Cordy (a surname much less common than either Bailey or Shannon) in the Brady Sharpshooters. Eda Shannon, a grandniece of James, would marry a Vern Cordy in California.

Stockton's Independent Regiment left Detroit for Washington, D.C., on Sept. 16th of this year to join the Army of the Potomac. It went into camp at Hall's Hill, Virginia for the winter of 1861/1862. The Sixteenth took part in the Peninsular Campaign under General McClellan and formed a part of the Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corp, which was commanded at the time by Fitz John Porter.

The Army of the Potomac's opposite number, or nemesis, was often The Army of Northern Virginia, led by Robert E. Lee. Many of the battles they waged with one another were especially deadly. The Army of the Potomac lost more members in combat during the war than all of the other Union armies combined.

In "The Life of Billy Yank," Bell Wiley quotes a soldier who wrote of his experience traveling from Detroit to Washington three months earlier, in June of 1861:

We was treated as good as a company could bee at every station their was a crowd to cheer us and at about every other one they had something for us to eat. We got kisses from the girls at a good many plaises and we returned the same to them.

The experiences of James and his regiment were probably similar, although--the newness of the situation having worn down a little--the degree of hospitality on the part of those staying behind may have cooled off a little in the three months that had passed.

As for the official status of Stockton's Regiment, before long this independent company received an official commission from the state and became the 16th Michigan Infantry. To be more precise, going from the specific to the general, they were the 16th Michigan of the Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, of the Army of the Potomac.

The 16th Michigan was short-handed at first, but were joined before their winter camp was struck by a group of recruits made up of some of the best marksmen in Michigan--those answering the call of the poster above. This group was sometimes referred to as Dygert's Sharpshooters, but more often as The Brady Sharpshooters, or Brady's Sharpshooters. Kin Dygert was their Captain, but they took their most commonly used name from Hugh Brady. Brady had been a U.S. Army hero of the Indian campaigns in the Ohio Valley in the post-Revolutionary War period, the

War of 1812, and the “Patriot Wars” on the Canadian border from 1836-1839.

Part of the poster above stated as requirement for the sharpshooters: “No man will be accepted or mustered into service who cannot, when firing at rest at a distance of 40 rods, put ten consecutive shots in a target of an average space of not to exceed five inches from the center of the bull’s eye to the center of the ball.” According to an article in the Detroit Press in September of 1861, these conditions were the same as for Col. Hiram Berdan’s companies of U.S. Sharpshooters. The reports also said that Dygert had signed on “some 50 or more of the best shots in this state.”

Wiley writes in “The Life of Billy Yank”:

The sharpshooters were picked for their ruggedness and marksmanship and were armed with the best of rifles. They were used principally as skirmishers, but they proved very effective also in picking off Rebel artillerymen. They figured conspicuously in the Gettysburg, Mine Run and Wilderness campaigns.

James was there at all three.

Other regiments that made up the Third Brigade included the 44th New York, the 83rd Pennsylvania, and the 20th Maine. The latter were led by Adelbert Ames; second in command was Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, a Bowdoin College professor. Chamberlain would become famous for a bayonet charge he would lead at Gettysburg.

After a “hurry up and wait” situation from the time of the Regiment’s formation in 1861 until the end of the year, the 16th “cooled their heels” (or perhaps even froze their heels) for an extended period of time before seeing action. By the time they had reached the theater of the war, winter had set in. They made their winter quarters at Halls Hill, Virginia. Corporal Frank Keeler wrote about some training they received while there:

We went out to practice target-firing this afternoon... We had 44 men and three sergeants. Each fired one shot at a target about the size of your closet door at a distance of 35 rods and FORTY-SIX balls were put through the target... I rather think that if we get a chance to fire into secesh ranks we shall worry them some.

For those unfamiliar with the Civil War-era terminology, a rod was a common unit of measurement equal to 16 ½ feet. Thirty-five rods equal almost two hundred yards--pretty fancy shooting. “Secesh” is short for “secessionist” (those who had seceded from the Union, more commonly called “rebels”). Another word that may be unfamiliar is “sutler.” This was a “camp follower” who sold (sometimes illegal) goods to the soldiers, at times at exorbitant rates. Keeler also mentioned them, in writing about the winter camp:

The sutler treated the boys to cider and cakes. Some of the boys are out of camp, probably to get dinner at some of the houses nearby as most of the people living in this vicinity have converted their homes into restaurants, boarding houses and cake shops.

Besides mentioning that soldiers played ball (probably "Town Ball," an early form of baseball) and organized music and dances, Keeler also described what they did on Christmas:

I wish I could describe for you the burlesque parade of the 44th New York on Christmas. The men were dressed in the most grotesque and ludicrous manner imaginable. Officers took places in the ranks as privates and privates and non-commissioned officers acted as officers from the colonel down to corporal. Our regiment tried to get up a similar show but the officers would not consent to the changes.

Another soldier, Lieutenant Charles Salter, recorded:

Christmas day passed off very quietly here in camp, our chaplain was yet in Michigan at that time, so we amused ourselves as we could. The men had a mock fancy dress parade in the afternoon, electing officers of their own and conducting the parade in the manner best calculated to ridicule the usual form of the regular dress parade.

The winter's quarters at Halls Hill was not made up of soldiers and soldiers only. Keller wrote:

There are quite a number of ladies in camp, captain's wives, sutler's wife, Mrs. Col. Stockton and also several children who run about the camp laughing and playing. It is very pleasant to see them on our company streets, although they don't respect the guard, or the rules of dress parade, or the articles of war.

The Regiment soon came up with a nickname for themselves, based on one of their dietary staples: "Stockton's Worm-eaters." This sobriquet probably derived from the fact that hard-tack, the thick and hard crackers eaten by the Army, often contained tiny worms. Hardtack could be so hard that soldiers learned to dunk it or break it into their coffee to soften it up. This sometimes resulted in worms rising to the surface of the coffee, which the soldiers would (sometimes) spoon out.

A soldier named Marion Munson wrote home to Michigan, advising who and who should not join the army:

If those boys has got good teeth they can enlist and they can stand the war pretty well. But if they can't eat there is a poor chance in Dixie, especially in Stockton's worm eaters, as we call ourselves.

Wiley also wrote of this in "The Life of Billy Yank":

Aversion to hardtack sprang in part from the poor quality of the product as issued in camp. Crackers often were stale from age or moldy from storage in exposed or damp places. In many instances they were infested with worms or weevils, a fact which gave rise to a flood of irreverent comment. "All the fresh meat we had came in the hard bread...and I preferring my game cooked, used to toast my biscuits," was the remark of one disgusted campaigner. Another observed: "We found 32 worms, maggots, &c in one cracker day before yesterday. We do not find much fault, however, but eat them without looking as a good way to prevent troublesome ideas." Still another testified after the war: "It was no uncommon occurrence for a man to find the surface of his pot of coffee swimming with weevils after breaking up hardtack in it;...but they were easily skimmed off and left no distinctive flavor behind." In view of the frequency of animal occupation, it is not surprising that some Yanks referred to their crackers as "worm castles," and that others parodied "John Brown's Body" with these lines:

*Worms eat hearty in the commissary stores
While we go starving on.*

As odd as the nickname "worm-eaters" for Stockton's regiment might seem, another group joined the Regiment which may seem even more bizarre. They were a cavalry group who had formed in the hopes of fighting in the manner of the old English lancers. These mounted men carried their lances upright, resting them on the stirrup. These soldiers, who also carried sabers, carbines, and pistols, intended to, on charging the enemy, lower the weapon with the point forward, like the jousters of merry old England.

And if that does not seem strange enough in and of itself, the leader of this group was a Canadian. True, other Canadians had enlisted in the 16th Michigan Infantry (such as James Shannon), but this man, Colonel Arthur Rankin, was a political and military leader in Canada. Rankin was eventually persuaded to give up his post in America and return to his home country, partly because there was a possibility of war between Britain (which controlled Canada) and the U.S. The tension between Britain and America was the result of the U.S. government boarding the *Trent*, a British ship, and arresting Confederate envoys James Mason and John Slidell.

If the tensions actually escalated into war, the Canadians would want Rankin back to fight on their side (the British side)--and the Americans would probably not have trusted him under those circumstances anyway.

On James Shannon's entry into military life, he was, not surprisingly, a Private. When mustered out in July, 1865, he was a full Corporal. James was wounded in battle in 1864. The 16th Michigan saw action in many of the more well-known (and bloody) battles of the Civil War, and as a group suffered an unusually high number of casualties. In fact, more members of the 16th Michigan were killed in battle than died of

disease, which was rare (recall that 1:65 Union soldiers died in battle, whereas 1:13--five times as many--died from disease).

The 16th Michigan, part of the Army of the Potomac, was involved in such actions and experiences as the Siege of Yorktown, battles at Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Bull Run/Manassas, and Antietem/Sharpsburg in 1862; the "Mud March," battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and the pursuit of Lee to Manassas Gap in 1863; Battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor (again), and sieges against Petersburg and Richmond in 1864; and the pursuit of Lee and his surrender at the Appomattox Court House in 1865.

Although they were at Antietem, the single bloodiest day of the war, the 16th Michigan was not directly involved in that battle. The 20th Maine, who would play a prominent role at Gettysburg, were also held in reserve that day.

Robert E. Lee committed his entire force at Antietem, while the cautious (some would say timid, or even treasonous) George McClellan used less than three-quarters of the men at his disposal. Total casualties at Antietem (23,100) were twice those at D-Day in World War II (around 10,000).

In his "Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era," James M. McPherson wrote:

The casualties at Antietem numbered four times the total suffered by American soldiers at the Normandy beaches on June 6, 1944. More than twice as many Americans lost their lives in one day at Sharpsburg as fell in combat in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Spanish-American War combined.

James Shannon was also at Chancellorsville, where "Stonewall" Jackson was killed, as well as Spotsylvania Court House, where the fighting continued unabated for nearly twenty hours in what may well have been the most ferociously sustained combat of the Civil War.

Among the leaders James fought under were McClellan, Porter, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and Grant; those he fought against included not only Lee, but also Longstreet, "Stonewall" Jackson, J.E.B. Stuart, P.G.T. Beauregard, A.P. Hill, and George Pickett.

As far as specifics about some of the battles the 16th was engaged in, a few stand out. The one at Gaines Mill, Virginia (also known as Cold Harbor and Chickahominy) was one of the most desperately fought battles of the war. The stubborn resistance of the 16th is illustrated by its high number of casualties: The regiment lost three officers and forty-six regular soldiers; additionally a total of one hundred seventy of their number were wounded and fifty-five missing.

Few citizens from Humboldt County, where George Gorham and Susan Lucky were living, volunteered for duty in the Civil War. Many of the white settlers did fight, however, but not for or against the Union, but in the local Indian Wars, which peaked in the early 1860s.

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This year telegraph poles reach coast to coast, obviating much of the former need for the Pony Express. As a direct result, the Pony Express went out of business. It had been in existence less than 600 days.

1862

Land Bought With Sweat, Land Bought with Blood and Tears

"There are at all times hundreds of families in the old eastern and middle states who long to leave that depleted, worn-out land and come to the West..." – from “A Sketch of the City and its Attractions – A Picture Made up of Facts, not Fancies – Our Business Enterprises and Business Men” from the Dec. 4th, 1869 issue of the “Jersey County Democrat”

“I can't tell you how disgusted I am becoming with these wretched politicians—they are a most despicable set of men. ... I am becoming daily more disgusted with this imbecile administration. ... The president is nothing more than a well meaning baboon... 'the original gorilla.' ... It is sickening in the extreme ... [to] see the weakness and unfitness of the poor beings who control the destinies of this great country.” – Megalomaniacal general George McClellan, denigrating Abraham Lincoln in a letter to his wife

“But when all is summed up, a man never speaks of himself without losing thereby. His self-accusations are always believed; his self-praise disbelieved.” -- from “The art of Conversing” by Michel Eyquem de Montaigne

- ◆ Homestead Act
- ◆ A Rich Man's War and a Poor Man's Fight
- ◆ Battle of Pea Ridge
- ◆ Battles of Second Bull Run, Antietem, etc.
- ◆ Ishi born
- ◆ James Wesley Kollenborn born

Thomas Jefferson had a dream. It was that America should become a nation of tradesmen and yeoman (independent farmers). This desire, which was also held by other Americans, was reflected in the Homestead Act. Passed thirty-six years after Jefferson's death, and signed on May 20th of this year by Abraham Lincoln, it allowed men to claim 160 acres of “unappropriated public lands.” After five years of living on the land and improving it (building houses and barns, farming it), the land would become theirs for a ten dollar filing fee.

Alternatively, for those with more money than patience, they could purchase the land for \$1.25 per acre after living on it for just six months.

A homestead was granted to “any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of 21 years, and is a citizen of the United States, or who shall have filed his declaration of intention to become such.” It will probably not surprise anyone that some scoundrels found loopholes to get around the legalities. The worst transgressors, the most vile frauds of all, were those who were not needy—big railroad and mining companies.

Much of the land east of the Mississippi was already privately owned by this time, so homesteaders for the most part--as was the intent of the law--had to cross the mighty River and help to win the West.

After being expanded in 1909, the Homestead Act was repealed in 1976.

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Following a time-honored tradition, the outlaw Confederate government, headquartered in Richmond, Virginia, descended to a new low when it passed a law on October 10th of this year that spared those who would benefit the most from the continuation of the South's "peculiar institution" of slavery from direct involvement in the blood sacrifice demanded of less-wealthy Southerners: Those who owned twenty or more slaves were hereafter exempted from military service.

As will be discussed in the next chapter, the situation in the north also caused many to view the sectional struggle as "a rich man's war, but a poor man's fight."

The exemption noted above for large slave owners came after the Confederacy passed the first conscription law in U.S. History on April 16th. Able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five (the age range was later extended in both directions) were liable to be drafted.

As the northerners drafted later could do, those impressed into service could hire a substitute to take their place—not from among those already liable for conscription, but from among those outside the age range, or from among immigrant aliens. This practice was nothing new: Europe had been allowing people to buy their way out of military service since time immemorial. Even in the Revolutionary War, this had been allowed. The theory behind this was that those who could afford to hire substitutes were probably of more use to the war effort on the home front.

However, some mercenaries got rich selling themselves as substitutes many times over (signing up and receiving the money, then "skedaddling," signing up again under an assumed name, taking French leave again, and then repeating the process). For this reason, the privilege of securing and providing a substitute was abolished in December of 1863.

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Most Civil War battles took place in the East. This was because a main aim of the Confederates was to take Washington, the Union capitol, and a prime goal of the Union army was to take the Confederate capitol of Richmond, Virginia. Not *all* battles took place in the east, though.

When people speak of "The Gettysburg of the West," what is most often being referred to is a battle near Pecos, New Mexico, at Glorieta

Pass. However, another battle that is sometimes also referred to by that name was fought this year in Bentonville, Arkansas.

Bentonville's Battle of Pea Ridge (AKA "Elkhorn Tavern") was a Union victory. In fact, this proved to be the most one-sided Union victory of the war in which the Union Army was outnumbered. Some say that it "saved Missouri for the Union." If the Confederates had been successful there, the complexion of things may have changed in the Show-Me State, whose southwestern border is located just a few miles north of Bentonville, which is situated in northwestern Arkansas.

Northwestern Arkansas was not a heavy slave area. When state leaders convened at Little Rock to decide where their state would stand on the issue of secession, most of the delegates who voted against secession were from the northwestern portion of the state. This was the trend throughout the South: The fewer slaves an area had, the less likely its representatives were to vote in favor of secession.

Regarding this largest Civil War battle fought west of the Mississippi River, the book *Arkansas, a Narrative History* by Whayne, DeBlack, Sabo III, and Arnold, says this:

Strategically, Arkansas was critical to the Confederate war effort in the Trans-Mississippi. Without Arkansas, the Confederacy could not hope to maintain its tenuous hold on the Indian Territory to the west or to control western Louisiana to the south. But even more importantly, without Arkansas as a base of operations, there was little hope of claiming the critical slave state of Missouri for the Confederacy.

However, these factors seemed to be lost on the Confederate high command in Richmond, which viewed Arkansas primarily as a source of men and material for the fighting east of the Mississippi and as a dumping ground for incompetent generals from the eastern theater.

Those commanders who did serve in the state seemed far more interested in gaining control of Missouri than in planning for the defense of Arkansas... The Battle of Pea Ridge was one of the most significant battles in the entire Civil War, and it marked a dramatic turning point in the war in Arkansas.

Missouri was already a deeply divided slave state. Surrounded for the most part by free states such as Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas, it also shared a border with Tennessee in addition to Arkansas. Another slave state nearby, Kentucky, also remained a part of the Union.

As to the importance of retaining three border states (Arkansas, Kentucky, and Maryland) as part of the Union, McPherson's "Battle Cry of Freedom" comments on the tug-of-war between the Union and the Confederacy for the loyalty of these:

Much was at stake in this contest. The three states would have added 45 percent to the white population and military manpower of the

Confederacy. 80 percent of its manufacturing capacity, and nearly 40 percent to its supply of horses and mules. For almost five hundred miles the Ohio river flows along the northern border of Kentucky, providing a defensive barrier or an avenue of invasion, depending on which side could control and fortify it. Two of the Ohio's navigable tributaries, the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, penetrate through Kentucky into the heart of Tennessee and northern Alabama. Little wonder that Lincoln was reported to have said that while he hoped to have God on his side, he must have Kentucky.

The loyalty of these states was by no means a foregone conclusion. Each had large minorities of advocates of slavery and secession. Nevertheless, not all appreciated the seriousness of the situation at the outset of hostilities. William Tecumseh Sherman, who would subsequently play a pivotal role in Union victory, had then been considered insane by many for "overestimating" the rebel threat in Kentucky.

As exemplified by border ruffians such as "Bloody Bill" Anderson and Jesse and Frank James, Missouri had a very large minority of southern sympathizers. Other Missourians saw things the opposite way. One of these was John Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok, who fought on the Union side at the Battle of Pea Ridge.

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James Shannon was about as different from Jesse James as could be. This year, James and the rest of the Brady Sharpshooters were involved in battles at Yorktown, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, and Second Bull Run/Manassas. As mentioned earlier, the 16th Michigan was also present, although inactive, at Antietam/Sharpsburg. Future U.S. President William McKinley was serving in the Union forces at Antietam, too. McKinley was a commissary sergeant at the time, and as such may have (indirectly, anyway) served James coffee and food.

The contrast in viewpoint on slavery between Union and Confederate soldiers was not always as stark as some may tend to think. The so-called "radical Republicans" were abolitionists, but Abraham Lincoln was considered a moderate Republican. And the Democrats were not abolitionist whatsoever. As an example of how a great many of the Union soldiers felt on the matter, Union soldier Frank Keeler wrote:

Politics occasionally comes up for discussion in a quiet way. We, that is those who are Republicans, are sometimes called abolitionists by certain northern newspapers. We are not abolitionists in the sense those papers would convey, but if emancipation becomes a military necessity, if slavery is a benefit or aid to the Rebels, then we soldiers say abolish it.

But if it is not a help to them, then pass it by, leave it to be considered when we shall have ceased this struggle for the life of our country, when peace is restored and the authority of our Constitution re-established, when our laws are obeyed and respected in every state of the Union--then we will turn our attention to the rabid radicals and treat them as they deserve.

We are fighting to SAVE THE UNION. If the administration considers it wise and expedient to abolish slavery in order to hasten or insure an end to the war, we will support such a measure willingly. This I believe is the prevailing political sentiment of the army of the United States in relation to slavery.

President Lincoln himself made his position clear when he replied to Horace Greeley, who had strongly suggested that blacks should be allowed to fight with the Union soldiers:

Dear Sir: I have not meant to leave any one in doubt...My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy Slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about Slavery and the colored race, I do because it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union... I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

Democrats, on the other hand, opposed the Emancipation Proclamation and making the abolition of slavery a war aim and a matter of government policy.

Although Lincoln's words above may come across as cold and calculating, and that perhaps he really didn't care much what happened to slaves and slavery, we must consider the context of the letter: Lincoln was not really addressing newspaper editor Horace Greeley with this missive, but rather Northern supporters of slavery. In other words, he was playing politics: partially suppressing his own personal viewpoint, while emphasizing the goals that he and these men had in common (the preservation of the Union).

The Brady Sharpshooters were to miss the first action in which the 16th Michigan were involved. As they had arrived at winter quarters late, they had not yet been issued the equipment they would have needed, and so stayed behind as camp guards when the rest left on March 10, on their way to Centreville and Manassas.

An unknown sharpshooter (possibly James), who was described as being tall and fine-looking, stood with folded arms as the rest of the Regiment marched off, a look of utter disappointment on his face. He said to an officer: "I enlisted months ago for this good war, and have

waited patiently for this hour to come, and now, when I would give everything to go with the rest of you, I am deprived just for the want of equipments."

The probe the 16th embarked on turned out to be a "bloodless victory"--the rebels had abandoned their positions in Centreville and Manassas. Later, the Sharpshooters got a chance to go along as the Regiment went to Yorktown, and played a pivotal role there. 16th Michigan soldier John Berry noted in his diary: "Our sharpshooters are picking them off with precision all the time at a distance of 800 yards. This is not very encouraging to them."

After their siege of Yorktown (site of the British surrender during the Revolutionary War in 1781 after their defeat there), and an operation at Hanover Court House, James was probably helping to build roads in early June. One of the Brady Sharpshooters, Alfred Apted, wrote: "Built about one-half miles of corduroy road in the cussedest mud hole in Virginia. There is no Sunday in the Army, 'tis not known."

Some of the other engagements in which James' Regiment fought this year are described with superlatives. Bear in mind, though, that "great" doesn't always equate in meaning to "superior." It can denote intense rather than splendid, out-sized as opposed to excellent. At the Battle of Second Bull Run, Confederate General Longstreet's force of 28,000 counterattacked in the largest simultaneous mass assault of the war. It was at Bull Run that Confederate General Thomas Jackson got the nickname "Stonewall" for the way he and his men unflinchingly "stood" and repelled the Union onslaught. Union soldiers ended up retreating all the back to Washington, D.C. at the end of that engagement. For the Union, this was the low point of the war.

The battle at Antietam, or Sharpsburg, resulted in the single bloodiest day in American military history, with 23,100 casualties. Although not directly engaged in the battle, the 16th were positioned close enough--in reserve--so that they probably witnessed the carnage.

According to the military records, specifically the "Company Muster Roll" documents, which usually covered two months each, James was sick and in the hospital for an extended period of time sometime between September and December of this year (he is listed on both the September/October and November/December muster rolls as being sick). Apparently this was quite a severe sickness, which should not surprise anyone due to the conditions in the camps and on the battlefields. Recall that, all in all, many more men died of disease than of battle. The November/December muster rolls have a note saying that the "remarks" (that he was absent due to illness) were canceled--apparently he returned before the period covered by the muster roll was over.

James was at a hospital on Craney Island, Virginia, off Fortress Monroe. In civilian terms, Craney Island lies at the tip of the York-James Peninsula, across the harbor from Norfolk. Fifty years prior to James' stay there, the island had been the site of a battle during the War of 1812.

The Army of the Potomac would go through several generals, Lincoln becoming disgusted, or at least impatient and exasperated, with a series of them for various reasons. The first, McClellan, who would run for President against Lincoln in 1864 on the Democratic ticket, was seen as being too hesitant, while Ambrose Burnside was judged to be incompetent. "Fighting" Joe Hooker turned out to be tentative, like McClellan, talking a good fight but not often actually following through with action. As to the super-arrogant McClellan, known by some as "Little Napoleon," some feel that Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia could have been destroyed at Antietam if McClellan *had* sent in the reserves that he had at his disposal (which, again, included James and the 16th Michigan).

Colonel Stockton described in his diary what had happened that day, from the perspective of the 16th Michigan: "The enemy having chose to give fight, the battle opening at daylight and continuing all day. Our division was drawn up and forward, the reserve all day. Moved my brigade, the first reserve, ordered forward just before sundown, but the order was countermanded and we returned to our position and bivouacked."

The Confederates held no reserves back--every soldier they had was engaged in the battle. Another assault, using the Union reserves, could have proved disastrous to the Confederates. As it was, the rebels were stopped, but cautious McClellan chose not to pursue them. Stockton added to his diary: "If we would have attacked them yesterday (September 18th), we would have captured many, for they were out of ammunition."

George McClellan does not cut a very sympathetic figure, especially when you take into consideration the harsh way in which he viewed others (but never blamed himself for any failures). He called William Seward "an incompetent little puppy" and Lincoln "a well-meaning baboon." As regards Robert E. Lee, McClellan opined that he expected Lee to be "cautious and weak...likely to be timid and irresolute in action." That sounds much more like a description of the at-best indecisive procrastinator and at worst craven coward McClellan himself. At this remove of time and circumstance, it is impossible to say just where McClellan's personality lay on the courage continuum, but it seems apparent that it lay somewhere between tentative and downright cowardly.

Evidence of this trait on McClellan's part was that he was a master at retreat, whether retreat was called for or not. After losing the battle at Gaines Mill, he whined in a telegram to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton:

I have lost this battle because my force was too small. I again repeat that I am not responsible for this...The Government has not sustained this army...If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

The last two sentences of that wire were censored, and thus Lincoln did not see just how insubordinate McClellan was.

Contained in "Reports of Lieutenant Col. John V. Ruehle, Sixteenth Michigan. Infantry, of the Battle of Gaines Mill, Engagement at Turkey Bridge, and Battle of Malvern Hill," is the following account which mentions Brady's Sharpshooters:

*HEADQUARTERS SIXTEENTH MICHIGAN INFANTRY
Harrison's Landing, James River, VA, July 6, 1862*

CAPTAIN: In recounting the history of the regiment on the 30th of June and 1st of July I shall go back no farther than the afternoon of the first-mentioned day. We were in camp, selected that morning, just beyond what is known as the Malvern estate, when orders came to move back over the road we came to that place. This we did about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, taking our position in rear of a battery, with orders to support it. We were in column doubled on the center just below the summit of the hill when General Butterfield led us to the crest, and the battalion was deployed under a severe fire from the enemy's rifled pieces, the arms stacked, and the men ordered to lie down. We remained in this position a quarter of an hour or more, when, the enemy's firing growing less, we were again placed in double column at half distance, about-faced, and marched to the rear farther down the hill. Directly afterward we changed direction by the right flank and marched farther out on the road in rear of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers as their support. In this position we remained all night and until a portion of the forenoon of the next day had gone by.

The enemy's artillery opening upon our right, the regiment was ordered toward a belt of woods that skirted the field upon the east, upon which we lay and through which a small stream ran. On the other side of which woods, about 200 yards distant, was a good road, running nearly parallel with the stream. We were deployed on the left of the Forty-fourth New York Volunteers, and threw a platoon of our rifle company, Brady's Sharpshooters, Captain Dygert, out as skirmishers through the woods to cover our front. In this position we remained until about 2 o'clock p.m., when we again moved to the left up to the road in double column, with orders to support the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, who were 150 yards in advance. The country here was quite undulating, which would seem to protect our men from the enemy's artillery fire, but the cross-fire from their guns was exceedingly severe, and some of our men were killed and wounded by solid shot and shell.

Toward 6 o'clock p.m. we were ordered to advance to the brow of a hill 500 yards in advance, to the support of a battery just on the left of the road. This was done under a bitter fire of shell and spherical case-shot, wounding several men. As we advanced up the slope of the hill in line of battle the left of the battalion passed over two companies of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, who were lying down 200 yards in rear

of the caissons. We advanced until the line was halted between the guns and caissons, breaking file to the rear for ammunition to pass through, where we remained until the battery was out of ammunition, perhaps three-quarters of an hour, when they limbered up and withdrew, and we opened fire. Some of the men helped to carry ammunition, and two of our men took the places of wounded artillerymen on the second section of the battery, and did good service until they were no longer needed. The battery we supported was Wolcott's Maryland battery. Our men and officers received high praise from the officers of the battery for the manner in which they were sustained under a galling fire of musketry. Another battery, under Colonel Hunt, I believe, coming to take the place of the one withdrawn, we ceased firing, after having fired about 40 rounds, and moved by the right flank to the rear.

Meanwhile the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers had moved to the front on the left of the line parallel with the one we had just fallen back from and opened fire. The battery that had just taken its place was supported by the First Michigan Volunteers. The enemy's firing had by this time nearly ceased or was only fitfully continued, and directly stopped altogether. Our musketry and artillery played for half an hour later. It was now 9 o'clock p.m. and after. We received orders from General Porter to remain on the field and support a battery that was stationed on the right of the road, and cover our front with a line of pickets connecting with those on our right, General Sickles' brigade, and those on our left, the First Michigan. Company A, Captain Barry, was detailed for this service.

At about 1 o'clock a.m., by the order of General Couch, our picket line was withdrawn, and the regiment moved back and joined the brigade, which was found on the field of June 30 on its line of march to the rear. Our loss in killed was 2; in wounded, 37; missing, 3. During the whole of both days General Butterfield was ever among us, cheering the men and inciting them to deeds of bravery by his coolness and valorous daring. We all love him, and only hope that we may be able to follow him. Captains Brockway, Elliott, and Martin; Lieutenants Prentiss, Fuller, Brown, and Hill; Sergeant-Major Kydd and Sergeant Chittuck, of Company B; Cook, of Company A, and Jewett, of K, all displayed true courage and the right spirit in the right place. They are particularly worthy of notice.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. V. RUEHLE,

Lieutenant Colonel, Commanding Regiment.

Capt. THOMAS J. HOYT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Soon after writing that report, Ruehle resigned his commission.

The Confederate leaders used a strange tactic to “fire up” their troops for the Battle of Malvern Hill. Frank Keeler wrote that prisoners they took told them that they had drunk liquor mixed with black powder before making their charges on the Union lines. Keeler commented: “Many people will not believe that the Johnnies in this fight mixed gun powder with the whiskey in their canteens. A prisoner showed us the contents of his canteen, and it was as I state. He said he had not taken any water that day, that their officers filled their canteens with the mixture and used every means to keep them away from water! Many of the prisoners begged our men to give them water and take their whiskey.”

McPherson's “Battle Cry of Freedom” reported on the Battle of Malvern Hill in this way:

In the fog-enshrouded gloom at Malvern Hill on the morning of July 2, 1862, a Union cavalry officer looked over the field of the previous day's conflict. “Our ears had been filled with agonizing cries from thousands before the fog was lifted,” he wrote two decades later with the sight still imprinted in his mind, “but now our eyes saw an appalling spectacle upon the slopes down to the woodlands half a mile away. Over five thousand dead and wounded men were on the ground ... enough were alive and moving to give to the field a singular crawling effect.” Soon the two armies agreed on a truce to bury the dead and succor the wounded. These tasks etched the horrors of war even more indelibly than the actual fighting. “The sights and smells that assailed us were simply indescribable,” wrote a southern officer on burial detail, “corpses swollen to twice their original size, some of them actually burst asunder with the pressure of foul gases. ... The odors were nauseating and so deadly that in a short time we all sickened and were lying with our mouths close to the ground, most of us vomiting profusely.”

At the Second Battle of Bull Run (referred to as Second Manassas by the Confederates) on August 30th, the 16th gallantly fought heavy masses of Confederates with no thought of yielding the field.

McClellan was relieved of command (fired, in civilian terminology) after Second Bull Run. Fitz John Porter was also relieved, for supposedly being the cause of the loss there. Their men, though, hated to see McClellan and Porter go, and for the most part remained staunch McClellan backers until he ran against Lincoln for President in 1864. McClellan was replaced by Ambrose Burnside, Porter by Joseph Hooker.

The Union army was not faring well at this point of the war. The soldiers had expected the war to be over quickly, and it had been raging for almost two years. This year was, militarily, an unmitigated disaster for the Union--defeats, retreats, miserable weather, and generals who either didn't know what they were doing or were at least *perceived* as being incompetent at the highest levels of the government.

The last battle of the year for the 16th was at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Lt. Charles Salter wrote in its aftermath: “It seems to me, lately, that our

rulers are going mad and are trying to do their best to destroy the army. But I suppose it seems worse to me, there, than it does to the people of the country North. Yet I cannot help wishing that the people of the North and South could all have seen that horrible massacre, for if they had, they would be willing to settle up the war upon terms without ever fighting another battle.”

Amidst the toil and trouble, the death and destruction, there were also moments of levity. The book "The 16th Michigan Infantry" by Kim Crawford relates one humorous episode:

...unwittingly provided by a sleepy Colonel Stockton. According to an anonymous anecdote: "A Michigan regiment lay down on their arms and were soon asleep" after fighting that night at Fredericksburg. The story continued that when the Union ammunition wagons came up to bring supplies and remove the wounded, some of the mules began braying by the sleeping colonel, who was "much provoked at being thus so unceremoniously disturbed." Thinking army musicians caused the sound, the disoriented colonel called to his adjutant. "Put these damned buglers under arrest and send them to the rear," the colonel demanded. "They will jeopardize the safety of the whole army."

The 16th made their second winter encampment near the site of that last battle in Fredericksburg.

Here is a list of dates and operations in 1862 for the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment (and, thus, the Brady Sharpshooters):

April 4 th to May 4 th :	Siege of Yorktown
May 27 th :	Engagement, Hanover Court House, Slash Church or Kinney's Farm
May 27 th to 29 th :	Operations about Hanover Court House
June 25 th to July 1 st :	Battles of the Seven Days' Retreat from before Richmond
June 26 th :	Battle of Mechanicsville, Beaver Dam Creek, or Ellison's Mills
June 27 th :	Battle of Gaines Mill, Cold Harbor, Chickahominy
July 1 st :	Battle of Malvern Hill, Crew's Farm, or Poindexter's Farm
Aug. 29 th /30 th :	Second Battle of Bull Run (Second Manassas)
Sept. 16 th to 17 th :	Antietam (Sharpsburg)
Dec. 12 th to 15th:	Battle of Fredericksburg



Ishi, who would later be the sole surviving member of the Yahi tribe of northern California, was born near Oroville, California this year.

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James Wesley Kollenborn, son of William Kollenborn and Charlotte (Hilly) Kollenborn, and grandfather of Albert Kollenborn, was born August 15th in Jerseyville, Illinois, this year. Born during the Civil War, James died at the beginning of World War II.

James may have been given his middle name in honor of geologist, explorer, and soldier John Wesley Powell, who lived in Illinois at the time of James' birth.

1863

Freedom Breaks

"Some years ago on the gold coins we used to trust in God. I think it was in 1863 that some genius suggested that it be put on the gold and silver coins which circulated among the rich. They didn't put it on the nickels and coppers because they didn't think the poor folks had any trust in God. ... If I remember rightly, the President required or ordered the removal of that sentence from the coins. Well, I didn't see that the statement ought to remain there. It wasn't true. But I think it would better read, "Within certain judicious limitations we trust in God," and if there isn't enough room on the coin for this, why enlarge the coin." – Mark Twain

"The motto stated a lie. If this nation has ever trusted in God, that time has gone by; for nearly half a century almost its entire trust has been in the Republican party and the dollar--mainly the dollar. I recognize that I am only making an assertion and furnishing no proof; I am sorry, but this is a habit of mine; sorry also that I am not alone in it; everybody seems to have this disease." – Mark Twain

"A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." -- Oscar Wilde

- ◆ Emancipation Proclamation Goes Into Effect
- ◆ Battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg
- ◆ Draft Riots in New York City
- ◆ Gettysburg Address

Seven score and change ago, Abraham Lincoln made his famous freedom promise, more grandiloquently known as the Emancipation Proclamation. Announced in September of 1862, it went into affect on January 1st of 1863. The primary focus of the War, at least from the perspective of the North, seemingly changed from preserving the Union to liberating the slaves.

That proclamation said, in part:

That on the 1st day of January, A.D. 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward and forever free.

Not all slaves were offered immediate freedom by means of this proclamation, though—only those who were living in states still in rebellion on January 1st, 1863. So it did not apply to those breakaway states that were already under Union control, nor did it apply to slave states that had not seceded, such as Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky. The Emancipation Proclamation was, however, a message to blacks that

all slaves would be free when the war ended--*if* the hostilities concluded with a Union victory. This carrot quickened the heart rate and accelerated the patriotic pace of many dark horses.

Europe was monitoring the war in America very closely. At various stages during the internecine struggle, some European nations came close to recognizing the Confederacy as a sovereign nation. In response to Lincoln's proclamation, the London Times opined: "Where he has no power Mr. Lincoln will set the negroes free; where he retains power he will consider them as slaves. This is more like a Chinaman beating his two swords together to frighten his enemy than like an earnest man pressing forward his cause."

But Lincoln was acting in compliance with his legal rights regarding his war powers: He had no constitutional authority to unilaterally act against slavery in states loyal to the Union; in breakaway states, though, he could seize these enemy resources. All blacks would thus become "contrabands of war" without needing first to flee to or fall into the hands of Union forces. As of the time the proclamation was made, Union forces became armies of liberation.

Slaves of African origin were not the only beneficiaries of Lincoln's proclamation. Up until this time, Indians could be legally enslaved by whites. California law, for instance, allowed whites to indenture Indians for up to sixteen years upon payment of a mere two-dollar fee.

In his book *For Cause and Comrades*, James McPherson wrote of the effect the Proclamation had on the armies. As to the Confederates:

Some Confederate soldiers welcomed Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation for bringing the real issue into the open. "The Proclamation is worth three hundred thousand soldiers to our Government at least," wrote a Kentucky cavalry sergeant who rode with John Hunt Morgan. "It shows exactly what this war was brought about for and the intention of its damnable authors." A captain in the 27th Virginia, a small slaveholder in the Shenandoah Valley, believed that "after Lincoln's proclamation any man that would not fight to the last should be hung as high as Haman." Several Union soldiers regretted the Proclamation on just these grounds, that it would make the enemy fight harder. "My hopes (if I had any) of a speedy termination of the war is thereby nocked in [the] head," wrote a New York corporal, "for I know enough of the southern spirit that I think they will fight for the institution of slavery even to extermination."

Confederate prospects for victory appeared brightest during the months after the Emancipation Proclamation, partly because this measure divided the Northern people and intensified a morale crisis in Union armies. Slave prices rose even faster than the rate of inflation during that springtime of Southern hope.

And as regards the effect on the Union soldiers in general, McPherson wrote:

The Emancipation Proclamation intensified a morale crisis in Union armies during the winter of 1862-63, especially in the Army of the Potomac. The removal of McClellan from command, the disaster of Fredericksburg, and the fiasco of the Mud March had caused esprit in that army to plunge to an all-time low...In the Army of the Potomac, according to a New York captain, men "say it has turned into a 'nigger war' and all are anxious to return to their homes for it was to preserve the Union that they volunteered."

Notwithstanding the excerpt above, of those Union soldiers who expressed a strong opinion one way or the other about the proclamation, more than twice as many favored it as not. Many of them felt that the way to win the war was to abolish slavery, and for that reason many of them who had formerly been apathetic or even vehemently against abolition became abolitionists themselves.

Both sides at first opposed using blacks as soldiers, but both sides eventually did. The South changed its stance because, when defeat seemed otherwise inevitable, they decided they would rather lose their slaves by giving them their freedom in exchange for fighting Yankees than have them taken from them by those Yankees. The Northerners ultimately reached the conclusion that if they were fighting to free the slaves, blacks should, indeed, contribute to the cause. Many of these newly admitted soldiers served first in support positions in the camps, freeing up more white soldiers to directly engage the enemy. Once the black soldiers had proved themselves in combat, though, they were soon accepted by their fellow soldiers. In war, conduct in battle is the primary thing: shirkers and skulkers are rejected, while those who display bravery are generally accepted, regardless of former prejudices or animosities.

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Finally allowed to join the Union forces and fight for their race and for the freedom of family members and friends still in the South, 85% of eligible black men in the North signed up to further the cause of freedom, equality, and emancipation. As they were paid less than white soldiers, some refused pay at all rather than be subjected to that sort of injustice. This was finally rectified in the summer of 1864, when black soldiers began receiving the same pay as whites.

Getting enough troops in uniform was not the only problem for the Union. Keeping up the morale of the existing soldiers was also important. Not getting paid for months at a time was not conducive to feelings of contentment. Lieutenant Ziba Graham of the 16th Michigan wrote home about this situation:

The main body of our troops have over six months' pay due them. Consequently, sutlers are a scarce commodity, money and tobacco ditto. Old tobacco chewers who have never before known the want of the weed

now go around as if they had lost their best friend; really they command pity.

Another possible morale “problem” was that not all of the soldiers felt like killing each other. This can be deduced from the social interaction that some of them had with one another. Private George Ervay of the 16th Michigan wrote about what took place on March 17th, when the sharpshooters were on picket duty on the Rappahannock, amiably chatting with the Confederate counterparts on the opposite side: “They were talking all the time. They told our men that the war would be settled by the first of July.” The Rebels tried to throw some of their newspapers across, but the distance was a little too far--the journals were swept down the river.”

Ervay also reported about an incident that occurred on May 27th on a part of the river that was so narrow that Sergeant John Berry could talk to the Confederate pickets. Sometimes the Southerners would even come over and have coffee and exchange newspapers. Ervay saw one of the soldiers from his company swim out and sit on a log with a Rebel and shake his hand. “It happened to be one that used to stand guard over him when he was in Richmond, a prisoner,” Ervay wrote.

An even more unusual incident was related by Lt. Charles Salter, who also spoke with Confederate soldiers while on picket duty. He discovered that one of them was not a Southerner at all, but was from Michigan. The Great Lake Stater explained that he had been working in Virginia when the war broke out. He had joined the Confederate Army “for the fun of it. But they did not think there was so much fun in it now as they had imagined.”

As to the specific military activities we know James was involved in this year, there was the “Mud March” early in the year, which led to General Burnside being replaced by Hooker. Perhaps mindful of his predecessor being removed from his position due to his overly cautious nature, Burnside attempted to move the troops forward during an unseasonably dry period of winter weather, in order to launch an attack on Confederate forces. The march that began January 20th did not start out muddy, but shortly after they commenced it, rain came down in torrents, and what had become a miserable, exhausting march had to be aborted on the 22nd. Confederate pickets had monitored the marchers' minuscule progress with amusement, derisively holding up mocking signs directing “This way to Richmond.”

Of the 10,000 locales where Civil War battles were fought, most of them were in very small towns, rather than cities. Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, is a prime example. Chancellorsville was even less noteworthy a place--it wasn't even a real town, just a large brick farmhouse and inn about ten miles west of Fredericksburg, the scene of the 16th Michigan's last battle of 1862. There were scattered farms and a couple of churches and taverns in the surrounding area.

The 16th Michigan was engaged at Chancellorsville and were assigned an important role in that disastrous battle. Although a confederate

victory (considered Robert E. Lee's greatest), the 16th held the ground they were assigned though repeatedly charged by the southern forces. Edward Hill of the 16th related an exchange between General George Meade and Charles Griffin, a fellow general:

"Have you placed the regiments in position, general?" Meade demanded.

"I have," Griffin replied.

"Are they troops on whom you can depend?" Meade asked.

"General, they are Michigan men," Griffin responded.

"But will they hold their ground?" Meade persisted, not thinking his question had been answered.

"Yes, general. They'll hold it against hell."

Kim Crawford's painstakingly researched book "The 16th Michigan" tells of what James Shannon's experience as a member of the Brady Sharpshooters may have been in the Battle of Chancellorsville:

A short distance away at Chancellorsville, Union front lines were themselves blasted by Confederate Artillery. The Brady Sharpshooters were still posted near the Chancellor House, a building Alfred Apted referred to as "the brick hotel." Apted's diary tells of the "fearful fury" of the battle and that the artillery fought throughout the afternoon. "The reb loss is fully three to our one," he estimated when he made his entry that day. "The hardest battle yet.

Union troops in those advanced positions to the south suffered relentless Confederate artillery fire and punishing attacks. They withdrew back into the contracting Union lines. The Chancellor House itself was bombarded as the soldiers retreated.

General Griffin, who commanded the division of which the 16th Michigan was a part, was ordered to direct Union guns to keep the advancing Rebels at bay late that morning. An artillerest, Griffin asked for all the available spare cannon and uttered a vow that became one of the famous quotes of the Civil War: "I'll make them think hell isn't half a mile off." His guns did so, and retreating Union troops joined the Fifth Corps and others in the defenses north of Chancellorsville.

While making a night reconnaissance, confederate leader "Stonewall" Jackson was killed by friendly fire; J.E.B. Stuart temporarily took over his command. Later in the war, Stuart was killed by George Armstrong Custer's men.

Possibly the most famous engagement of the war, and a turning point in it, the Battle of Gettysburg was fought at the mid-point of the year. Meade on the Union side, who had recently taken over command from Hooker, and Lee for the Confederacy, plied their deadly trade and played their deadly combination of "chicken," chess, and "King of the Hill." Lee had invaded Pennsylvania in June and had hoped to threaten

Washington and Philadelphia and put a damper on Union morale. This would be the bloodiest battle ever fought on American soil.

Gettysburg was a small Pennsylvania college town. The battle there lasted three days. The 16th Michigan was only involved the second day. The first day, they were on their way, marching all day and half the night. They only got three hours of rest before being rousted out of their sacks early on July 2nd to complete the last three miles of their hike into Gettysburg.

On arrival, the 16th realized that a huge showdown was in the making. The entire Army of the Potomac was there, having arrived at the same spot via various routes. The “visiting team,” the Confederate army, was also there, and in great numbers.

As to the “home field advantage” an army had, that is, whether they were fighting on their home turf or in country foreign to them, the difference it made could be considerable. Morale improved when the civilians they encountered were friendly, and oftentimes at least one member of the group was familiar with the territory, which intelligence often proved to be of great practical advantage.

As to having civilians on one's side, even if only in spirit, McPherson writes in “Battle Cry of Freedom” about the Union soldiers on their way to Gettysburg:

As the army headed north into Pennsylvania, civilians along the way began to cheer them as friends instead of reviling them as foes. Their morale rose with the latitude. “Our men are three times as enthusiastic as they have been in Virginia,” wrote a Union surgeon. “The idea that Pennsylvania is invaded and that we are fighting on our own soil proper, influences them strongly. They are more determined than I have ever before seen them.”

The 16th Michigan, along with the 44th New York, the 83rd Pennsylvania, and the 20th Maine, were assigned to defend Little Round Top, a rocky bulge above the town and connected to Big Round Top by a saddle-shaped ridge. The strategic location was simultaneously sought by Hood’s Texas troops—it was a race to see who could first reach the summit. With supreme effort, Hazlett’s Battery was dragged and pushed and lifted up the side of the steep and rugged side of the mountain. The Union Army won the race, a scarce five minutes ahead of the Rebels.

Had they been delayed five minutes for whatever reason, they may have lost Little Round Top. Had they lost Little Round Top, the course of the Battle may have been different. Had the course of the Battle been different, the course of the War may have been altered.

Although the 20th Maine under Joshua Chamberlain were to play the most pivotal role in defending Little Round Top, the 16th Michigan’s Brady Sharpshooters also played a significant one. According to Crawford, the Sharpshooters were deployed across the saddle onto Big Round Top, to the left of the line of defense:

Rufus Jacklin claimed the opening shots in the fight for Little Round Top were by the skirmishers of the 16th Michigan as the Texas and Alabama troops of Gen. John Bell Hood's division advanced, yipping the Rebel yell. "The Brady Sharpshooters firing the first shots down upon their advance columns from the Big Round Top was the signal of the attack," Jacklin stated years later.

John Berry, whose Company A was detached along with the sharpshooters, was even more specific, though his estimation of the time was off by an hour. "We get into position into line of battle," he recorded. "Our company with the company of sharpshooters is then sent out as skirmishers and we advance about a half a mile and find the enemy. About 3 o'clock the battle commences in earnest and a terrible engagement ensues along the whole line which last[s] until dark."

Private Alfred Apted of the Brady Sharpshooters wrote that the enemy "started about 4 p.m., and came around the west of our lines and took position on the next extreme left of our lines."

These directions and descriptions support Jacklin's statement that 16th Michigan skirmishers were on the wooded slope of Big Round Top, a fact further confirmed by Capt. Walter G. Morrill, commander of Company B of the 20th Maine. Morrill and his skirmish company crossed the ground between the two hills and started to climb Big Round Top. "I immediately deployed my men as skirmishers and moved to the front and left," Morrill wrote in his report, "ordering my men to connect on the right with the 16th Michigan Regiment skirmishers."

The climactic moment of the battle came when Hood's men made their charge across the open fields towards Cemetery Ridge. Climbing toward the summit, these Rebels were repelled when Chamberlain's 20th Maine, out of ammunition, and much to the amazement of the rebels, fixed their bayonets to their muskets and charged. Brady Sharpshooter Alfred Apted wrote: "...in the short space of 5 minutes [they (the Rebels)] lost a great number of men and officers."

Chamberlain would be wounded six times following Gettysburg, be awarded the Congressional Medal of Valor for his role there, serve four terms as governor of Maine, and be hired as President of Bowdoin College, where he had been a professor prior to volunteering for the War. One of the battle wounds Chamberlain received was so serious that his doctor did not expect him to live, and his obituary was printed in the newspaper the next day.

Earlier in the battle, the Brady Sharpshooters had nullified an entire company. Colonel William Oates of the 15th Alabama later wrote that Union troops (probably U.S. sharpshooters and Third Brigade Sharpshooters) had scared off an entire company of his which he had sent to capture Union wagons parked behind the Round Top as the battle was beginning. This company never resumed their attack. Rather, they loitered nearby and played the role of spectators during the rest of the battle.

No more desperate fighting occurred during the Civil War than at Gettysburg, nor was greater tenacity and dogged persistence displayed on any field of battle than was seen that day by both sides. The three-day battle resulted in 51,000 casualties.

Relating the emotions felt there that day, Lieutenant Salter wrote:

We have been engaged in other battles where we have had more men cut down by artillery, but we never had such a terrible, close bayonet fight before. It seemed as if every man on both sides was actuated by the intensest hate, and determined to kill as many of the enemy as possible, and excited up in an enthusiasm far exceeding that on any battlefield before that we have been engaged in. I know I felt so myself although I never did before.

Corroborating the fierceness of the fighting, John Stevens of the 5th Texas said "The balls are whizzing so thick around us that it looks like a man could hold out a hat and catch it full."

The booming artillery attacks of both sides were heard as far away Pittsburgh (a distance of 185 miles).

Years later, Colonel Edward Hill of the 16th Michigan said in an 1889 speech dedicating a monument to the 16th Michigan on Little Round Top:

Neither the pen of the writer, the pencil of the artist, the rhetoric of the orator, can describe the horrors of the scene. Nor can the enactments of legislatures add glory to the renown of those who died here that the Nation might live. Comrades of the gallant Sixteenth, these memories are the ghastly legacies bequeathed the veteran, who in retrospective silence recalls the close of that dreadful day.

An important episode in the battle had been precipitated by a ruse on the part of the north. Following fierce mutual artillery shelling, the northern cannons were deliberately made silent by them, hoping to give the southerners to understand they had been taken out, luring them up the hill towards them. The stratagem succeeded. The charge of George Pickett and his men ended in disaster for the rebels, who were slaughtered *en masse* by the waiting Union artillerists. In "Battle Cry of Freedom," McPherson writes that "Pickett's charge represented the Confederate war effort in microcosm: matchless valor, apparent initial success, and ultimate disaster."

The news of the Army of the Potomac prevailing over that of Virginia at Gettysburg reached Washington, D.C. on the 4th of July. The *Philadelphia Enquirer* ecstatic headline was "VICTORY! WATERLOO ECLIPSED!" Twenty-three thousand Union and twenty-eight thousand Confederate soldiers died there.

The day after the Battle of Gettysburg, July 4th, U.S. Grant's army caused the fall of Vicksburg, Mississippi (Vicksburg citizens' bitterness over this siege was so strong and sustained that Vicksburg did not again celebrate the fourth of July until World War II). Three days later, word of

Vicksburg's surrender also reached the nation's capitol. A week later, drafting of Union soldiers began.

While the battle of Gettysburg itself lasted only three days, doctors would stay busy on the scene for months, ministering to the needs of the wounded. For every resident of Gettysburg, there were 10 battle casualties.

After sallying forth on the 5th to verify that the Confederate army had retreated, the Sixteenth crossed the mountains and pursued them across the Potomac River. They were constantly on the march, skirmishing and fighting and participating in various movements with the Army of the Potomac. During this year, the 16th marched over 800 miles in all.

At Kelly's Ford on the Rappahanock River, the Sixteenth again demonstrated its gallantry under fire. After capturing the Confederate works, they remained at the Ford until November 26th.

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Although response had been enthusiastic at the beginning of the war, as it dragged on longer than expected--as wars are wont to do--Lincoln had a challenge on his hands regarding replenishing his army with fresh troops. Especially was this a problem with an aggressive general such as U.S. Grant calling the shots. This was the case even though the man who came to be known as "Unconditional Surrender" Grant had the largest army in the world at his disposal--over 500,000 men.

Promising the blacks liberation meant that free blacks in the North who volunteered would be fighting for the liberation of their wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends in the South. The Union needed still more men, though. That is why Lincoln found it necessary to institute conscription of troops.

Not all civilians were fired up in opposition to the idea of enforced servitude when such was being endured by *other* people. Especially was this the case when many of them thought that blacks thus liberated would migrate north and compete with them for scarce jobs. The temporary loss of their *own* freedom, though, and possibly their lives, for a cause they did not necessarily espouse, coagulated enough bad blood that there were draft riots in New York City--which city had itself earlier considered seceding from the Union.

Two things in particular irked those who were likely to be drafted: The fact that those who could afford to could buy their way out of the draft by purchasing an exemption, and the fact that blacks were not among those drafted. The burden of enforced service fell on the poor whites. The mid-summer heat in those pre-air conditioner days didn't help matters, either. Eventually 50,000 protesters began looting and burning, attacking and lynching those they held responsible for their unenviable situation.

Martial law was imposed, and hundreds of rioters were shot. Beginning July 13th, the riots continued until the 16th. New York police

fought the mobs on the 13th and 14th. Union troops arrived from Gettysburg on the 15th to assist the police in quelling the disturbance, which finally ended on the 17th, when an uneasy peace set in. According to one source, by the time the riots were over, twelve hundred people had died. In "Battle Cry of Freedom," on the other hand, McPherson says "at least 105" (implying there were likely more victims than 105, but presumably not over ten-fold more).

James Shannon may have been there, among the soldiers quelling the disturbance. If he was, he presumably would not have felt overly sympathetic towards the rioters, as he, a Canadian, had not only volunteered two years prior in 1861, but was to also re-enlist later in the year. There were also draft riots "back home"--or at least in the vicinity of home, at the place he had volunteered--namely, in Detroit, Michigan.

Wiley's "The Life of Billy Yank" quotes a soldier from New York recommending the following treatment for those who had fomented the riots:

Hang the leaders...hang them, damn them, hang them...I would show them no mercy...What a pity there was not force enough to cut them down in heaps. How I would like to stand by a gun and mow them down.

A situation that really irked the Union soldiers was that those drafted who could afford to do so could pay \$300 to avoid conscription, or pay a substitute to take their place. Among those who paid substitutes to fight in their stead were future Presidents Chester Arthur (1881-1885) and Grover Cleveland (1885-1889, 1893-1897), as well as prominent businessmen such as J.P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, Jay Gould, and James Mellon. Mellon may have felt pangs of guilt over buying his way out, for his father wrote him consolingly: "A man may be a patriot without risking his own life or sacrificing his health." But such risks are what the wealthy class asked those "less fortunate" to take. How did they reconcile this discrepancy? Mellon's father went on to assert: "There are plenty of lives less valuable."

In his *For Cause and Comrades*, James McPherson wrote of the response in the field to this situation:

One of the things that most embittered Union soldiers in the last two years of the war was the opportunity for drafted men to hire a substitute or pay a commutation fee of \$300. "The columns of the daily papers [from the North] I see filled with advertisements of Northern cowards, offering large sums for substitutes to take their places in the ranks," wrote an Illinois captain with Sherman's army before Atlanta in August 1864. "Oh! How such men are despised here!...We who are already in the field must do our whole duty now, for it is daily becoming painfully evident those at home do not intend to do theirs."

By August 19th, troop strength in Manhattan had been increased to 20,000, and the draft was resumed. The government could not let the

rioters “win” for that could encourage similar uprisings elsewhere. However, the city thereafter came up with money on its own to pay the commutation fees for all the men in the city who were subsequently drafted.

There were also draft riots (and bread riots) in Southern cities this summer.

As to the likelihood of northern men actually going to war for those considered eligible (able-bodied men between the ages of twenty and forty-five), the chances were very high they would never fire a gun in anger: of the 776,000 were listed as eligible, only 207,000 were drafted.

One fifth of the larger number didn't even show up, fleeing into the woods, north to Canada, or to the west; one-eighth were sent home due to already-filled quotas for their area (each area was required to supply a specified number of soldiers based on the area's overall population); and two-fifths were exempted for various reasons. This left the figure of 207,000 given earlier.

Of the remaining 207,000, only 46,000 personally served. 87,000 paid the \$300 commutation fee (indirectly furnishing substitutes, as this money could then be paid out as enlistment bonuses); 74,000 furnished substitutes directly (eighteen and nineteen-year-olds, as well as immigrants who had not filed for citizenship and were thus not liable for the draft).

As a result, of the 776,000 tabbed for potential service, only one in seventeen actually did serve; and of the 207,000 who were obligated to either serve personally, pay the commutation fee, or provide a substitute, only two in nine ended up in the army themselves.

By far the lion's share of those who served were volunteers. Just during the draft period (thus disregarding those who had volunteered earlier, such as James Shannon), the army's new members was comprised of 46,000 draftees, 74,000 substitutes, and 800,000 volunteers.

As to those who did not care to volunteer, nor serve if conscripted, draft insurance policies were available. For a few dollars per month, a premium of \$300 was paid to policyholders in the case that they were drafted.



A week earlier, and four months after the battle at Gettysburg, on November 19th--and two years to the day from when Julia Ward Howe had written “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” while visiting Union troops near Washington--Abraham Lincoln delivered his unevenly received (at the time) short speech now known as the “Gettysburg Address.” For the standards of the day, when it was common for speeches to last for hours, Lincoln's two-minute delivery was considered by some absurdly short, even to the point of being frivolous or disrespectful to the dead soldiers. His predecessor on the podium,

Massachusetts politician Edward Everett (who was considered the nation's best orator of the time) spoke for almost two hours. Abe's oratory was the one that lived on, though, and is now one of the best-known speeches of all time.

Here is a list of dates and operations in 1863 for Brady's Sharpshooters and the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment:

January	"Mud March"
April 30th to May 5 th :	Battle of Chancellorsville
July 1 st to 3 rd :	Battle of Gettysburg
November 7 th :	Engagement, Rappahannock Station
November 26 th to December 2 nd :	Mine Run Campaign. Actions at Locust Grove, Payne's Farm, Orange Court House or Orange Grove. Robertson's Tavern and New Hope Church

In December, two hundred ninety four members of the 16th Michigan re-enlisted (including James Shannon). Those who reenlisted were paid a "bounty" of \$402 and granted a thirty-day furlough. Also in December, President Lincoln offered amnesty to Confederates willing to return allegiance to the Union.

James re-enlisted on the 22nd of December at Rappahannock Station, Virginia. William Burns, a member of the 1st Company Sharpshooters, was the officer who signed his re-enlistment papers. Burns had to sign his name attesting to the following:

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have minutely inspected the Volunteer, James Shannon previously to his enlistment, and that he was entirely sober when enlisted; that, to the best of my judgment and belief, he is of lawful age...[etc.]

The trip back to Detroit, where the reenlisted men traveled on furlough, was not the most pleasant. It was wintertime, and the accommodations they were afforded were by no means luxurious. For the most part, the cars to which they were assigned had no heat and in some cases did not even have seats. There were also many delays, and it ended up taking a week to get home--but the travel time did not count against their furlough time.

The soldiers, who had gotten accustomed to "foraging" while on enemy soil (taking whatever food they could find from the locals), finally took action to provide heat for themselves (many of their number had caught cold due to the frigid, drafty cars). At some stops, they jumped off, broke off a few pieces of board from fences, and used these as a source of heating fuel. In Ohio, some of the men swiped a stove from a train station--with a fire burning in it--and deposited it in an unheated car.

When the soldiers finally arrived in Detroit on Saturday, January 9th, a crowd had been awaiting their arrival in freezing weather for almost two hours. The *Detroit Free Press* reported on the hero's welcome they received in that city:

When the train came into the depot, the returning heroes were greeted with cheer on cheer from the crowd, whose enthusiasm was not lessened by impatient waiting, nor frozen out by the coldest winter atmosphere.

The band struck up a national air as the boys disembarked from the cars, the music, cheering, and hearty hand shakings and greetings and exclamations of joy at meeting made the scene altogether pleasant and exhilarating.

As to the importance of these reenlistments, Wiley writes in "The Life of Billy Yank":

A group who had no separate organization, but who enjoyed high standing among soldiers, were the Veteran Volunteers. These were the seasoned Yanks who in accordance with orders promulgated in June 1863 volunteered to extend their service for "three years or the war." As an inducement to this advance re-enlistment, the War Department offered veterans bounties of \$400 and thirty-day furloughs. Back of this action was a deep concern for the future effectiveness of the army. A check made in the summer of 1863 revealed that the terms of service of more than half of the units then in the field would expire before the end of 1864. The prospective loss of all this man power and experience was viewed as a disaster that might prove overwhelming; hence, a determination to avert it.

With the end of the season of active campaigning in 1863 authorities high and low applied tremendous pressure on the veterans to re-enlist. As a result of the combined influences of propaganda, patriotism, bounty and furloughs, an epidemic of re-enlistment passed through the armies during the following winter, with regiment after regiment going through the "veteranizing" process of signing up, returning north amid a fanfare of public receptions, visiting homefolk and then heading south for the all-out campaigns of 1864 and 1865.

The Veteran Volunteers received as distinctive emblems service chevrons of red and blue braid to wear on their left sleeves. Comments in their letters and diaries indicate that the wearers of the veteran's badge took great pride in their status. And their satisfaction was eminently justified, for the 200,000 or more Yanks who were saved to continued service by the re-enlistment program were a tremendous influence in the ultimate triumph of the Northern armies.

Retention of the veterans was especially vital in view of the woeful deterioration in the quality of men recruited from civilian life in the last two

years of the war. The combined effects of war-weariness, the desire to profit from boom economic conditions created by the conflict and the notoriously defective system by which the ranks were replenished resulted in the offscourings of the world being dumped into the service in the latter stages of the war.

All in all, half of the three-year volunteers from 1861 reenlisted. For Southerners, they were not given a choice: when their initial enlistment expired, they were forced to either reenlist or be drafted. Death or desertion was the only way out.

In *For Cause and Comrades*, James McPherson also wrote about the dynamics behind the reenlistment of the Union veterans:

Because the three-year terms of 1861 volunteers would soon expire, the Union army faced the dire prospect that many of its best regiments would melt away before the war ended. To meet this exigency the War Department offered several incentives for three-year veterans to reenlist: a \$400 bounty (plus state and local bounties in many cases), a thirty-five day furlough, a “veteran volunteer” chevron to wear on their sleeves, and an appeal to unit pride by allowing a regiment to retain its identity if three-quarters of its veterans reenlisted. This last provision put great pressure on holdouts when a given regiment neared the three-quarters mark. The bounty also helped, though many veterans hesitated to put a price on their lives. For some the furlough was the greatest inducement; they told themselves in January 1864 that since their terms still had five or more months to run, they stood a good chance of being killed anyway so why not seize the opportunity to spend a month with family and friends?

...
The beats, the skulkers, the bounty men, substitutes, and draftees, the short-timers who had not reenlisted, the psychiatric casualties who could not take any more—these soldiers wanted nothing so much as to go home or at least to stay as far away from combat as possible. But there were enough who believed in the Cause and were willing to keep risking their lives for it to turn the war decisively in favor of the North in the fall of 1864. Their iron resolve underlay the message conveyed by a dispatch from the American correspondent of the London Daily News to his paper in September. “I am astonished,” he wrote, by “the extent and depth of the [Northern] determination to fight to the last...They are in earnest in a way the like of which the world never saw before, silently, calmly, but desperately in earnest; they will fight on, in my opinion, as long as they have men, muskets, powder...and would fight on, though the grass were growing in Wall Street.

The same author, in his book “Battle Cry of Freedom,” wrote:

While the conscription-substitute-bounty system produced three-quarters of a million new men, they did little to help win the war. This task fell mainly on the pre-bounty veterans of 1861 and 1862—who with

exaggerated contempt viewed many of the bounty men and substitutes of 1864 as “off-scourings of northern slums ... dregs of every nation ... branded felons ... thieves, burglars, and vagabonds.”

1864

A Voice Crying Out in the Wilderness

“Our friends are buried there, and we hate to leave these grounds... There is something strong for us—that fool band of soldiers that cleared out our lodges and killed our women and children. This is hard on us. There at Sand Creek—White Antelope and many other chiefs lie there; our women and children lie there. Our lodges were destroyed there, and our horses were taken from us there, and I do not feel disposed to go right off to a new country and leave them.” – Little Raven, Arapaho

“We all fully realize that it is hard for any people to leave their homes and graves of their ancestors, but, unfortunately for you, gold has been discovered in your country.” – James Steele, in answer to Little Raven, Arapaho

“We tried to run, but they shot us like we were buffalo. I know there are some good white people, but the soldiers must be mean to shoot children and women. Indian soldiers would not do that to white children.” – Louise Weasal Bear, Cheyenne

“The dead cannot cry out for justice; it is a duty of the living to do so for them.” -- Lois McMaster Bujold

- ◆ Fort Pillow Massacre
- ◆ Sand Creek Massacre
- ◆ Mary Abby Gorham born California
- ◆ James Shannon Wounded In Action
- ◆ Lincoln re-elected
- ◆ Gold Rush winds down

Two of the most hideous massacres in American history occurred this year. On April 12th, Fort Pillow, a Union fort near Memphis, Tennessee, manned primarily by black soldiers, surrendered to Confederate forces under General Nathaniel Bedford Forrest. Not only were hundreds of soldiers who had surrendered killed, but even those laying wounded in the hospital were shot in their beds. Women and children present at the fort were not exempt from the brutality, either, many of whom were methodically slaughtered. General Forrest--as Generals usually are--was exonerated from any wrongdoing in the matter. He later became “grand wizard” of the Ku Klux Klan.



Perpetration of atrocities and displays of heartless inhumanity were in no way limited to Confederates this year, though. On November 29th, hundreds of Cheyennes and Arapaho in Sand Creek, Colorado--while in the midst of peace negotiations--were attacked and massacred by twelve

hundred Colorado militiamen. Black Kettle wanted peace, and was assured of it if he were to move his band to Sand Creek. The Cheyennes even flew an American flag in the middle of their village. Colonel Greenwood had assured Black Kettle that if they did so, no soldier would fire on them. Still, Colonel John Chivington attacked the unsuspecting group of two hundred warriors and five hundred women and children with a force of six hundred men—although the Cheyenne were not only flying an American flag, but soon after the massacre began, tied an additional white surrender flag to the pole, in tandem with “Old Glory.”

Many of Black Kettle’s people were bayoneted to death as they huddled around the flagpole. Brown’s *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* relates more details on what happened:

From the direction of the Arapaho camp, Left Hand and his people also tried to reach Black Kettle’s flag. When Left Hand saw the troops, he stood with his arms folded, saying he would not fight the white men because they were his friends. He was shot down.

When the slaughter was over, twenty-eight Indian men and one hundred five Indian women and children had been killed.

Four years later, this same group of Indians was attacked at dawn by Custer and the 7th Cavalry as they were camped for the winter on the Washita River in Texas, on the Indian Territory border. Black Kettle himself was killed. Custer and his men also killed 800 Cheyenne ponies and torched their village.

In his “The Colonel and Little Missie: Buffalo Bill, Annie Oakley, and the Beginnings of Superstardom in America,” Larry McMurtry writes of the experiences of Black Kettle and his wife at Sand Creek in 1864 and Washita in 1868:

Black Kettle's wife was also killed in this battle, though their two bodies were not immediately identified. During the terrible massacre at Sand Creek, Black Kettle's wife had received no less than nine wounds, but Black Kettle somehow managed to carry her the forty miles to Fort Lyon, where the doctors saved her.



At the tender age of forty-five, George Gorham, the salty seaman, the Massachusetts mariner, fathered a child. Susan Lucky, his Wiyot Indian wife, was half his age. She gave birth to Mary Abby Gorham July 13th of this year. Mary was born in either Bucksport or Table Bluff, Humboldt County, California, depending on which document you lend more credence. Bucksport, named for David A. Buck, a member of the Josiah Gregg party which had explored the area in the late 1840s, was at the time a separate town located near Eureka (nowadays, Bucksport is a part of Eureka itself).

Table Bluff is situated between Eel River Island, where Susan was born, and Humboldt Bay.

Both George Raymond Gorham and Susan Lucky were descended from families who had been in America for centuries. George's family had been in the country since the 1600s; Susan's family had been in California for thousands of years—predating not just the government of the United States, but also Mexican, Spanish, Russian, and British rule before them.

Through Desire (Howland) Gorham, Mary Abby Gorham's great-great-great-great grandmother, Mary had not only native American blood from her mother, but also Mayflower blood from her father. It is quite likely that she was the first person ever to have both Wiyot and Mayflower ancestors.

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On the other side of the country, James Shannon was still on the march--both the offensive and the defensive. In a battle at Bethesda Church this summer, a member of the Brady Sharpshooters killed Confederate Brigadier General George Doles. Who exactly the trigger man was, we don't know. It could, of course, have been James. He himself would suffer a serious wound of his own a few months later.

At the start of this year, though, James had some time off. Veterans from the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment were on furlough from January 2nd to February 17th. Following this respite from the rigors of combat, they reassembled at Saginaw, Michigan and from there returned east to rejoin their Brigade. They then remained in winter quarters at Bealton Station, Virginia, until May 1st.

On May 3rd, the Sixteenth added a second company to their ranks. Like their original group of sharpshooters, "Jardine's Sharpshooters" had been recruited at Detroit.

As happened at Chancellorsville the previous May (1863) to Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, one of the Confederate leaders was a casualty of friendly fire this May during what was called The Battle of the Wilderness. Lieutenant General James Longstreet was the unlucky one this time, though he was only wounded, not killed.

During that battle, the 16th Michigan, as at Antietam, was held in reserve, being used chiefly for bringing up logs for the breastworks. The Brady Sharpshooters guarded the supply train and helped build those breastworks.

At one point during the two-week battle at the Spotsylvania Court House, fighting continued unabated for nearly 20 hours in what may well have been the most ferociously sustained combat of the Civil War. On May 12th alone, a total of 12,000 men were killed.

Despite the accurate marksmanship of at least one member of the Brady Sharpshooters, the battle near Bethesda Church ended up a Confederate victory. Union casualties were bad enough that bold and

aggressive U.S. Grant reported in his memoirs that this was the only attack he wished, in hindsight, that he had not ordered.

From late May to the middle of June, the Regiment was active around the Confederate Capitol of Richmond. Cold Harbor is just eighteen miles north of Richmond, and Petersburg is just twenty-four miles south of Richmond. Cold Harbor is only eight miles from Mechanicsville, the site of the Regiment's June 26th, 1862 battle, and three miles from Gaines Mills, the site of their June 27th, 1862 engagement.

Elsewhere, in September, Atlanta was attacked and burned as firebrand William Tecumseh Sherman made his famous "March to the Sea." Sherman waged a "total war," against not just enemy combatants, but against crops and farm animals and civilian housing. This was not a novel concept, but rather a return to what John Grenier terms "The First Way of War" used by English colonists during their wars against the Indians in the 1600s and 1700s. Back then, the Indians' crops were destroyed, their villages were burned to the ground, and all Indians of the target tribe were killed, including the by now typical situation of killing even "women, children, and old people."

Sherman's army actually grew in size during the march. This was possible because not only did 18,000 slaves join Sherman's forces (so many that some had to be turned away), but thousands of white southerners also volunteered along the way (not all whites in the south were slaveholders by any means, and only those who were such stood to benefit financially from Confederate victory). Also, two-thirds of the Confederate forces opposing Sherman and his men deserted and disappeared during the campaign.

At Poplar Springs Church on September 30th, the 16th Michigan Infantry distinguished itself with the same gallantry that it had shown at Gettysburg. In a charge upon the South's works, the Sixteenth had the center of the line. Their Colonel Norval Welch was one of the first to reach the entrenchments, but was instantly killed at the moment he climbed up the enemy rampart.

Regarding their performance there, the *New York Herald* quoted General Warren as saying of Griffin's First Division (of which the 16th Michigan were a part): "A more magnificent charge was never made by any corps in any war." Drawings depicting the 16th Michigan's charge appeared in both *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* and *Harpers* magazine, two leading journals of the day.

James was wounded at the engagement at Boydton Plank Road, on October 27th and admitted to a hospital in Washington, D.C. three days later. According to the diagnosis on the hospital record filled out by G.H. Emory, James suffered from "Contusion over left scapula from spent ball." The scapula is the medical term for shoulder blade. The fact that it was a "spent ball" may have saved his life, indicating that it ricocheted off something else, perhaps a tree, a building, a gun, or a cannon, before striking him.

The hospital entry for “On what occasion wounded” reads: “Before Petersburg, VA.” As to “Nature of missile or weapon,” the attending physician wrote “Musket Ball.”

Crawford’s “The 16th Michigan Infantry” records this about the day James was wounded:

On October 27, the 16th Michigan rose before daylight and left camp near Peeble's Farm with the Fifth Corps and thousands of other Union troops, moving three miles to the left as the Union forces shifted further west. The men marched through woods and rain, out beyond the Union trenches. General Griffin's First Division soon met Confederate skirmishers, who dropped back to their main line of defenses, protected by a fort not far from a creek called Hatcher's Run.

“We skirmished the enemy all day long,” Salter said, “and took up our position quite close to their works there that guard the Southside Railroad until towards night...” But nothing went right that day for the commanders of the different Union divisions and corps involved in the move. They were able neither to link up and support each other, nor to coordinate their attacks and advances through the thick woods. There was fighting in some quarters, but no assault was made on the Confederate fort.

Thereafter allowed to go on furlough, James spent a month recuperating, from November 3rd (presumably when he was released from the hospital) to December 2nd.

Here is a list of dates and operations in 1864 for Brady's Sharpshooters and the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment:

May 5 th to 7 th :	Battle of the Wilderness
May 8 th to 21 st :	Spotsylvania Court House
May 28 th to 30 th :	Topopotomoy Creek / Bethesda Church
May 31 st to June 12 th :	Cold Harbor / Second Cold Harbor
June 15 th to 18 th :	Assault on Petersburg
August 18 th to 21 st :	Globe Tavern
September 30 th to October 2 nd :	Poplar Springs Church / Peeble's Farm
October 27 th to 28 th :	Boydon Plank Road / Hatcher's Run



As the war had been going badly for the Union, Abraham Lincoln did not expect to win re-election this year. In fact, he expected to be soundly defeated. And recent history was against him: No President had been elected to a second term since Andrew Jackson in 1832. But then the

tide turned for the incumbent, who was running as the National Union candidate: Union generals U.S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman, and Philip Sheridan (considered to be the Union's three best generals) all achieved victories, which propelled Lincoln to victory in the first election held in a country during a Civil War.

Not all was pink in Washington, though: Secretary of the Treasury Salmon Chase resigned, charging that some speculators were plotting to prolong the war for monetary gain.

With former general McClellan as Lincoln's chief opponent, running as a "Peace Democrat" (also known as "Copperheads"), Union soldiers overwhelmingly supported Lincoln, even more so than the country at large (Lincoln garnered 78 percent of the soldier vote and 53 percent of the civilian). In one unit, the 84th Ohio Cavalry, a November 8th entry of a soldier's diary reads: "The regiment voted 367 for Lincoln, 16 for McClellan." This lopsided support of Lincoln by the troops was all the more astonishing when it is taken into account that 40-45 percent of soldiers had been Democrats (or hailed from Democratic families, at any rate). One soldier explained their "crossover" vote thus: "I can not vote for one thing and fight for another."

While Lincoln's platform pledged a constitutional amendment to abolish slavery, most soldiers viewed McClellan as an appeaser. He had been popular as a military commander (his reluctance to engage the enemy had kept many soldiers safe), but his "soft" stance towards the rebels was anathema to the men who had sacrificed so much and fought them so long. The prevailing view was that if Lincoln won, the North would fight on to unconditional victory; if McClellan won, though, a peace short of Union victory was to be expected.

While the men in blue welcomed hellcats like Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain into their midst, they didn't want one who might turn out like Neville Chamberlain did (who appeased Hitler and the Nazis in the World War II era). A private in the 122nd New York recorded that he intended to "give the rebellion another thump this fall by voting for old Abe. I cannot afford to give three years of my life to maintaining this nation and then giving them Rebels all they want."



After a decade and a half of frantic and frenzied activity in the hills, the California gold rush wound down. If the rush would have kept up, perhaps James would have come to California rather than going to the Colorado gold fields, which he did in the 1880s. More on that and the letters and poems he sent to his sister from there later.

1865

A Courthouse Surrender, a Playhouse Pretender, and a Celebrated Frog

“I am heartily tired of hearing what Lee is going to do. Some of you always seem to think he is suddenly going to turn a double somersault, and land on our rear and on both our flanks at the same time. Go back to your command, and try to think what we are going to do ourselves, instead of what Lee is going to do.” – Ulysses S. Grant, speaking to one of his officers

“There is nothing left for me to do but go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths.” – Robert E. Lee

“This fact stands an undisputed proof in the history of the war, that where the black smoke of battle rolled heaviest, there could the 16th be found.” – Edward Hill, speaking of the 16th Michigan Infantry

“If all the world's a stage, I want to operate the trap door.” -- Paul Beatty

“Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.” – Jim Smiley, in Mark Twain's breakthrough story “The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County”

“Are you sure Hank done it this way?” – from the song of the same name by Waylon Jennings

- ◆ The Civil War ends
- ◆ Lincoln assassinated
- ◆ America's Worst Steamboat Disaster
- ◆ Mark Twain's *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*

The four year national nightmare symbolically and effectively ended when Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant worked out the details of Lee's surrender at the small town of Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, on April 9th in the home of Wilmer McLaine.

It could be said that the war practically began in McLaine's front yard and ended in his parlor, as General P.G.T. Beauregard had used McLaine's farm house as his headquarters during the First Battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, near the start of the war, and then his home was used for the meeting between Grant and Lee at Appomattox Courthouse--to which secluded region McLaine had removed in what turned out to be a futile attempt to get away from the war.

As Lee noticed Grant's military secretary, Ely Parker, a Seneca Indian, Lee remarked that it was nice to have a “real American” present. Parker responded: “We are all Americans here.”

Not wanting to rub defeat in the Confederates' faces, Grant allowed those surrendering to keep their horses, so that they could return home and commence farming. He also sent the vanquished army food, and disallowed extended celebrations among his own troops, saying that as the end of the war had made the union whole again, it was not fitting to continue to view the southerners as enemies.

Some fighting continued elsewhere for a time, but Lee's surrender of The Army of Northern Virginia following the evacuation of Richmond, the capitol of the Confederacy, made it clear it was just a matter of time before the War would come to a complete halt. Confederate President Jefferson Davis was captured May 11th while trying to escape across the Mississippi River, and the last confederate troops to surrender did so later that month, on the 26th.

By the end of April, following William Tecumseh Sherman's "March to the Sea," where he overthrew and burned Atlanta and continued seaward on to Savannah, a group of die-hard Confederates surrendered near Raleigh, North Carolina. A hundred years later those environs (including the fictional Mayberry) would be portrayed on television as the most wholesome and safe of American regions.

At the end of May, a little over four years since Fort Sumter on the South Carolina coast was bombarded, the War officially came to an end.

But let us now step back in time just a little and follow James Shannon and the 16th Michigan from the beginning of the year. They remained at their winter quarters for the first three months. In early April, they were engaged at Petersburg, twenty miles south of Richmond. Here Grant achieved one of the major military objectives of the war: As was the case with Cold Harbor, just north of Richmond, the capture of Petersburg paved the way for the taking of Richmond, the Confederate Capitol. It was at this juncture that Confederate President Jefferson Davis and the rest of his government fled.

Following these victories surrounding Richmond, the 16th Michigan were among those who, with U.S. Grant, pursued Robert E. Lee and placed him in a position where he was forced to realize his army was fighting a lost cause, at which point Lee finally surrendered.

Grant, in his memoirs (whose production and printing was engineered by Mark Twain, who saw in Grant's autobiography a chance to do well while also doing good-- make a good profit for himself while simultaneously helping out the Grant family, who it seemed would otherwise fall on hard financial times at terminally ill Grant's death) recalled this momentous occasion thus:

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know...but my own feelings... were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly and had suffered so much...General Lee was dressed in a full uniform, which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value...In my rough traveling suit...I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form...We soon fell into

a conversation about old army times...Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting.

Yes, Grant and Lee, like most of the generals involved on both sides, had known each other prior to the great conflict. Lee, who was married to a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington and whose father, Henry Lee, had been a Revolutionary War cavalry officer nicknamed "Light Horse Harry," had been the head of West Point. Jefferson Davis had been U.S. Secretary of War, and had been involved (as was Abe Lincoln) in the Black Hawk War. Many of the generals on both sides had fought together in the Mexican War, too. To give one example, confederate P.G.T. Beauregard and Union general George McClellan served on Winfield Scott's staff during that campaign.

Also serving with the Confederate forces were: former U.S. President John Tyler's grandson Ben C. Johnson; a grandson of Patrick Henry's, who participated in Pickett's charge; World War II General George Patton's grandfather; and General Lewis Armistead, nephew of George Armistead. It was George Armistead who had defended Fort McHenry in Baltimore when it was being attacked by the British in 1814. The earlier Armistead asked for the production of a huge flag, one that could be easily seen by the British. Francis Scott Key, held prisoner by the British on a ship in Baltimore harbor, also saw the flag, and was inspired to write "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Confederates viewed *their* government as the continuation of that of their forefathers, and likened their cause to those who had fought the Revolutionary War against Britain. In fact, the Confederates called the Civil War the "Second Revolutionary War."

James Shannon was promoted to Full Corporal on May 1st (thus, after Lee's surrender). Later that month, his Regiment marched to Washington, D.C. arriving there on the 12th and participating in the Grand Review with the Army of the Potomac on May 23rd. George Custer led that review. In a macabre foreshadowing of future events, a newspaper report said of the marvelous horsemanship Custer displayed on that day: "It was like the charge of a Sioux chieftain."

The Regiment's last shared experience of note took place there in Washington. In *The 16th Michigan Infantry*, Kim Crawford reports:

Some men had been singing as darkness fell, and soon a group took out candles they had been issued that evening, and fell into line with the singers. The parade probably started by men who were fooling around more than anything else, but soon the idea took on a life of its own. Several thousand men with bayonet-candled torches formed their procession "out of pure joy," remembered a veteran from the Third Brigade.

The cheering parade stopped at the headquarters of Generals Griffin, Bartlett, and Pearson, and those of other commanders, where the men

called for speeches. This spectacle continued until their candles burned out.

On June 16th, the 16th Michigan was ordered to Louisville, Kentucky (one hundred years later a member of the Kollenborn family would be a paratrooper stationed in that state, at Fort Campbell). After they got there, the men of the 16th took a train to West Virginia, followed by a steamer down the Ohio River to Louisville. The members of the 16th Michigan were mustered out of service across the river at Jeffersonville, Indiana on July 8th. They then returned to Michigan, arriving in Jackson on the 12th, where they waited until they were given their final pay on the 25th, after which they disbanded. Colonel Benjamin Partridge sent the men on their way with a final address:

This is the hour which has served as a talisman to each of you during the last four years. The rebellion crushed out of existence, the Union one and inseparable, and yourselves enabled to return to your homes, to follow the peaceful pursuits of life. May your career in civil life be as successful as your military has been.

Before parting with you, I must express my high appreciation of your merits as patriots and soldiers. You have earned and received encomiums of praise from every commander under whom you have served, and you served under those who knew too well the value of praise to bestow it unmerited.

When I look around me and see the heroes of such battles as Gaines Mill, Malvern Hill, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the tremendous Wilderness fights, and then think of the noble spirits we lost at those places, it would seem that we were cemented to each other by something stronger than the common ties of friendship. I hope we shall always entertain this friendly feeling towards each other, and above all, let us cherish with reverence the memory of our fallen braves; and let us ever be ready to the extent of our power, to aid a dependent relative of any of those who fell in the cause of liberty, and in the ranks of our glorious organization.

A final tally of casualties for the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment shows a total casualty rate of 25.1%. Two hundred twenty seven of them had been killed in action, eight died in Confederate prisons, and one hundred four died from diseases. Two hundred eleven of them had been discharged for wounds during the war.

Here is a list of dates and operations in 1865 for Brady's Sharpshooters and the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment:

February 5 th to 7 th :	Dabney's Mills
February 25 th :	Hatcher's Run
March 29 th :	White Oaks Road
March 31 st :	Quaker Road

April 1 st :	Five Forks
April 2 nd :	Petersburg
April 3 rd to 8th	Pursuing Lee
April 9 th :	At Appomattox Court House, Lee's surrender

As to the morale of the Union forces at Hatcher's Run, James McPherson wrote in *For Cause and Comrades*:

On at least one occasion Union soldiers even sang while fighting. A brigade commander in the Army of the Potomac rode along his lines during the battle of Hatcher's Run in February 1865 and found that "our boys were singing at the top of their lungs 'Rally Round the Flag, Boys,' and in the finest spirits imaginable. At the same time they were loading and firing away.



April 14th, five days after Lee's surrender, with the Civil War finally all but over, President Lincoln was assassinated by an overwrought, over-dramatic, alcohol-fortified twenty-six year old racist named John Wilkes Booth. Although pro-slavery and a white supremacist, Booth had never fought in the Confederate Army. After it was too late, and the war was over, he had begun to chastise himself for a coward. At the time of the assassination, Booth was downing half a quart of brandy per day.

Booth had already botched two previous attempts to kidnap the President. And he wasn't the only one with evil intent and malice in his heart toward the President--eighty letters that threatened Lincoln's life were on the President's desk this very day.

As an actor himself, Booth was familiar with the theater and the play Lincoln was attending, and what it would take to gain an audience--albeit uninvited--with the President. He lured the stagehands outside with alcohol, and after imbibing two drinks himself, waited for the most opportune moment. At a point when there was only one actor on stage, Booth stole into the Lincolns' box and shot the President from point blank range in the back of the head. The conniving assassin then leaped fourteen feet to the stage, breaking his leg in the fall. Brandishing a dagger, he turned to the audience and bellowed out something. Some claim he yelled "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" (which means "thus ever to tyrants," and is Virginia's state motto); others present thought he said "The South is Avenged!"

Booth had also planned to kill Ulysses S. Grant, who was initially expected to be at the theater that evening but who at the last minute changed his mind and traveled with his wife to Philadelphia.

Even with Grant gone, Abe Lincoln was not the only target that night. Booth and his co-conspirators had also planned to kill Vice President Andrew Johnson (who became President after Lincoln's death early on the 15th) and Secretary of State William Seward. Johnson's would-be

assassin changed his mind about following through with his grisly task. Seward, who was convalescing at home after a carriage accident, had no such luck. Seward's assailant, although stabbing and clubbing the sixty-four year old man, did not succeed in killing him. Nevertheless, the scene he left was chaotic—not only Seward himself, but also his son, his daughter, a State Department messenger, and a male nurse were injured in the attack.

Many soldiers in the 16th Michigan, when they heard of Lincoln's death, did not at first lend credence to the reports. Having been subjected to countless unfounded "camp stories" for years, they thought this was just another rumor. On the 20th, though, they found out that the reports were, in fact, true.

On the same day, April 26th, that Joseph E. Johnston (who had won the first battle of the war, the First Bull Run) surrendered to William T. Sherman near Durham Station, North Carolina, and the war came even closer to its definitive end, Booth was cornered and killed in a barn near Fredericksburg, Virginia.

All of John Wilkes Booth's accomplices were eventually captured and hanged.

Joseph Johnston later served as a pallbearer at William Tecumseh Sherman's funeral, and died a few days afterwards from pneumonia that he had apparently contracted while paying his last respects in the cold weather (out of regard for his former enemy, he had declined to don a hat to guard against the inclement weather, saying that Sherman would have shown him the same courtesy if their roles had been reversed).

The soldiers did not always feel animosity toward their enemies. There exist many accounts of their fraternizing with one another between battles. As Wiley recorded in "The Life of Billy Yank," at times they put the blame on the failed diplomacy of each sides' leaders:

A New Yorker who early in his fighting career breathed the sentiment of "death to traitors," within a year was reporting friendly discussions with Rebel pickets. "We generally end [these sessions]," he stated, "by mutually wishing we had let those who made the quarrel be the very ones to fight. If the question was left to the two contending armies here, we would restore the Union tomorrow and hang both cabinets at our earliest convenience afterwards.

The last shots by the last holdouts (Texas was the last state to surrender) were fired in late May. This brought the Civil War to an end, more or less. In 1962, it would flare up again in a hushed-up but very highly incendiary and hotly contested battle in Oxford, Mississippi (more on that in the appropriate chapter).

The end of slavery did not mean the end of racial prejudice or harsh treatment towards darker-skinned people in America. In 1865 and 1866, state legislatures in the South enacted "black codes" that restricted the type of work "freedmen" could do, where they could assemble together,

and even the gestures and remarks they could make to white people. And whites could still whip blacks without fear of punishment.

And this would remain so for quite some time to come. In fact, in 1955, almost a century later, a fourteen-year-old black youth named Emmett Till would be killed by two white men in Mississippi. The motive for the murder? On a dare, Emmett had said “Bye, Baby” to a white woman—the wife of one of the men who killed him--at a grocery store as he walked out the door.

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Had he remained a Mississippi River boat pilot, Mark Twain may have been piloting, or catching a ride on, the Mississippi River steamboat *Sultana*. On April 27th, a boiler exploded, resulting in the death of a hitherto unheard of 1,547 people. This was the country's worst steamboat disaster ever. Twain, though, had by this time removed to the West.

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Mark Twain was already fairly well known in the “Far West” (as the West coast was known at the time) even prior to this year. He had worked as a reporter for the *Territorial Enterprise* in Virginia (City), Nevada, or as Twain called the then-Territory, Washoe. Twain was known in the region as “The Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope” and “The Moralist of the Main.” He had also worked and written for newspapers in California, such as the *San Francisco Call*, but his fame hadn't spread beyond the hinterlands of the West and throughout the country until he reworked a story he had heard in Angels Camp, California, naming it “The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.” The “wild humorist” was in the area around Angels Camp prospecting and, to hear him tell it, loafing.

Today Twain has a hospital named for him in San Andreas, a town that is also located in Calaveras County, just eleven miles north of Angels Camp, on Highway 49 (named for the prospectors of 1849). A statue of Hannibal's favorite son graces the city park in Angels Camp, too. His aphorisms and quips are quoted on a regular basis in the local newspapers in that part of the country, and his visage is seen “everywhere” there. The Calaveras County fair bears the name “The Frog Jump” and features an actual frog jumping contest, which event is entered by people/frog teams from around the world.

That leaping frog helped catapult Twain to a degree of fame that even a dreamer like him probably never imagined. In his heyday, he was one of the most famous and beloved people on earth. Of course, many people hated him, too, because he never minced words when criticizing the injustices and absurdities he noted around him. Theodore Roosevelt had once stage-whispered as Twain walked by that a man like him should be

skinned alive (Twain was an anti-imperialist, Roosevelt quite the opposite).

But why all this talk of Twain and Calaveras County? Both key families of this book, the Shannons and the Kollenborns, would end up living in the County a century after Twain did, and one would be born at Mark Twain Hospital.

1867

Combining, Dividing, Ice Follies, and Old Shoes

“Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.” – Ralph Waldo Emerson

“All we ask is to be allowed to live, and live in peace...We bowed to the will of the Great Father and went south. There we found a Cheyenne cannot live. So we came home. Better it was, we thought, to die fighting than to perish of sickness. ... You may kill me here; but you cannot make me go back. We will not go. The only way to get us there is to come in here with clubs and knock us on the head, and drag us out and take us down there dead.” – Morning Star, Cheyenne (known to the Sioux as Dull Knife)

“Few people know how to take a walk. The qualifications are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence and nothing too much.” -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

- ◆ Canada Unites
- ◆ “Seward's Folly”
- ◆ Division of Oklahoma and the Indians
- ◆ John Muir walks from Indianapolis to the Gulf of Mexico

Fearful of what an America reunified after the conclusion of its Civil War might do regarding annexation of various disparate British colonies in Canada, these independent colonies decided to unite into one cohesive whole. The “British North American Act,” creating the Dominion of Canada, was signed May 8th and went into effect July 1st. By forming a confederation, they would be able to present a united front to the United States, discouraging any rapacious moves against tasty tidbits and mouth-watering morsels such as British Columbia (the United States had, not long before, made noises about annexing that Province).

The lion's share of Canada prior to unification were the two humongous regions known as the North-Western Territory, located in an obvious region of the country, and “Rupert’s Land” on the eastern half, which had been owned by the Hudson Bay Company.



On October 18th, in Sitka, Alaska, amongst the firing of Russian and American cannon, the Imperial Russian flag was lowered, and the U.S. flag took its place. Alaska was now officially a territory of the United States.

Forward-thinking Secretary of State William H. Seward became the butt of jokes for this acquisition. His purchase of Alaska was called

“Seward's folly”; the purchase itself was termed “Seward's icebox.” There was a method to Seward's “madness,” though. Natural resources and splendor aside, securing Alaska had geopolitical ramifications that Seward considered vital. Removing Russia from North America was his main aim. Seward felt so strongly about the importance of this that, when asked about his greatest accomplishment late in life, he replied: “The purchase of Alaska! But it will take a generation to find that out.”

For a grand total of \$7,200,000.00 (about 2.5 cents per acre, slightly less than what America had paid France for the Louisiana Purchase), the "icebox" (which would prove to contain vast oil and coal reserves) has been borne out to be quite a bargain, to say the least. At 586,400 square miles, the state is more than twice the size of Texas.

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The government decided this year to place the eastern Indian tribes, including the five "civilized" tribes (Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek, Chickasaw, and Seminole) in the eastern half of Oklahoma, and populated the western half with displaced Plains Indians (Cheyenne, Arapaho, Kiowa, and Comanche). Not all Indians would be relocated peaceably, though, as we will see.

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John Muir, future “patron saint” of the wilderness in general and Yosemite in particular, was starting to become who he was intended to be. He undertook a thousand-mile nature hike from Indianapolis to the Gulf of Mexico. This trek would lead to many others, perhaps most notably the one he would take the next year. He would also discover Glacier Bay in Alaska a dozen years hence.

1868

His Heart's Home

*He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh year
Comin' home to a place he'd never been before*
– from the song “Rocky Mountain High” by John Denver

“The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood.” – Ralph Waldo Emerson

“No white person or persons shall be permitted to settle upon or occupy any portion of the territory, or without the consent of the Indians to pass through the same.” – from the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868

“Corporations have been enthroned, an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money-power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed.” -- Abraham Lincoln

“I must sojourn once to the ballot-box before I die. I hear the ballot box is a beautiful glass globe, so you can see all the votes as they go in.” -- Sojourner Truth

“Vote for me, and all your wildest dreams will come true.” -- Efren Ramirez as Pedro Sanchez, in the movie “Napoleon Dynamite”

- ◆ John Muir in Yosemite Valley
- ◆ Fort Laramie Treaty
- ◆ Fourteenth Amendment
- ◆ Newly minted President and Inventor

John Muir wasn't twenty-seven when he arrived in California, like the protagonist in John Denver's song, and it wasn't quite summer when he arrived, but he was definitely coming home. The thirty-year old native of Scotland had never been to California before, but it didn't take long until it became obvious that he had found his spot and his calling. He came to call the Sierra Mountains both “The Range of Light” and his “heart's home,” and is revered today as America's most influential environmentalist.



The U.S. government concluded a treaty with the Sioux this year at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The treaty promised the Sioux the Black Hills

(which they called Paha Sapa) in perpetuity. Land could only be lost by the tribe if ¾ of the adult males agreed to it.

The reason for this favorable treaty was that Red Cloud had been adamant in resisting the encroachments of the whites and would not allow himself to be hoodwinked by shady agents. He was able to get the Army to abandon the Powder River Country (for the time being).

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Two years prior, in 1866, some minorities had won a victory when a Civil Rights Bill passed (Congress overrode Andrew Johnson's presidential veto of it), and equal rights were granted to all persons born in the United States. Well, not really all--for the purposes of that Bill, Indians were not considered persons. Although blacks could now vote for the first time in America, the land's original inhabitants were still barred from the polling places. At any rate, that legislation this year became a part of the U.S. Constitution, being appended to that highest national legal document as its fourteenth amendment.

Were all Americans benefited by this new legislation? Vine Deloria, Jr. wrote in *Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto* the following regarding the 14th amendment:

American blacks had become recognized as a species of human being by amendments to the Constitution shortly after the Civil War. Prior to emancipation they had been counted as three-fifths of a person in determining population for representation in the House of Representatives. Early Civil Rights bills nebulously state that other people shall have the same rights as "white people," indicating there were "other people." But Civil Rights bills passed during and after the Civil War systematically excluded Indian people. For a long time an Indian was not presumed capable of initiating an action in a court of law, of owning property, or of giving testimony against whites in court. Nor could an Indian vote or leave his reservation. Indians were America's captive people without any defined rights whatsoever.

As Deloria stated, the fourteenth amendment was intended to protect emancipated slaves in particular (not necessarily all minorities). This latest appendage to the Constitution guaranteed due process and equal protection under the law. To the dismay of many U.S. citizens, though, and flying in the face of the law's stated purpose, this amendment has actually aided corporations more than any other group.

After corporations secured for themselves the legal standing of being "persons," they have invoked this law in claiming that states and localities taxing and regulating them in different ways are thereby discriminating against them. Corporations thus have rights that were originally only intended to benefit humans. Through the structure of these businesses, though, they enjoy many rights without the same

responsibilities that are required of true persons. Law professor Joel Bakan said of corporations that they “valorize self-interest and invalidate moral concern.”

Indeed, it is the legal *requirement* of corporations to make as much profit as they can for their shareholders. Ethics or matters of right and wrong do not play a role. Whatever the market will bear, whatever the courts will bear, are the only limits corporations respect. Corporations, of course, are not *really* persons. Thus, they cannot think, and are neither moral nor immoral. They are *amoral*, and as such behave in ways that most people, according to Bakan, would find “abhorrent, even psychopathic, in a human being.”

In 2002, fifty-two of the world's largest economies were corporations. Wal*Mart, weighing in at #19, has sales just a shade below the Gross Domestic Product of the entire country of Belgium (Wal*Mart had sales of \$246.5 billion dollars, while Belgium's GDP was \$247.6 billion). General Motors, at #25, had a similar relationship to Poland, and #26 ExxonMobil to the country to Turkey.

Sadly and ironically, this unleveling of the playing field between fake people (corporations) and real people (human beings) may have, in the long run, hurt those the fourteenth amendment was expressly intended to benefit even more than it has damaged the average person.

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Also this year, Civil War notable U.S. Grant was voted into the Presidency, displacing Andrew Johnson in the White House. Before leaving office, Johnson granted unqualified amnesty to all those who fought on the rebel/Confederate side in the Civil War. Additionally, Thomas Alva Edison was granted his first patent, for an electrical vote recorder.

In hindsight it can be mentioned that Grant's administration is viewed as one of the most corrupt in U.S. history, Johnson was the only President to be impeached until Bill Clinton was in 1998 (Nixon resigned before that could take place), and the electrical voting machine, which have now been replaced by electronic voting machines, are experiencing technical (or is it ethical?) difficulties.

1869

California Annexes the United States

“The romance of boating is gone, now. In Hannibal the steamboatman is no longer a god. The youth don’t talk river slang any more. Their pride is apparently railways--which they take a peculiar vanity in reducing to initials (“C B & Q”)--an affectation which prevails all over the west. They roll these initials as a sweet morsel under the tongue.” – Mark Twain

“Four hoarse blasts of a ship’s whistle still raise the hair on my neck and set my feet to tapping.” – John Steinbeck

- ◆ George Gorham and Susan Lucky wed
- ◆ Thomas Green born Indiana
- ◆ Nellie Jean Moore born Pennsylvania
- ◆ Transcontinental Railroad completed

In 1869, farmers regained their numerical superiority to miners in the United States for the first time in twenty years--since the California gold rush. In 1776, 90% of Euro-Americans were farmers; by 1900, the percentage had dropped to 32%; by 1935, the number had fallen further, to 20%.

Official records indicate that George Gorham and Susan Lucky married February 21st of this year (five years after their daughter Mary Abby Gorham was born). It is probable that they were married prior to this, but that their marriage was not registered until this time. Admittedly, their union may have been a casual one--which was not all that rare at the time between Indian women and Euro-American males (“squaw men”)--but the fact that their daughter bore her father’s surname may indicate that George and Susan *were*, indeed, married at the time of the baby’s birth.

George--by modern standards, anyway--was on the small side, standing only 5'7." He was very light complected, and by adulthood had tattoos on both wrists. The body decorations are not at all surprising considering his home town of Nantucket, Massachusetts, where almost every boy grew up to make a living on the ocean. George did become a sailor, and he identified himself as such in one of the census enumerations.



Thomas Green, destined to become a cagey “haggler” who would strike a noteworthy bargain, was born in Wells County, Indiana, one week after the official recognition of the Gorhams’ marriage, on February 28th. In addition to being a good negotiator and something of a renaissance man,

Thomas would become the father of eight children, one of whom would be married to Albert Kollenborn for fifty-four years and bear him six children.

Thomas grew up on a homestead in Jewell County, Kansas, which his parents claimed in 1872, when he was three years old. If their personalities matched their names, Thomas' parents were a genuinely odd couple. Both were named for famous, but quite dissimilar, personages. Indiana-born Andrew Jackson Green wed Ohioan Mary Magdalene Haecker in 1865. Andrew Jackson had been called "The Devil" by the Indians, while Mary Magdalene—after a rather checkered beginning—attached herself to Jesus Christ. Ironically, or fittingly, perhaps, Andrew Jackson Green's granddaughter would marry a son of Henry Harrison Kollenborn (William Henry Harrison was also a noted Indian fighter and racist—he attempted to legalize slavery in Indiana when he was Governor of that state).

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Less than three weeks after Thomas Green's birth in Indiana, Nellie Jean Moore was born in Greenville, Pennsylvania. She would later marry James Kollenborn; it was their firstborn who would be given the name Henry Harrison Kollenborn, and eventually become Albert Kollenborn's father.

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America was becoming more proud of its technological achievements and scientific advances. Paralleling or mirroring such was the spirited drubbing that Mark Twain gave Europe and its pretensions in his first travel book, *The Innocents Abroad*, published this year. America was coming into its own, and now there were more opportunities than ever for Americans to see America.

After the north-south rent in the country had been provisionally patched up after the Civil War, the nation experienced horizontal unification. This binding of east and west came about as a result of the completion of the Transcontinental railroad

The Golden Spike was driven into the tracks at Promontory Summit in Utah. This connected the Central Pacific tracks, laid primarily by Chinese working eastward from Sacramento, California, with the line laid by the Union Pacific, laid mostly by Irish workers heading west from Omaha, Nebraska.

The cross-tie into which the centennial spike was driven came from the Eel River country of northern California, where the Shannons were soon to live, and their relatives by marriage had already lived for some time.

The age of headlong expansion and innovation in the United States was not without its blemishes. Abuse of those who had done the actual

work, which was hard and dangerous, was scandalous. The chickens came home to roost during the ceremony at Promontory Summit. It was a day of bloopers, truth be told:

First, Leland Stanford of the Central Pacific, one of the “Big Four” of that corporation--robber barons who charged whatever the market would bear as regards freight rates--almost failed to arrive for the ceremony due to--of all things--a train wreck.

Second, Thomas Durant of the Union Pacific was kidnapped on the way to the ceremony by some of his own employees, who had not been paid for months. The “photo op” had to be delayed two days (it was initially scheduled for May 8th). Durant was released only after he telegraphed for the money, received it, and disbursed it.

Third, Chinese laborers inadvertently gave a clear indication of how they had been treated away from the eyes of the public and the press when a photographer yelled “Shoot!” as they were lowering the last rail into place. On hearing that, the Chinese workers immediately dropped the rail and ran for the hills.

Fourth and finally, Stanford, attempting to drive the symbolic last spike (the golden spike which would subsequently be removed and replaced with a run-of-the-mill iron spike), failed to connect sledge with spike—twice. A laborer, sans frock coat, top hat, and boiled shirt, then stepped in and drove the spike home, finally making ends meet. The Iron horse could now travel from coast-to-coast.

Crowds gathered in Washington, Philadelphia, and San Francisco awaited telegraphic word of the formal completion of the railroad link. When it was received, cheers erupted in all those far-flung places. In San Francisco, a great banner was unfurled, proclaiming “California Annexes the United States.”

In 1969, exactly a century later, Americans would be awed by technology again as they watched a pair of their countrymen take small but significant steps on the moon.

1870

Robert E. Lee Victorious

"I think that much the most enjoyable of all races is a steamboat race; but, next to that, I prefer the gay and joyous mule-rush. Two red-hot steamboats raging along, neck-and-neck, straining every nerve--that is to say, every rivet in the boilers--quaking and shaking and groaning from stem to stern, spouting white steam from the pipes, pouring black smoke from the chimneys, raining down sparks, parting the river into long breaks of hissing foam--this is sport that makes a body's very liver curl with enjoyment. A horse-race is pretty tame and colorless in comparison. Still, a horse-race might be well enough, in its way, perhaps, if it were not for the tiresome false starts. But then, nobody is ever killed. At least, nobody was ever killed when I was at a horse-race. They have been crippled, it is true; but this is little to the purpose." – from "Life on the Mississippi" by Mark Twain

*Hey, Virgil, quick come see
There goes the Robert E. Lee*

– from the song “The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down” by Joan Baez

- ◆ Great Steamboat Race
- ◆ Carleton “C.J.” Shannon born Canada
- ◆ Census

On June 30th, the “Great Steamboat Race” began. The first ship to arrive at St. Louis from New Orleans would win. The Natchez was pitted against the Robert E. Lee. The race was so broadly advertised that huge crowds lined the banks. People came from all over the globe, and the contest was reported worldwide (correspondents came not just from New York, but also from London and Paris).

A new record was set as the underdog boat, the Robert E. Lee, completed the trip in three days, eighteen hours, and fourteen minutes. As the ships steamed into St. Louis, they could see the pilings for a railroad bridge being constructed there. The writing was on the wall: As a day can go out with the “blaze of glory” of a magnificent sunset, the steamboat era was waning at the very height of its excitement.

Mark Twain, the most famous Mississippi River boatman of them all, steamboating’s most beloved one-time practitioner and supporter, wrote of the event in “Life on the Mississippi”:

The time made by the Rob't E. Lee from New Orleans to St. Louis in 1870, in her famous race with the Natchez, is the best on record...the race created a national interest.... The Lee left New Orleans, Thursday, June 30th, 1870, at 4:55 P.M.... and landed at St. Louis at 11.25 A.M., on July 4th, 1870 --6 hours and 36 minutes ahead of the Natchez. The Rob't E. Lee was commanded by Captain John W. Cannon, and the Natchez was in charge of that veteran Southern boatman, Captain Thomas P. Leathers.

Earlier, steamboats had contributed to their own demise by transporting materials up the Missouri River to Omaha to begin the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. Railroads were anathema to steamboat men as they were gradually eroding their livelihood. Ironically, the first railroad that crossed Missouri terminated in Hannibal, Mark Twain's hometown. In fact, it was Twain's own father, John Marshall Clemens, who had set in motion the establishment of a railroad terminal in that town.

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Carleton J. Shannon was born June 9th of this year in Colborne, Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada to Robert L. and Deborah (Richardson) Shannon. He would be the first Shannon to come to California, in 1889.

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For the first time with this census, Indian and Chinese residents of the country were added to the count. The 1870 census found George and Susan Gorham in Bucksport, Humboldt County, California. George is listed as a farmer; Susan "keeps house." Their six-year old daughter Mary Abby is also included in the census enumeration, and is described as being "½ Indian."

In Massachusetts, George's father William Gorham is still in Nantucket, but is no longer residing in the alms house. He is listed as being eighty-two years old and among the "inmates of asylum" in Nantucket. He outlived all three of his wives, Tamar (Worth) Gorham having died five years earlier in 1865.

Thirteen-year-old Robert Huddleston is in District 7, McNairy, Tennessee, Purdy post office. The Huddlestons and the Kollenborns would form a marriage alliance a few decades hence.

1871

Apocalyptic Blazes

“Satan (impatiently) to newcomer: ‘The trouble with you Chicago people is, that you think you are the best people down here, whereas you are merely the most numerous.’” – Mark Twain

“Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends.” – James Shannon, in an 1886 letter to his sister Eliza (Shannon) Philp in Canada

- ◆ The Great Chicago Fire
- ◆ The much “greater” Peshtigo Fire
- ◆ Canadian census

Just about everyone, at least in the United States, has heard of the great Chicago fire, supposedly caused by Mrs. O’Leary’s negligence, in allowing her bovine source of milk, cream and butter to knock over a lantern, setting the barn ablaze, which spread to another building, then to another, then to the greater part of downtown Chicago.

The fire in Chicago on October 8th was indeed a catastrophe. So many ramshackle tenement buildings collapsed so quickly that onlookers described the sound as being earthquake-like. Exacerbating matters was the hot, dry weather that had preceded the outbreak of fire there. The conditions directly after the blaze were even worse--winds up to sixty miles per hour which spread the inferno wherever the wind blew.

Most macabre of all was the burning piece of wood which floated down the Chicago River and landed on top of the city’s only water pumping station, which went up in flames, leaving the firefighters without water to battle the blaze. Similar to what was happening in Peshtigo, Wisconsin, many fled the flames by wading into the river. Their faces were scorched from the superheated air, while their legs were simultaneously suffering from the bitterly cold water.

Although 17,500 buildings had been destroyed by the time the fire finally died out--partly from lack of fuel, and partly due to the winds finally dying down, the O’Leary home was not one of them. Though the fire had started in the adjacent barn, their house itself had been spared.

Regardless of the overwhelming destructive force of the Chicago fire, it didn’t hold a candle to the conflagration 255 miles north in Wisconsin, which, unbeknownst to those in Chicago and even most in Wisconsin, was taking place at the very same time.



More than two hundred fifty people lost their lives in the Chicago fire, and ninety thousand were made homeless. The same ill wind which

contributed to the misery in Chicago did even more damage in northeastern Wisconsin, in the Peshtigo fire there. In the worst natural disaster in U.S. history, approximately 1,152 died in Peshtigo, and 350 in nearby towns (it is impossible to know the exact number of dead, as many bodies were completely vaporized in the 2,000 degree heat, and a number of people had arrived in the area so recently that they had not had time to let anybody know of their whereabouts yet). Three hundred fifty of the victims of the fire remained unidentified and were buried in a mass grave.

As an aid in envisioning the scope of the damage, two *billion* trees were incinerated during the fire.

Swamp gas had been building in the marshy areas surrounding Peshtigo during the long, hot days preceding the fire. This gas exploded before the fires racing toward town even arrived. The result was a superheated firestorm that blew roofs off buildings and even lifted entire buildings off the ground. Anything combustible was incinerated; people died simply from breathing in the superheated air.

As in Chicago, people headed to the river to escape the flames. Some crowded onto the bridge that spanned the river, but it too burst into flame and spilled its occupants--people, horses, and carts--into the waters below. Many sought refuge in wells; some, but not all of these, thus survived.

One young boy who survived the fire by climbing into a well as the fire approached lost his entire family--parents and siblings--to the blaze. A burial crew came by and interred his family in a single hastily dug shallow grave. Once the crew left, though, the boy dug his family members out, carefully separated there body parts, and place them into individual makeshift coffins he constructed, and re-buried them in deeper graves.

And yet who has heard of the Peshtigo Fire, outside of residents of the dairy state and fire abatement professionals? Perhaps the reason for this cognitive void is that everyone has heard of the city of Chicago, and because of the "importance" of that mighty metropolis, a fire striking that locale is considered worse than one centered in a less-populated area, regardless of the number of lives lost.

Admittedly, there was much more *material* damage in the Chicago fire, but only a great cynic would conclude that the greater extent of material damage in Chicago is what gives its disaster dubious "bragging rights" over the conflagration in Peshtigo.

Perhaps the skewed reporting of the incidents of that week, and the continuing unbalanced viewpoint toward the relative "merits" of the two fires, are partly due to the fact that even at that time news of the Chicago fire spread farther and faster than news of the conflagration in Peshtigo. In fact, even in Wisconsin, most people were aware of the Chicago fire as the two fires were raging before they knew about what had happened near the western shores of Green Bay, in a sparsely populated and heavily forested area known as "The Sugar Bush."

Lucius Fairchild was Governor of Wisconsin at the time. Born in Ohio, Lucius had moved to Wisconsin with his family as a youth. Answering the call of excitement and possible wealth, he had been a California prospector before returning to Wisconsin. On his arrival in California, he had twenty-seven cents to his name. When he eventually returned to Wisconsin, his financial situation was not much better. But Fairchild had begun his political career there in the West, in a modest way. Back in Wisconsin, the Civil War prompted him to action. Serving at Antietam and Gettysburg, he may have run across James Shannon (and/or his fellow Ohioan George Custer).

Even Governor Fairchild was aware of the disaster in Chicago before he knew anything about what was happening simultaneously in northeastern Wisconsin. Lucius' wife Frances, when finally hearing about the horrendous fire in the Peshtigo area (her husband had gone to Chicago to lend assistance there), commandeered blankets and other relief supplies and rerouted trains--that had originally been bound southeast from the state capitol of Madison to Chicago--northeast to Peshtigo. And it was a good thing that she did: as badly as the citizens of Chicago needed aid, those in northeast Wisconsin needed it more.

One possible benefit from the fire was an increased awareness in communities around the nation of the need for fire preparedness. After reporting on the Chicago fire which had taken place the week before, the *Iola Register*, a Kansas newspaper, in its issue of October 19th, editorialized:

With the example of great fires in many communities, The Register urges the community to get together and create some kind of fire-fighting organization.

Almost two years later, in its June 7th, 1873, issue, the same newspaper was able to report:

An ordinance creating an Iola Fire Company took effect with its publication in this issue. The ordinance provides for the voluntary organization of fire companies who will operate under the direction of fire wardens appointed by the mayor and city council.

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The 1871 Canadian census shows the following Shannons, all living in Warwick Township, Lambton County, Ontario, and listed as belonging to the Church of England (Anglican):

William, 54, [farmer?], born Ireland
John, 55, LAB[orer?], born Ireland
John, 37, F[armer?], born Ireland
Robert, 35, Carpenter, born Ontario

Samuel, 33, F[armer?], born Ontario

These men are apparently, for the most part, Thomas and Anny's sons. Thomas and Anny had a William, a John, a Robert, and a Samuel James. Although these ages do not perfectly jibe with other sources for these men, they are all within a few years (which amount of discrepancy is not rare for census reports of the era).

At any rate, we can deduce from the census that the Robert Shannon family moved 240 miles west from Colborne, Ontario to Warwick, Ontario sometime between 1870, when Carleton was born in Colborne, and the census this year.

The Thomas Shannon family had lived in Warwick earlier--that is where he and Anny's son Robert was born, for instance. Robert apparently relocated east for a time, to Colborne, and later returned to Warwick.

Robert, who would eventually bring his family to California in the early 1890s, and become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's grandfather, was born 1833, so should have been 37 or 38 instead of 35. His brother William was born 1820, so was either 50 or 51 instead of 54. The younger John was apparently the brother born 1831 (so he was 39 or 40, not 37). As William is listed before the older John, even though he is a year younger than him, perhaps the older John is an uncle or some other relative.

Samuel James, whose service in the Civil War has already been reported, and who later toiled in the gold fields of Colorado before retiring to Buffalo, New York, was born 1835. Thus, James was 35 or 36 at the time the census was taken in 1871, not 33. If, on the other hand, this Samuel was *not* James, returning home for a time after the War, perhaps it was the elder John's son.

It almost seems as if the men skewed their ages so that William could pass as their father, rather than older brother. Instead of appearing to be just eleven years older than John, he is listed as being seventeen years older. Why they would do that, if that was indeed their intent, is unknown.

A potentially problematic piece of intelligence is that John claims to have been born in Ireland. Other records indicate that siblings Mary Ann was born in Ireland in 1821, and Eliza A. 1827 in Canada. If Robert, who was born July 10th 1833, was really born in Ireland, it would seem that the Shannons spent some years back and forth between the new country and the old.

1876

Reaping the Whirlwind

"We preferred our own way of living. We were no expense to the government. All we wanted was peace and to be left alone. Soldiers were sent out in the winter, who destroyed our villages. Then 'long hair' came in the same way. They say we massacred him, but he would have done the same things to us had we not defended ourselves and fought to the last." – Crazy Horse, Sioux

"If I were an Indian, I would greatly prefer to cast my lot among those of my people who adhered to the free open plains rather than submit to the confined limits of a reservation." – George Armstrong Custer

"I could whip all the Indians in the northwest with the Seventh Cavalry." – George Armstrong Custer, June 25th, 1876

"It is a good day to fight! It is a good day to die! Strong hearts, brave hearts, to the front! Weak hearts and cowards to the rear." – Crazy Horse, Sioux, June 25th, 1876

"It's Clobberin' Time!" -- Marvel™ Comics character "The Thing"

"Hundreds of books have been written about this battle by people who weren't there. I was there, but all I remember is one big cloud of dust." – Good Fox, Sioux

"When men sow the wind it is rational to expect that they will reap the whirlwind."
--Frederick Douglass

"It is my heart-warmed and world-embracing Christmas hope and aspiration that all of us, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the admired, the despised, the loved, the hated, the civilized, the savage (every man and brother of us all throughout the whole earth), may eventually be gathered together in a heaven of everlasting rest and peace and bliss, except the inventor of the telephone." – Mark Twain

"Well, say, this beats croquet. There's more go about it!" – Mark Twain, while attending a college football game

- ◆ Centennial of the Country
- ◆ Custer's Last Stand
- ◆ Disputed election
- ◆ Foiled robbery of Minnesota bank by the James/Younger gang
- ◆ Will Shannon born Canada
- ◆ Telephone invented
- ◆ "Tom Sawyer" published
- ◆ Colorado becomes the 38th State
- ◆ Rules of American football codified

Even though in the midst of a national economic depression, the approaching centennial of the country had many people in a festive mood. The country, viewed as a political entity, counting from its declaration of Independence from England, was 100 years old. Although still young in comparison to many of the governments around the world, the country was no longer a babe, and had endured longer than many had expected it to.

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The economy wasn't the only problem this year, though. The situation began to go from bad to worse for westward expansionists. Sitting Bull, who was at an encampment along the Greasy Grass River (or, as the Euro-Americans called it, the Little Bighorn) along with Crazy Horse, was at odds with the whites. The Hunkpapa Lakota tribe considered the Black Hills (which they call "Paha Sapa") sacred, and resisted white encroachment in the area when gold--sound familiar?--was discovered there.

The Sioux knew there was gold on their land, and had tried to keep it secret. Crazy Horse's father Worm had attended a large Indian council where the warriors agreed that any of their number who divulged to the whites the presence of gold in the Black Hills was to be killed as punishment.

Based on his earlier experiences, Sitting Bull was skeptical regarding treaties made with the whites. He had said, "Tell them at Washington, if they have one man who speaks the truth, to send him to me, and I will listen to what he has to say."

In spite of the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty acknowledging Sioux ownership of the Black Hills in perpetuity, the government soon confiscated it. The Homestake Mine alone has extracted over a billion dollars worth of gold from the Black Hills. Meanwhile, many if not most of the Sioux live below the poverty line.

"Woman killer," as some Indians called George Armstrong Custer, bit off more than he could chew in southeastern Montana when he pursued a large encampment of Lakota, Cheyenne, and Arapaho there. Custer, who had cut his hair short for the campaign had, some conjecture, intended to win another quick victory in the Indian wars and then hightail it back to Washington and cast his hat into the ring in a bid for the Presidency.

Custer had told his Indian scout Bloody Knife (as the Crow and Shoshoni were traditional enemies of the Sioux, it was not difficult for the U.S. Army to attract these as allies in their campaign against the Sioux) that this would be his last Indian campaign (in fact, all involved knew that this would be the last big Indian fight on the plains) and that if he was successful he would become the "Great White Father" in Washington.

As it turned out (as we will examine), the 1876 election was a very contentious one. The Democratic front-runner, New York Governor Samuel Tilden, was not popular with all in the party, as they regarded his reform impulses as dangerous. Custer, on the other hand, was a horse of a different color. Ambrose's "Crazy Horse and Custer" says:

To men desperate for a candidate, Custer must have seemed ideal. The Democrats were scheduled to hold their convention in St. Louis in late June; by then, Custer should have found and whipped the hostiles. News of his victory could have swept the convention like wildfire if handled properly and led to a stampede for Custer. Did Bennett or someone else suggest this possibility to Custer? Despite direct orders to the contrary from Sheridan, Custer was bringing Mark Kellogg, a newspaper reporter, with him on the expedition. Perhaps Custer hoped that Kellogg could get a report of the battle with the Sioux to the Democrats and to the country before June 27, the opening day of the convention.

There was enough reality in the proposition, one could suppose, for Custer to believe his nomination possible. If nominated, could he have won? That is anyone's guess, American politics being as they are, but it may be instructive to recall that the Democrats were able to throw the election of 1876 into the House of Representatives, even when running so faceless a candidate as Tilden and despite widespread republican fraud at the ballot boxes. And it might also be said that as President, Custer probably would not have been much worse than the men who did hold the job for the remainder of the nineteenth century. The country would have survived.

U.S. Grant had almost inadvertently saved Custer's life. Grant, no supporter of Custer--especially after Custer had accused Grant's son of being a drunkard--had attempted to prevent Custer from leaving Washington for his final escapade.

Custer's Indian scouts also tried to save him (or, perhaps, themselves). They warned the would-be "Great Father" that the superior numbers of the Sioux made victory for the army impossible. Bloody Knife told Custer that there were more Sioux up ahead than the Cavalry had bullets. Custer estimated there were at most 1,500 Sioux. In actuality, there may have been as many as 3,000 Sioux and their mostly Cheyenne allies.

Never accused of being a genius, but always brave and aggressive, Custer didn't listen. Instead of heeding the warning, the man who had graduated last in his class at West Point (and been court-martialed soon after graduation, at the same time his fellow graduates were being called to Washington and being bestowed commissions at the start of the Civil War), was killed along with his men at the battle known as the Little Bighorn on June 25th.

Bearing in mind the Presidential implications of the battle, Ambrose goes on to write regarding Custer's decision to proceed directly with the attack rather than allow his men and horses time to rest:

He called his officers to him and ordered a night march. This was another inexplicable decision; it further weakened the striking power of an already exhausted 7th Cavalry. Why all the haste? Perhaps the opening date of the Democratic Convention, only three days away, had something to do with it. Kellogg would need time to write his dispatch, take it to the Far West, and get the news on the telegraph to St. Louis. It was already the night of June 24-25; Custer needed to fight his battle soon if he wanted to stampede the Democratic Convention. Whatever his reasons, Custer was pushing hard now, the smell of battle in his nostrils.

Not only was the military outnumbered—there were at least fifteen hundred to two thousand Indians, and Custer's men numbered seven hundred—they were also outgeneraled. Custer thought the Sioux would flee for sure, so when he saw they were still in camp, he said “We've caught them napping! We've got them!”

Not so, though. The Sioux knew Custer and the 7th Cavalry were near, and were anxiously waiting for them to attack. Sitting Bull had had a vision, wherein the whites attacked the Sioux encampment and tumbled head over heels, upside down, into the Sioux camp. The happy campers could hardly wait for the vision to become reality. Custer did what the Indians expected and wanted, but the opposite was not the case. Instead of fleeing, the Sioux and their allies launched a counterattack.

And the Sioux were no pushovers. Ambrose again, describing them:

...men of brave hearts and strong bodies, warriors any commander would be proud to lead, the mightiest armed force, man for man, if equally armed, this continent has ever seen.

Custer wasn't the first to underestimate the Sioux. Captain William Fetterman had said earlier: “With eighty men, I can ride through the entire Sioux nation.” With precisely that number, he and his men were slaughtered by a contingent of the Sioux after being lured into an ambush by Crazy Horse in 1865. Fetterman and another captain had hoped to kill Red Cloud. Instead, the two homicidal maniacs engaged in mutual assisted suicide—they shot each other in the head as their position was about to be overrun.

“The Fetterman Massacre,” (named for Lt. Col. William Judd Fetterman) may have been seen by the Sioux as revenge for the Sand Creek Massacre at the end of November of the previous year (1864). The Indians called it *The Battle of the Hundred Slain*. It was the worst defeat the Army had suffered in warfare with the Indians.

Crazy Horse and Custer had met once before on the field of battle, on the banks of the Yellowstone River in 1873 (one year after Congress designated Yellowstone a National Park, the first area in the world to become such). One of them may have killed the other then had not some of the survivors of Black Kettle's Cheyennes been there. Crazy Horse was attempting to lure Custer into an ambush and had many warriors hiding

in the woods. The Cheyenne, though, once they saw the hated Custer, could not control their emotions and rushed forward to attack. The ambush failed; instead, a skirmish ensued, in which both sides inflicted relatively minor damage on the other and then dispersed.

Both sides thought that they had chased the other off. The reason the whites left the territory, though, was due to the (economic) Panic of 1873, which caused a postponement in the furtherance of the building of the railroad. The military was along as guards for the railroad construction gang, so when construction stopped, their presence in the area was no longer required.

Custer, for his part, thought that Indians were cowards, and that they would always flee when attacked, regardless of the numbers they had. This misconception was to prove deadly to Custer and his men.

Probably out of a desire to retain all the glory for himself and his regiment, Custer had turned down an offer of more men from another outfit. It is impossible to say whether these additional men would have made the difference in the battle, but they might have.

Opposites in some ways, Crazy Horse and Custer also had many things in common: both were teetotalers (Custer had not always been, but had been for many years); had younger brothers who were even more given to derring-do than they were (Tom Custer won the Congressional Medal of Honor); were known among their people as excellent hunters; and had even shared the same nickname earlier in life ("Curly").

Not only were the professional soldiers heavily outnumbered, the 7th Cavalry were tired, while the Indians were rested. Significant, too, is the fact that many of the soldiers were basically mercenaries—several were recent immigrants to whom service in the Army was "just a job," whereas the Indians were fighting for retention of their way of life, for revenge, and were also protecting their women, children, and old folks—for they knew from experience what would doubtless happen to these if they proved unable to drive the army away.

The 7th Cavalry never had much of a chance. After a fierce and chaotic thirty to fifty-five minute bloodbath, over two hundred fifty U.S. soldiers lie dead. Among them were George Custer and two of his younger brothers, Tom and Boston. The only soul in Custer's column to survive was a horse named Comanche.

Up until this point, Custer had been viewed as "lucky," and was known for being in the right place at the right time. In the Civil War, where he came to fame, he had had twelve horses killed from under him. On an earlier occasion chasing the Indians around the plains, he had once gotten lost on that great treeless expanse after accidentally shooting his horse while on a solitary buffalo hunt, but was then found by his own men. This was indeed "lucky" for him, as he otherwise may have been found by the Indians, or found by his men only after he had died--which would have been a likely scenario for someone who had put himself in that situation.

The following passages from "Crazy Horse and Custer" by Stephen Ambrose provide insight into Custer's personality and his previous

experiences in the Civil War, which doubtless played a role in his actions at the Little Bighorn:

Custer rode to the top of his profession over the backs of his fallen soldiers. As a general, Custer had one basic instinct, to charge the enemy wherever he might be, no matter how strong his position or numbers. Throughout his military career he indulged that instinct whenever he faced opposition. Neither a thinker nor a planner, Custer scorned maneuvering, reconnaissance, and all other subtleties of warfare. He was a good, if often reckless, small-unit combat commander, no more and no less. But his charges, although by no means always successful, made him a favorite of the national press and one of the superstars of the day.

...
Of all the division commanders in the war...Custer was the most famous.

He almost certainly suffered the highest losses. At Gettysburg in July 1863, where he had a brigade of approximately 1,700 men under his command, he lost 481 in killed, wounded, and missing. He personally led the 1st Michigan Cavalry regiment, about 400 strong, in a saber charge against an entire enemy division. The charge did halt a Confederate advance, although that probably could have been done with less bloodshed by placing his men in a defensive position and throwing up breastworks. As Custer did the job, however, he lost 86 men in a few brief moments. But he also drew attention to himself and received high praise from his superiors for his boldness and willingness to seize the initiative. The previous Army of the Potomac commander, General Hooker, had supposedly once complained that his cavalry would not fight and that he had never seen a dead cavalryman. Custer gave him plenty to look at.

...
Heavy casualties were almost a point of pride with the Union generals, something to brag about, as they proved that the general had not shirked his duty, that he was willing, nay anxious, to get out there and fight. One hundred killed, three hundred wounded, two hundred missing, for no conceivable military advantage, but what did it matter, as long as a superior officer saw the charge or the newspapers reported on it? The reality behind the figures escapes us today, but it was there—farm boys without an arm or a leg, dragging out their existence, unable to work or support themselves or their families, men whose minds as well as their bodies were permanently scarred, young wives who never saw their husbands again, teen-age boys whose lives were cut short. The Union cause was about as just as men are every likely to find in any war, certainly more noble and inspiring than most, but the price the North paid for victory was far higher than it should have been. And clearly, Custer was one of the leading spendthrifts.

On this day, though, Custer's luck ran out. At least one man had understood the danger of Custer's death-defying antics. During the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln had said to Custer's wife Libbie: "So this is the

young woman whose husband goes into a charge with a whoop and a shout. Well, I'm told he won't do so any more." Libbie replied that the President was mistaken, that her husband would, on the contrary, continue in his same style. Lincoln then responded, "Oh, then you want to be a widow, I see."

At the Little Bighorn, on June 25th, Custer's luck ran out, and his wife became a widow. Within a year, Crazy Horse would also be dead.

Custer's last mistake, or "Custer's death ride" as one contemporary German painting ("Custer's Todesritt") named it, manifestly put a damper on any feelings of invincibility Euro-American military aggressors may have had. News of the massacre didn't reach the East, via Western Union telegraph, until July 4th, the very day the country was celebrating its Centennial.

Besides "Yellow Hair," the Lakota people had also termed Custer "Long Hair," "Hard Backsides" (because he chased them over long distances without stopping to rest), and "The Chief of Thieves." The trail the whites took to the badlands was called by the Indians "The Thieves' Trail." Custer, who was noted for his bravery but not for his sensibleness, had been earlier in his career suspended from command for a year without pay for abandoning his command (returning home to spend time with his wife), shooting deserters without first at least going through the motions of according them a trial, and for being otherwise inhumane to the men under his command.

Not all of the soldiers were killed at the Little Bighorn—some stayed out of the action, as much as they could, opting not to come to Custer's rescue, and perhaps realizing it would have been futile, anyway. All 210 in Custer's battalion fired their last shots there, though. Approximately 40 on the Sioux side lost their lives that day.

In order to save face, the Army later claimed that the Indians possessed superior fire power. But this was bunk. Custer saw to it that his men had the best available equipment, and made sure that they were in fighting trim. And as for the Indians, most of their weapons were old flintlocks, condemned muskets, muzzle loaders, and smooth bores. Sitting Bull's gun, in fact, was a forty-year-old Hawken rifle.

The news of the one-sided affair stunned the nation. McMurtry writes in "The Colonel and Little Missie":

The death, in June 1876, of General George Armstrong Custer and some 250 men of the famed Seventh Cavalry was a shock to the nation comparable in some ways to Pearl Harbor or 9/11. The scale may have been much smaller but the shock was still tremendous: like 9/11 the massacre at the Little Bighorn was completely unexpected. In fact, in his report for 1875, the commissioner for Indian Affairs stated that it was no longer probable that even five hundred belligerent warriors could ever again be mustered for a fight.

And so, what a comeuppance it turned out to be. The Euro-Americans would have their revenge, though. They went on the rampage for the next

fourteen years, culminating in the massacre at Wounded Knee. This year's Indian victory was a short-lived one, and ultimately Pyrrhic in the extreme. The whites have been extracting revenge for "Custer's Last Stand" ever since, continuing down to the present.

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That notwithstanding, it is possible that if Custer had lived, the outcome of the U.S. Presidential election of 1876 would not have been so contentious. Even had Custer not won, he may have proved a spoiler a la Theodore Roosevelt in 1916, who, running against Taft and Wilson, was nonplussed to see that not only did he not win the election himself as the Progressive ("Bull Moose") candidate, but had also affected victory for the dreaded Woodrow Wilson.

As it turned out, though, in the 1876 election it appeared after the results were in that the Democratic candidate Samuel Tilden had won. Nevertheless, as a result of some shenanigans perpetrated by some party followers of Hayes, it was Tilden's opponent Rutherford B. Hayes who ended up in the oval office. And, in fact, in an odd twist that is practically a reverse image of the 2000 election, the *Republican* party claimed that black voters had been suppressed in Louisiana, South Carolina, and *Florida*.

The disgruntled Democrats protested and even rioted throughout the country due to what they considered a "stolen" election. The backers of Tilden, who included almost everyone in the Democrat-heavy South, dubbed Hayes "His Fraudulency."

Finally, the new administration made a back room offer to Southern representatives: if you will call off the hounds, the federal government will get out of the South. The deal, called "The Compromise of 1877," was accepted. And so, on March 2, 1877, an electoral commission decided that Hayes had won the disputed election. The Electoral College gave Hayes 185 of its votes, Tilden 184. Reconstruction was decommissioned, dismantled, and shelved. Conditions for blacks in the south went from terrible (during slavery) to better (during reconstruction) back to terrible again. The Southerners were allowed to resume their exploitation of blacks, even though the peculiar institution of slavery was not revived--at least not officially, in its former guise.

Thus, Reconstruction segued into re-destruction for the former slaves. Former owners were now simply employers who didn't feel the need to protect their investment by feeding and housing them – they just hired labor (cheap) as they needed them, and provided them with as little as possible.

In his book "Mark Twain: A Life," Ron Powers adds an interesting take on just how bizarre this year's election outcome was:

If the one-legged, wife's-lover-shooting Civil War hero Daniel Sickles had not gone to the theater on election night, and hobbled past Republican

headquarters in New York on the way home, Samuel Tilden would probably have been sworn in as president the following January. Scanning the state-by-state tickers more intently than the traumatized part workers in the office, Joe Twichell's old field commander realized that Hayes, though lagging in the popular tally, still had a chance to win in the Electoral College by one vote if certain states—namely Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina—held for the Republicans. He fired off telegrams to party leaders in those states over the signature of Zachariah Chandler, the party's national chairman, who was just then taken drunk. The state operatives mobilized their forces. With both candidates short of the electoral minimum, republicans in the three critical states did their patriotic duty, sabotaged enough Democratic ballots to tilt the electoral vote to Hayes, and stood fast for several weeks. A commission was appointed to investigate, and ultimately a deal was struck: the Republican candidate would be the victor, but federal troops enforcing reconstruction would be pulled out of the South. Reconstruction died and the Republican Party continued to thrive. Such an extra-electoral outcome, of course, was an extreme anomaly of the constitutional system, and bore no possibility of ever happening again.

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The James/Younger Gang had been terrorizing the country, especially western Missouri, for years. Frank James had fought for the South in the Civil War. His younger brother Jesse had been a bushwhacker, a self-styled irregular (in reality nothing more than a terrorist). After the war, the James brothers continued their lawless ways. They suffered their first total failure this year when they traveled far to the north and attempted to rob the bank in Northfield, Minnesota.

Despite being a racist and a murderer (or perhaps in some cases because of being such), Jesse James became something of a folk hero, especially in the South. The Green family, from whose ranks Albert Kollenborn's wife came, named a son Jesse--or was it James: both names are attributed to him, perhaps indicating for whom it was he was named.

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Will Shannon was born in Canada on the 8th of November--in Warwick Township, Lambton County, Ontario, to be precise. He would become the father of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

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The telephone, a contraption which even its inventor Alexander Graham Bell despised as a nuisance, was invented this year. With a

characteristic lack of prescience, many prognosticators thought the telephone would garner only a very limited number of users.

One of these was Mark Twain. Although imbued with one of the sharpest minds in the nation, Twain was an almost ludicrously bad businessman. He was notorious for investing in business projects doomed to failure. Although investing fortunes in many “pie in the sky” ideas, Twain declined when the opportunity was offered him to invest in the telephone. Twain was a proponent of most technology and an early adopter of gadgets such as the typewriter (he was reportedly the first author to submit a typewritten novel). In fact, Twain was even proud of the fact that he was the first private person to have a telephone installed in his residence. Nevertheless, he thought the device didn’t have much of a future—and more often than not hated the infernal contraption.

The first telephone directory contained just names and addresses, no telephone numbers. If you wanted to speak to someone, you called the operator and told them who you wanted to bother. The operator would then connect you with that person. Another disadvantage of early telephones was that often many people shared the same line, and neighbors could—and often did—listen in on each other’s conversations. Widespread telephone usage had to wait until the Turn of the Century, though.

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Another noteworthy occurrence of this landmark year was Colorado becoming a state. In a few short years, the Rocky Mountain state would welcome (so to speak, anyway) James Shannon, who would come in search of gold.

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Based on rugby, the rules for the American game of football were formalized this year. American football is not to be confused with what other nations call football (which game is called soccer in the United States). In American football, the lion’s share of the violence is usually on the field of play; in soccer, more violence is prone to be perpetrated in the stands, among the fans.

1877

Chasing Bona Fide Chiefs

“Our chiefs are killed...The old men are all dead...The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them have run away to the hills and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are, perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I can find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs. My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever.” – Chief Joseph, Nez Perce

“The whites told only one side. Told it to please themselves. Told much that is not true. Only his own best deeds, only the worst deeds of the Indians, has the white man told.” – Yellow Wolf, Nez Perce

“Military justice is to justice what military music is to music.” -- Groucho Marx

“The most exciting phrase to hear in science, the one that heralds new discoveries, is not ‘Eureka!’ (I found it!) but ‘That’s funny...’” -- Isaac Asimov

“Genius is 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration.” -- Thomas Edison

- ◆ Nez Perce Hounded
- ◆ National Railroad Strike
- ◆ Phonograph Invented

While the identity of the rightful commander in chief of the United States was in question early in 1877, nobody doubted that Joseph was the legitimate leader of a band of Nez Perce Indians who lived in an area that is now near the Oregon/Washington border.

As in the case with the Cherokees in Georgia during the 1830s, and similar to the situation with the Miwok, Yahi, Wiyot and myriad other tribes in the 1840s-1860s California gold rush era, the land of the Nez Perce land was desired by Euro-Americans because--you probably guessed it--it was rich in minerals and metals.

The Nez Perce had never engaged in hostilities with the Euro-Americans, and Joseph did not want to fight them and their government now. In fact, the Nez Perce had come to the aid of the “Lewis & Clark Expedition” less than a century earlier. Rather than killing them and stealing their horses, as they easily could have, the Nez Perce fed the white strangers and looked after their horses for them for several months while the Corps of Discovery continued their journey by canoe. Doubtless the presence of the Shoshone woman Sacagawea among the Corps of Discovery aided in maintaining peaceful relations with other Indians they met on the way (such as the Nez Perce).

The Nez Perce were still hospitable seventy years later, but not so “friendly” that they were willing to give up their homeland. Joseph did

not want to sign a treaty to give up his people's land. Fighting the whites may have been foolish; giving up their land without a fight, though, Joseph viewed as a caving in to injustice.

The stronger of the two sides would not take no for an answer. Although the Nez Perce had helped the Corps of Discovery less than a century earlier, the U.S. Army chased Joseph and his band--including, as usual, not just warriors and braves but women, children, and the elderly.

The Nez Perce were attempting to elude the army and escape into the sanctuary of Canada. The Seven hundred fifty-strong Nez Perce tribe, along with their 1,500 horses, led the cavalry on a five-month chase covering 1,170 miles from Oregon to Montana. The Nez Perce won all the skirmishes they had with the Army up until the time the majority of them were captured at the Battle of Bear Paw Mountain in Montana, just forty miles short of refuge in Canada. After their horses were driven off, the Indians were forced to surrender.

A few of the Nez Perce did make it into Canada, and were welcomed by Sitting Bull and his Hunkpapa Sioux band there.

Those of the tribe who had not made it to Canada were told that if they would surrender their weapons, they could return to their homeland. Not surprisingly, this promise was not kept, and they were taken by steamboat and then train to northeast Indian Territory, present-day Oklahoma. Later, Chief Joseph would be allowed to return to the West, although not to his home in eastern Oregon.

Aiding and abetting the U.S. Army in their fight against the Nez Perce were some Lakota and Cheyenne warriors. Only one year after their resounding victory over Custer at the Little Bighorn, some of them were making common cause with not only Nelson Miles and his 5th Infantry, but also that very same (reconstituted, of course) 7th Cavalry that Custer had led to its doom.

Miles even put heavy pressure on Crazy Horse to serve as a scout against the Nez Perce, but the Sioux warrior, who had recently surrendered for the good of his people, refused. Later in the year, in September, Crazy Horse was bayoneted by two white soldiers when he attempted to resist being thrown into the prison house. The intention was (although Crazy Horse was not informed of it, and in fact, was misled into believing otherwise) to banish Crazy Horse to a prison in the Dry Tortugas for the rest of his life.

While being forcibly relocated to the Missouri a few days later, Crazy Horse's body was left by his parents on a scaffold near Pine Ridge, South Dakota, along the valley of Wounded Knee Creek. Nobody knows exactly where. Troubles would take place there in 1890 and then again in the 1970s. Today, the Oglala Sioux, the band to which Crazy Horse belonged, still inhabit a reservation there.



Manifest destiny, Social Darwinism (the “survival of the fittest” mantra), and its *reductio ad absurdum* “might makes right” were excuses paraded forth for such greed and inhumanity as had been perpetrated against the Indians. Capitalists and their handmaidens in government offices and military barracks had translated and extrapolated the underlying theme of Charles Darwin’s *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life* into economics, arguing that whoever ended up at the top of the socioeconomic heap was there because they were the fittest, and thus deserved their sometimes ill-gotten gain and pilfered privileges. Not only was it “right” in their minds to steamroll the competition, they simply couldn’t help themselves—they were “programmed” to follow their rapacious instincts.

Not everyone gladly accepted the great discrepancy between the wealthy and the poor, though. The Gilded Age was beginning--a time of opulence, conspicuous consumerism and pretension for the few while a great many suffered from low pay, long hours, and dangerous working conditions. An era of labor unrest that would burn bright and strong for the next several decades, through the Great Depression, came dramatically to a head during the National railroad strike this year, "The Great Strike of 1877."



The last quarter of the 19th century was not just a time of race and class conflict, though. It was also a time of breakneck-speed industrial advancements and whiz-bang inventions. Thomas Alva Edison invented the phonograph this year. Edison was no one-trick pony: he would wind up with 1,093 patents in his lifetime. If one were to consistently rack up patents at the rate of one per month, it would take over ninety-one years and two months to break his record.

1879

Bright Ideas

“I bet you if I had met him [Trotsky] and had a chat with him, I would have found him a very interesting and human fellow, for I never met a man that I didn’t like.” – Will Rogers

“If I want to do anything, I want to speak a more universal language.” – William Saroyan

“When I find a well-drawn character in fiction or biography I generally take a warm personal interest in him, for the reason that I have known him before--met him on the river.” – Mark Twain

- ◆ Electric Light Bulb Invented
- ◆ James Branstuder born Illinois
- ◆ Will Rogers born Indian Territory
- ◆ Virginia Belle Myers born Missouri

Many consider the electric light bulb, invented in the latter part of the year in his Menlo Park, New Jersey laboratory, to have been Thomas Edison's most important invention. Prior to this, illumination was supplied by kerosene lanterns and candles. Kerosene was expensive and dangerous (a tipped-over lantern could easily start a fire, and the storage of the flammable fuel was also a hazard). Candles were cheaper and safer than lanterns but also much less powerful. The electric light bulb allowed people to “stretch daylight.” This was a blessing, allowing more work to be accomplished, especially on short winter days.



James “Jim” Branstuder, who would eventually become the third and final husband of Albert Kollenborn’s mother Ruie Lee Elizabeth Huddleston (they would be married forty-five years at the time of Ruie’s death), was born in Lincoln, Illinois February 28th to Squire and Margaret Branstuder.



One of America’s great humorists and “wise guys” was born on November 4th of this year in Oologah, Indian Territory, known as the Cherokee Nation, a government and a country within the United States. His father, Clem, was active in tribal government and served as a judge and Senator in the Cooweescoowee district. Clem was also a member of the Constitutional Convention when Oklahoma became a state.

Northeastern Oklahoma's Rogers County was named for Clem--not for his son Will, as many people assume.

Will's mother was Mary American Scrimsher, a descendent of Chief O-Loo-Tsa. Mary died of typhoid fever when Will was ten years old. Will once said, "My folks have told me that what little humor I have comes from her. I can't remember her humor, but I can remember her love and understanding of me."

Following 1910, when the passing of Mark Twain was more than just a greatly exaggerated rumor, the baton of national wit and social conscience was unofficially passed to Will Rogers. A wizard with the lariat and possessor of a natural comic genius (he called himself a "poet lariat"), Will played the vaudeville circuit. As did many vaudevillians of the time, he eventually became a movie star. What is most remembered about Will Rogers, along with his tragic early demise, is his wellspring of refreshing down-to-earthiness and homespun wisdom.

As was mentioned, when Will was born, what we now call Oklahoma was Indian Territory. It was originally set aside as a safe haven for the Indians after being forcibly removed from Georgia and other states to the east. As discussed in the 1830, 1831, and 1832 chapters, whites eventually decided they also wanted this land after all. So much for Indian Territory and their "permanent" home. The Oklahoma land rush is discussed in the 1889 chapter.



Although the 1930 census claims she was born in 1874, most sources say that Virginia Belle Myers, who would eventually become the mother-in-law of Albert Kollenborn, was born to Sylvester Myers and Eunice Margaret (Reeder) Myers December 20th of this year in Grant City, which is located in northwestern Missouri. Grant City was named for former Civil War General and U.S. President Ulysses S. Grant, who would live another six years.

When Virginia Belle Myers was three years old, her family moved west. Like her future in-laws Andrew Jackson Green and Mary Magdelene (Haecker) Green, Virginia's parents homesteaded in Kansas. She would grow up and meet her future husband there in the Sunflower State.

1880

The Octopus

"A railroad is like a lie--you have to keep building to it to make it stand. A railroad is a ravenous destroyer of towns, unless those towns are put at the end of it and a sea beyond, so that you can't go further and find another terminus. And it is shaky trusting them, even then, for there is no telling what may be done with trestle-work." – Mark Twain

"Anyone who has ever said cheaters never prosper, obviously never played Monopoly."
-- Charlie Kenna

- ◆ Mussel Slough Shootout
- ◆ Census

The true events which served as the foundation on which Frank Norris built his novel “The Octopus” took place in Mussel Slough, in central California, on May 11th of this year.

In a nutshell, grievances farmers had against the Southern Pacific Railroad escalated into a shootout in Mussel Slough. The railroad, which had lured farmers and rancher to the area with the promise of selling land to them at one price, changed their minds and dramatically increased their selling price, but only after the farmers and ranchers had been long settled on the land and had improved it with much blood, sweat, and toil, building houses and outbuildings necessary for the operations of their farms and ranches.

The big corporation, as usual, had the law on its side. Local policemen and the railroad’s hired gunmen fought and prevailed against the outnumbered settlers.

The book “The King of California, J.G. Boswell and the Making of a Secret American Empire” by Mark Arax and Rick Wartzman, spoke about the event in this way:

'All that the traffic will bear' became Southern Pacific's mantra...Mussel Slough farmers, many of them southern Confederates, had acquired some of the sweetest loam in the Kings River delta through the well-worn practice of squatting. The land actually belonged to the Southern Pacific, a gift from the federal government to induce the railroad to lay its tracks through the state's heartland. The Big Four were looking to maximize the millions of free acres, and what better way than to populate the land with farmers whose wheat needed to be hauled to San Francisco. The farmers of Mussel Slough argued that they had been lured to the lake basin after reading the breathless circulars of the Southern Pacific, which offered to sell the land for \$2-\$5 an acre and implied that they could settle now and pay later. They believed that their illegal grab had become less illegal by virtue of their unbroken tenancy and improvements to the land.

When it came time to buy the land, however, Southern Pacific wanted to charge the settlers \$35 an acre and essentially make them pay for the houses and irrigation canals they had built and dug with their own hands. The settlers refused and on the forenoon of May 11, 1880, the U.S. marshal and a railroad man, armed with a court edict, rode into town to take back the land.

What happened on Brewer's homestead that day—who tried to keep the peace and who fired the first shot—engendered years of speculation and controversy across the nation. It became an overwrought symbol of the evil of industrial American monopolies and the righteousness of the small farmer. The bloody gun battle in the wheat fields of the Tulare Lake basin took the lives of seven men, five of them settlers lined up against the Southern Pacific and two of them settlers working in concert with the railroad to seize land for their own taking. The Mussel Slough tragedy would live on in the pages of one of America's greatest novels of social protest, Frank Norris' The Octopus.

Joining the fight to break up Southern Pacific's monopoly was the king of California sugar, Claus Spreckels, and his son John. They approached none other than Miller to help build an independent rail line, the 'People's Railroad,' through the valley. Miller granted passage through his land, a route that eventually became the Santa Fe and gave rise to the town of Corcoran. Then Miller, ever the conniver, turned around and handed the Southern Pacific an even choicer right of way.

For Miller & Lux, however, the real future lay not in playing one railroad off the other but in capturing a bigger share of California's snowmelt and using that windfall to grow more grain. Toward that end, Miller and a handful of San Francisco land speculators lent their names and pocketbooks to a colossal irrigation and navigation project rising along the valley's west side. The plan called for a canal running from Tulare Lake to the San Joaquin-Sacramento delta, a 150-mile artery through the state's midsection. It would tap into California's three biggest rivers, carry grain to compete with the railroads and shunt water to 3 million acres of land.

Nothing like it had ever been tried before in the West, a vision lifted from India where the British had built 6,000 miles of irrigation canals to claim 10 million acres of desert. Indeed, the British engineer who oversaw India's hydraulic miracle, Robert Brereton, had come west and was now working for Miller and his group at a salary of \$1,000 a month in gold. Like Carson before him, Brereton took one look at the expanse of salt grass and marsh and saw the potential for a garden unparalleled, the richest and most productive farm region in America."

The events at Mussel Slough were no isolated incident. It was simply one blood-red square in a crazy quilt cobbled together out of a coalition of big business, big government, and their militaristic and para-

militaristic consorts, an ultra-macabre *menage a trois* of domestic terrorism.

As untold myriads of workers were exploited and crushed, and robber barons reigned over a virtual plutocracy in the United States, people who were adversely affected by this unholy alliance had to decide which of the three possible responses they would make: fight, flight, or submit. The great majority chose to submit; others chose to fight back, many joining labor unions and even turning to socialism; the rest chose to simply leave--many immigrants returned to their homelands between the 1880s and the first decade of the 20th century.



In 1880, urban industrial workers surpassed farmers for the first time in the American population.

As testified to by the 1880 census, many who were or would become part of the combined Shannon/Kollenborn family were in Kansas at the time, or would be soon:

- ◆ Gertrude Bailey's parents lived in Wabaunsee, Kansas, forty-five miles west of Topeka. A few years later, Gertrude would be born in Topeka.
 - ◆ Thomas Green's parents were also in Kansas, in Jewell County.
 - ◆ Just two years later, three-year-old Virginia Belle Myers would move, along with her parents, to Graham County, Kansas.
 - ◆ Myrtle Buster would be born in Kansas in 1886.
 - ◆ Both Myrtle's future husband Henry Harrison "Harry" Kollenborn as well as Jeremiah Bliss Nelson would be born in either Kansas or Missouri (accounts regarding the birthplace for both of them differ) in 1888.

In northern California, George and Susan Gorham were living in Eureka, Humboldt County. George was listed as a 61-year-old laborer. Susan was described simply as the 40-year-old Indian wife of George (her grave marker indicates she was born 1846, but this census indicates 1840). Not only were George's parents born in Massachusetts and Susan's in California, but such was even the case regarding their grandparents, and great-grandparents, and so on--back for hundreds of years in his case and perhaps thousands of years in hers.

Also in the Gorham household was their "half Indian" 16-year-old daughter Mary Abby Gorham.

John Kollenborn, who had been born in Virginia in 1816, is recorded in the census as farming in Missouri at this time. Although he was sixty-four years of age, his wife Elizabeth, who had been born in Indiana, was only twenty-eight. Children residing in the household were all born in Missouri and included John H., born 1872; William C., born 1874, and Allice J., born 1875. Note that John was fifty-nine years old at the time he fathered Allice.

1881

Dowries and Corrals

"The Army conquered the Sioux. You can order them around. But we Utes have never disturbed you whites. So you must wait until we come to your ways of doing things . " – Ouray, Ute

"It never pays to kick a skunk." – Cornelius Vanderbilt

- ◆ John Silva and Mary Gorham wed
- ◆ Gunfight at OK Corral
- ◆ James Garfield assassinated
- ◆ James Shannon's first Colorado letter

John Silva had been born in the Azores in 1837. George Gorham, true to his nautical blood, had been a sailor in his native Massachusetts. George may have sailed to the Azores while John was living there. Sailors didn't like the Azores, because of the frequent storms there.

George had left Massachusetts between the 1850 census and the next one in 1860, possibly in 1853. John came to the United States in 1872.

When John came to America, some say that he was fleeing the islands due to having impregnated three women in the Azores. If that story is true, it could be a quite ironic twist to the following account.

It is said that the nuptials between Mary Gorham and John Silva were arranged--that the son of a prominent local family had impregnated Mary, whereupon that man's family had given John Silva land in exchange for claiming responsibility for the pregnancy and marrying Miss Gorham.

Some thorny questions about all of this persist, though: The census record from 1880 states that both of Mary Gorham's parents were born in California--and yet George was born in Massachusetts. If it is really true that both of Mary's parents were born in California, it could be that it was Susan who had been impregnated by a local man, and then was married by George Gorham in return for land.

Listing both parents as being born in California was probably just a census mistake or misunderstanding, though, because if such a deal had been made with George, they would have no doubt claimed George as the child's father on the census, and thus claimed that her father had been born in Massachusetts.

Cases can be made for and against both possibilities. A reason *not* to believe the couple involved were George and Susan include that Susan's daughter Mary Abby *was* given the surname "Gorham" in 1864, and that George and Susan apparently didn't legalize their marriage until 1869. This indicates that George was the father, and that legalizing the marriage apparently was not an urgent issue.

On the other hand, clues that might provide circumstantial evidence that the couple in question *was* George and Mary include the fact that George and Mary did not have any other children. Although that certainly doesn't prove anything in and of itself, it could indicate that George was unable or unwilling to produce children. Reasons for George possibly not wanting to procreate might include:

- ◆ The fact that his mother had died shortly after giving birth to him (and thus being fearful that his wife might die in childbirth)
- ◆ His half-brother's mental retardation (and thus being fearful that a predisposition to such may run in the family, and he would produce a retarded child)
- ◆ His father, who spent his last years in an asylum, may have already been displaying signs of mental illness by the time George left Massachusetts. The prospect of suffering the same malady may have been enough to cause George to think twice about bringing forth children.

As to the last possibility, not just his father William and George himself both spent their final years in asylums.

On the other hand, if George married Susan for land, she may not have wanted to have much to do with him. Another circumstance that doesn't make much sense if one assumes that John Silva and Mary Gorham were the couple involved is that their first child, Mary Anna, wasn't born until after they had been married thirteen months. So Mary apparently wasn't pregnant at the time of their wedding. Of course, it's *possible* that she was, and subsequently suffered a miscarriage or aborted in some other way.

Perhaps of import and perhaps not, there seems to be no representation in the Shannon family of the short-statured, pale-skinned, blue-eyed complexion that George's genes would have presumably passed on. Of course, that was many generations ago, and those characteristics could have been severely diluted and even overpowered by the darker complexions of the Indian and Portuguese blood with which it mixed. Nevertheless, it remains an open question as to whether it was the New England Mayflower descendant George or the Azorean Portuguese John who married his wife for land--or whether it, in fact, happened in either case--after all, it is just a rumor that has not been corroborated. Although it is said that the "whole affair" appears in some book or other, painstaking attempts to locate such a record have turned up nothing of the sort.

The upshot is, that if the story *is* true, and George and Susan were the couple, then no Mayflower blood has been passed down through George, at least not to the Shannons through Susan. In that case, the Plymouth connection would be more tenuous for the Shannons, but they could still claim an ancestress who was *married to* a Mayflower descendant.

Yet another, and somewhat far-fetched possibility, is that John Silva and Mary Gorham were, indeed, the couple involved, but that they engineered a “sting” operation against the man whose family gave John the land. If this were the case, it could be that Mary was not really pregnant prior to their wedding, but was coached by John on what to say and do in order to secure the land deal for them--or came up with the plan on her own. If such a scenario did take place (admittedly unlikely), it may have been concocted by John in response to the related troubles he was said to have had in the Azores, which led to his leaving his native island.

What is known for sure is that John Silva and Mary Gorham, both of Eureka, married this year, on July 23rd. John was forty-four years of age; Mary was seventeen.

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The Gunfight at OK Corral took place on October 20th. Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan Earp, along with their friend, the consumptive dentist/gunfighter Doc Holliday, shot it out in Tombstone, Arizona with the Clantons and McLowerys. The McLowerys and one of the Clantons were killed by the lawmen Earp and their friend Holliday.

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The Clantons and McLaury's weren't the most famous victims of gunshots this year, though. President James Abram Garfield was shot in Washington on the 2nd of July by Charles Guiteau, a sore-loser lawyer who was upset because his application to become the U.S. ambassador to France had been rejected by the President. Garfield lingered until September 19th, when he died from blood poisoning, a result of the bullet fired into him by the disappointed barrister. Chester Arthur then took over the office of President, serving out Garfield's term.

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Sixteen years after the Civil War ended, James Shannon now makes a reappearance in our narrative. He had not married his sweetheart, the one for whom he had supposedly gone to war (he claimed that he had joined the Union army primarily so as to save money for their nuptials and future life together).

Although James had apparently returned for a time to the family farm in Canada (appearing in the 1871 census in Warwick, Ontario), by this time he has moved on to Colorado, where a gold rush was in progress.

Fur trappers had known of the presence of precious minerals in the area as early as the 1810s, but kept it secret to prevent their trapping ground from being overrun. A white man named Rufus Sage even

witnessed Arapahos battle enemies with bullets made of gold. In 1807, a certain James Purcell told Zebulon Pike (namesake of Pikes Peak) that he had discovered gold at the headwaters of the Platte. The pelt mongers maintained a code of silence, though--for a time.

James may have gotten the idea to go to Colorado from Alfred Apted, a fellow member of the Brady Sharpshooters, who had gone in search of gold to Pikes Peak on two occasions before the war.

Indirectly, at least, James was probably partly responsible for the eviction of the Ute Indians from their home in the Rockies to the Colorado/Utah border. These oldest residents of the state, who had always (for whatever reason) considered whites their friends and acted accordingly toward them, were driven out by the state militia in the Ute War of 1879. Gold-seeking white prospectors were the impetus behind this uprooting of the Utes. Because James and like-minded white men wanted to use the land, its age-old inhabitants had to go.

The full text of James' earliest known letter to his younger sister Eliza is reprinted below. We can deduce for a certainty that Eliza was the recipient of his letters because: 1) They are addressed to his sister 2) James only had two sisters, and 3) His other sister Mary Ann had died in 1848. By this time Eliza had married she and James' sister Mary Ann's widower, William Oke Philp.

The letter below was transcribed from a copy of the handwritten original. James' handwriting was not always the easiest to decipher. Where there is doubt about what he wrote, guesses, where possible, are contained in brackets. Otherwise the letter (as well as subsequent letters James wrote) is presented "as is": in other words, misspellings, misplaced or omitted punctuation marks, odd capitalization, and grammatical errors are retained. Nothing has been added or subtracted.

It may surprise the reader that James' spelling and grammar actually compare favorably to that of many of his comrades, when viewed against the excerpts from soldier's letters reprinted in Bell Irvin Wiley's "The Life of Billy Yank." Whether this was due to a superior educational system in Canada, native intelligence, or some other reason, it is impossible to say with any degree of certainty.

Note that James always signed his letters "S.J. Shannon" but signed his poems "S.J.S." His first name was Samuel, but he went by his middle name. In modern times Gold Park is in neighboring Eagle County, not Summit County, which is a little west of Denver, "in the heart of the rockies" as promotional material states. At the time James lived there, Summit County encompassed all of northwestern Colorado.

Gold Park Summit Co, Colorado [April 21st] 1881

My dear sister

I arrived here two weeks ago and I think I shall stay here this summer and work for a mining company and I may stay longer if the country suits me as well as I think it may.

This is a new mining company and nothing Done yet
everything depends on the mine if they are as good as some
men think they are. I shall stay some time altho I don't
like the Country on a count of deep snow it is from two to
ten feet Deep now but I shall be here long enough to get a
letter from you [anyway] I think I shall have better health
here than I had in the hills. I am feeling good and healthy
at present hoping to here from you soon.

I Remain Very Respectfully

Your Brother

S.J. Shannon

1882

The Return of the Native

“*You can never go home.*” – from the novel “Look Homeward, Angel” by Thomas Wolfe

“...all those who take the sword will perish by the sword.” – Matthew 26:52

- ◆ Mark Twain returns to the Mississippi
- ◆ Jesse James killed
- ◆ Myers family homesteads in Kansas

Revisiting his old friend and sometimes nemesis, the Mississippi River, Mark Twain spent much of this year researching America’s main aqua artery for one of his best books, “Life on the Mississippi.”



Jesse Woodson James was the son of a preacher and a fire-breathing confederette who egged her sons Jesse and Frank on in their iniquities. Zerelda James was proud of her offspring when they robbed, killed, and terrorized abolitionists in western Missouri. As a group, the types of men Jesse and Frank operated with were given the semi-romantic title of “Bushwhackers.” In reality, they were nothing more or less than cold-blooded, white supremacist terrorists of the worst sort.

Jesse James lost his life, not in the act of robbery, but while standing on a chair straightening a picture. Although extremely suspicious and distrustful (and justifiably so), one person Jesse really liked and trusted was Bob Ford.

Bob and his brother Charley, visiting with their old partner in crime at his home in Liberty, Missouri, took advantage of the fact that Jesse had removed first his jacket due to the sultry weather, and then his revolver belt because he was wary of raising suspicions if somebody outside were to see that he was walking around armed inside his house.

The last sound Jesse heard was one very familiar to him: the cocking of a pistol. On turning around, Jesse may have had a fraction of a second to see who held the pistol and the expression on the gunman’s face. It is said that “money talks,” and that “every man has his price.” In this instance, at least, regarding Jesse and Bob and Charley, those hackneyed maxims proved true.

Many people would have liked to have seen Jesse killed in order to rid the area of a menace. The Ford brothers, though, didn’t perform this execution impelled by a desire for justice or with the public welfare in mind. Pure and simple, they were after the \$10,000 reward--the equivalent of over \$100,000 today. The Fords did eventually get the money, and were absolved of any guilt in Jesse’s murder. Not content

with taking the reward money and quietly retiring to a farm or ranch somewhere, the Fords toured the country demonstrating their feat in a sort of macabre freak show called, imaginatively enough, "How I Killed Jesse James."

As for other principals in this melodrama, Charley Ford shot himself later this year, and Jesse's brother Frank turned himself in to Governor Crittenden; Bob Ford was murdered in Colorado in 1892.

Although the Kollenborns (and the Huddlestons, and probably the Branstdusers, too) were already in Missouri before the death of Jesse James, it was the demise of this feared outlaw that provided the signal that Missouri was now a civilized, safe place in which to live. The menace had been eradicated. The worst of the bushwhackers had all been either ambushed, imprisoned, or run out of the state. This opened the floodgates to more westward roamers from the eastern states.

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Also this year, Virginia Belle Myers' parents relocated from Grant City, Missouri, to Kansas in order to homestead land in Graham County. Belle, as she was usually known, was three years old at the time. Her future husband Tom had been born ten years before her, in 1869, and his parents had also homesteaded in Kansas beginning when *he* was three years old, in 1872.

1883

Engineering Feats, Volcanic Eruptions, and Synchronization

“Are you ridin’ for the brand?” -- Sam Elliott as Connagher in the movie of the same name

“Does anybody really know what time it is? Does anybody really care?”
-- from the song “Does Anybody Really Know What Time It is” by Chicago

- ◆ Gertrude Bailey born Kansas
- ◆ Brooklyn Bridge opens
- ◆ 18-month Winter
- ◆ Krakatoa erupts
- ◆ U.S. Time Zones introduced

Less than a year after the death of Jesse James, and a mere few dozen miles to the west, Gertrude Bailey was born across the state line. Gertie was born on January 24th in Topeka, the capital city of the state that had not so long before been pitied and ridiculed as “bleeding Kansas.” Fanatical terrorists such as William Quantrill, “Bloody Bill” Anderson and Jesse James, as well as abolitionist John Brown, had helped brand Kansas with that sobriquet.

Like Tommy Green and Belle Myers, Gertie didn’t stay long at the place of her birth--her parents took Gertie, along with her older sister Effie, to California the year after Gertie was born. Her grandparents also went along, settling in Cuddeback (known as Carlotta today), while she and her parents made their home a few miles away in Hydesville (formerly known as Gooseberry).

Gertie’s mother was an Eaton whose married name became Bailey; her mother’s mother was the opposite: she was born a Bailey and became an Eaton by marrying one.

It should be mentioned that, as is so often true with old birth records, there are conflicting reports on the exact year of Gertie’s birth. One piece of data claims she was born in 1882, another 1884, whereas Gertie herself gives her birth year as 1883. As it is the middle year in the possible range, and nobody should know better than Gertie herself when she was born, 1883 is assumed to be the correct year.

A mere dozen years before Gertie’s birth there, John Butler “Wild Bill” Hickok had resided in Topeka.

Gertie would become the mother of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon almost exactly nineteen years after her own birth. All told, Gertie would give birth to eleven children over a span of twenty-seven years. Ten of she and Will’s offspring survived childbirth, and eight of those lived past the age of twenty-five. Their first daughter died as a result of a

rattlesnake bite (covered in the 1911 chapter) and their penultimate son died in a plane crash (see the 1949 chapter).

In her memoirs (reprinted in full in Appendix I), Gertie related the details of her early years:

Topeka, Kansas was the place of my birth, on January 24, 1883, and the following year found us many miles west in California. My parents and grandparents settled in a little town near the moist green coast in Northern California. My immediate family located at Hydesville while my grandparents lived a few miles distant in Carlotta. I had one sister and one brother. My sister, Effie, who was three years older than me; and my brother Edgar, who was five years younger than I was. I lost my sister January 26, 1952 and I lost my brother June 21, 1953.

We will return to these children and their parents and the people of Hydesville in the 1891 chapter.

At the time Gertie was born, prohibition, although not yet state law (that would happen two years later) was a popular concept in Kansas, the stomping grounds of “temperance” firebrand Carry A. Nation. In fact, prohibition sentiment was strong in many parts of the country. The Prohibition Party had been formed in 1869, and the Women’s Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) in 1874. The Anti-Saloon League would come into being in 1893. These were just two of the many temperance societies of the day, one other notable one (albeit less famous and influential) being the Pure Prairie League, which provided the name of a latter-day country-rock band. This antagonistic attitude toward alcohol may have played a role in Gertie’s parents’ decision to vacate the region. As will be seen in the 1891 chapter, Clarence Bailey was not averse to pulling a cork on occasion.

This was also a time when many blacks were moving to Kansas, and especially to the Topeka area. In fact, Topeka would be the focal point of the 1954 *Brown v. Board of Education* Supreme Court case which made segregation illegal. If the Baileys were racists, this situation may have been another factor prodding them to move on.

There had been several Baileys in the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment. Gertie’s parents had lived in Michigan prior to moving to Kansas, and her paternal grandfather had been born there. So it is that James Shannon may have unknowingly fought alongside some of his as-yet unborn nephew Will’s future in-laws, possibly even Clarence’s father or uncles, in that regiment.

The Oregon Trail had major starting points at the three Missouri towns of St. Joseph, Independence, and Westport or Westport Landing (later renamed Kansas City). It terminated 2,020 miles away in Oregon City, Oregon. The trail usually took four-to-five months to traverse. From 1830 to the Turn of the Century, three hundred thousand people traveled it. Ten percent of these, more than 30,000 of them in all, ended up being buried beside the trail. Economic depressions in 1837 and 1842 increased the numbers flowing west. The flood of people accelerated even

more with the California gold rush (the California Trail branches off from the Oregon Trail in southern Idaho).

By 1850, it was unnecessary for sojourners to take maps along. Those westering could easily follow the ruts worn in the trail by the thousands of wagons that preceded them--or follow their nose. The latter tactic was unfortunately possible due to the many animal carcasses and other refuse scattered along the trail, not to mention the open latrines. As for the dangers of the trail, more men were shot by mistake while underway than were killed by Indians.

The Oregon Trail went through Topeka. The Baileys were possibly among those that followed the trail west, although it is likely, or at least possible, that they took a train when they ventured west. At the time the Baileys were leaving Kansas, many people were arriving in that state. The September 14th, 1883 issue of *The Iola Register* reported on the influx of people:

The number of covered wagons passing through our streets daily reminds one of the old times, except that the horses are in better condition and the outfits generally have the appearance of belonging to well-to-do people. The immigration to Kansas this fall will certainly be very large.

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The Brooklyn Bridge is an icon of not just New York City but also of the United States. Its signature look is due to the architect, former Union Civil War soldier John A. Roebling, first determining how much bracing he needed to make the bridge safe, and then doubling those figures. It was an era of many bridge collapses, and Roebling wanted to ensure the stability of his structure. It seems to have worked, as the Brooklyn Bridge has endured constant heavy usage for well over a century. The Manhattan Bridge also connects the two boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, but it cannot hold a candle to its sister bridge in style, mystique, and history.

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Some wags have given the BIA (Bureau of Indian Affairs) a different expansion of their acronym, namely "Bossing Indians Around." As such caustic jokes normally do, there is some painful truth behind this jab. In what has been referred to as a "winter," but which was actually an eighteen-month period, five hundred fifty-five Blackfoot Indians died on their Montana reservation from starvation and sickness. Their livestock were taken from them, then they were incarcerated within the confines of their reservation (including during the extraordinarily bitterly cold winter of 1882/1883). The provisions due them were also withheld—the Indian agent diverted them to his own ends, selling them on the black market and personally pocketing the proceeds.

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On August 26th, a volcano awoke from its ages-long slumber with stupendous force, spewing hot ash and lava. Located between Java and Sumatra, Krakatoa has a name that even *sounds* painful. And Krakatoa certainly brought misery to the world when it blew its top: it killed 36,000 people, and also altered the world's weather for years. In fact, much of the "spooky" atmosphere existing in novels of the time were said to have had their mood influenced by the cool, dark, eerie, Krakatoa-influenced weather that lasted through much of the 1880s.

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Are they up yet? Have they already gone to bed? These are questions we may ask ourselves when we need to contact people living in other time zones. The contiguous United States alone encompasses four time zones. Proceeding from the sunrise to the sunset they are: Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific. Disregarding local (statewide) practices related to daylight savings time, these zones are divided into one-hour increments.

The origin of this manner of keeping time dates to this year, 1883. The development of the East-West railroads prompted this regulating, normalizing and formalizing of time. A standard time for an entire region was needed in a world where distance was being telescoped by technology. The railroads, in particular, needed a unified way of specifying arrival and departure times. Notwithstanding this, the precise borders of the time zones were not standardized until 1918.

Before the railroads made rapid transit possible, it was for the most part unnecessary to translate what time it was between two or more parts of the country. At that time, simple "local time" was used. When the sun was at its highest point and shadows were cast in a north/south direction, it was noon. Watches could be synchronized at this time. This "local" time was actually more accurate than what we use today. After all, the sun does not move across the sky in fits and starts, one thousand miles at a pop.

While the current division of the contiguous United States is convenient, it makes for some oddities at the "edges" of time zones, where a person can cross the line in one direction and gain or lose an hour, only to cross back over again shortly thereafter and reverse that adjustment. If you live in one time zone and work or attend school in another, this can create confusion.

1884

Triple Tragedy and a Change to the Skyline

“When one crosses your mountains, and sees their wonderful arches, one discovers how architecture came to be invented.” – Ralph Waldo Emerson

“In modern architecture, to which I here refer, America has earned a distinction in the skyscraper. It is her specialty in building construction, her own particular contribution to the art of building. Now, I am not disposed to argue or insist upon the claims or merits of the sky-scraper as “a work of art,” but I would contend that this much maligned object is, in its own sphere, as symbolic of the spirit of its own age as the Gothic spire is symbolic of the infinite ascension of religious aspiration.” -- from “California, An Englishman’s Impressions of the Golden State” by Arthur T. Johnson

“Growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell.” – from “The Journey Home: Some Words in Defense of the American West” by Edward Abbey

- ◆ Triple tragedy in the Roosevelt household
- ◆ First skyscraper

Theodore Roosevelt’s mother Martha died February 14th. Hours later, in the same house, his pregnant wife Alice Hathaway Lee Roosevelt died from Bright’s disease, the symptoms of which had been masked by her pregnancy. Theodore thus lost his mother, his wife, and his child--representatives of three generations--all on the same day.



There was a time that the tallest objects to be seen in cities like New York and Boston were the masts of the sailing ships at harbor. That began to change when skyscrapers began to be built. Made feasible in part due to the invention of the elevator, the first building termed such was built in Chicago for an insurance company. It jutted a whopping ten stories into the stratosphere. Today, Chicago is home to the 107-story Sears Tower, dwarfing buildings the size of its progenitor, casting a shadow over them like an NBA center over a pygmy.

1885

Ears Flared, Trunk Raised, and Trumpet Blaring

“A truly stupendous piece of work, perhaps the greatest novel ever written in English.” – H.L. Mencken, 1913 (referring to Mark Twain’s “The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn”)

“All modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called Huckleberry Finn.” – Ernest Hemingway

“The government is always making laws, so many laws, every day new laws. Then they break every one. They use the law to cheat people, but that is not the Indian way. We have one law, God’s law: to live on this earth with respect for all living things, and to be happy with what God has given to us.” – Frank Fools Crow, Sioux

- ◆ Mark Twain’s *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
- ◆ Kansas Prohibition
- ◆ James Kollenborn and Nellie Jean Moore wed
- ◆ Chinese evacuated from Humboldt County
- ◆ Washington Monument Dedicated

Whether you concur with Mencken and Hemingway or not, none can deny the impact that Mark Twain’s novel *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* has had on American letters and culture. Released on February 18th, “Huck Finn” was set in the 1840s of Twain’s boyhood in Hannibal (although he calls the town “St. Petersburg” in the book).

Huck Finn was banned in many places shortly after its publication, something which made its author gleeful, knowing that such a stricture would actually result in more notoriety and curiosity about the book, and thus more sales.

As a boy, Sam Clemens had been saved from drowning by the Clemens’ slave girl Jennie. This event may very well have had an important impact on Twain’s view of racism and slavery, which are major themes in “Huck Finn.”



Perhaps the politicos of Kansas gave *Huck Finn* a quick read and got the heebie-jeebies from reading about Huck’s pappy’s delirium tremens and ghastly demise. Kansas, the stomping grounds of such overwrought reactionaries as the hatchet-wielding, stone-throwing “temperance” advocate Carry A. Nation, made alcohol illegal February 19th, the day after *Huck Finn* was released.

The law was not always strictly adhered to, though, or even enforced. As an example of the attitude many in Kansas had at the time, an

editorial that appeared in *The Iola Register* dated July 18th of this year is illuminating:

To the two Missourians who have invaded Iola for the purpose of establishing a whiskey shop: The Register has been in Iola for a long time and knows the sentiment of its people better than you do and it thinks it may save you some disappointment if it tells you what you may expect, provided you carry out the purpose you announce:

You may expect to achieve about the same social recognition that a horse thief would get in Missouri.

You may expect to be pointed out to strangers as men with so little decency or morality that you will come where you are not wanted and engage in a damnable traffic for the sake of a few paltry dollars.

You may expect that the tears of women and children, from whom you take bread and raiment, will cry out to heaven against you.

You may expect to be harassed and annoyed in every legal way.

And you may expect, sooner or later, to be driven from the town, as any other vile pestilence would be driven from it, followed by the cordial ill-will of every decent citizen.

These are some of the things you may expect if you stay. Don't you think you had better go?

One week later, the paper gloated:

The [Missourians] are having a rocky time of it. The banks have refused to enter into an agreement to go on their bond when they are arrested, the butchers will not sell them the use of their ice chests and the lawyers will not accept a retaining fee. They are realizing what the Register told them last week they might expect.

The 1880s was not without its agitators. One pamphlet released this year was entitled "The Science of Revolutionary Warfare: A Handbook on the Use and Production of Nitroglycerin, Dynamite, Gun Cotton, Mercury Fulminate, Bombs, Fuses, Poisons, etc., etc."

James Kollenborn and Nellie Jean Moore, the eventual parents of Henry Harrison "Harry" Kollenborn (their firstborn, born three years later), got married this year. James was in his early twenties; Nellie was sixteen, or perhaps not quite sixteen.

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The Chinese population of Humboldt County, California was forcibly evacuated this year after a Eureka city official was inadvertently killed in a Chinese tong war. All of the Chinese were gathered up and placed aboard two ships bound for San Francisco. Five years later, in 1890, the book "A History and Business Directory of Humboldt County" billed itself as "the only county in the state containing no Chinamen."

Chinese salmon cannery workers were also expelled from the area in 1906. Even as late as the 1920s, no Chinese people were allowed to spend the night in Humboldt County, nor in neighboring Del Norte County.

Conditions for the Chinese were apparently better at the time in Trinity County (at least among the children), a county which borders both Humboldt and Del Norte. A report from May 11th, 1905, printed in the Sacramento Bee, said of Trinity County's capital:

The census report of the Weaverville School District shows a total of 164 children of school age, or just four more than enough to entitle the Trustees to employ three teachers, the number in the corps last year. There are twenty Chinese children under 17, and all of them who are over 5 attend school with the white children, and nothing is thought of it. No trouble ever occurs among the children because of racial prejudices.

The town of Arcata had previously made clear its view towards the first residents of the area: Until at least 1870 there, Indians had to leave the city by 8 p.m., when a town watchman rang a bell.

In its 85th anniversary edition, published in 1937, *The Humboldt Times* wrote:

Humboldt County has the unique distinction of being the only community in which there are no oriental colonies...Although 52 years have passed since the Chinese were driven from the county, none have ever returned. On one or two occasions offshore vessels with Chinese crews have stopped at this port, but the Chinamen as a rule stayed aboard their vessels, choosing not to take chance on being ordered out. Chinese everywhere have always looked at this section of the state as "bad medicine" for the Chinaman.

Andrew Genzoli and Wallace Martin commented on this in their 1967 booklet entitled "Redwood Bonanza..a frontier's reward: Lively Incidents In The Life of a New Empire" as follows:

Over the years, there were many exaggerated stories of how Eureka residents received a "cold shoulder" at the hands of San Francisco Chinese, when they discovered the traveler came from the Humboldt Bay area.

Since World War II, when Humboldt County made the discovery the young Chinese were quite American, that many of them were native sons of California, and that they courageously served their country in time of need, the sentiment has changed. Too, Humboldt County's sons were forced out of the redwoods to discover the American-born Chinese was a pretty good fellow, after all.

Chinese—American-born and otherwise—have been returning to Humboldt County, where they have received a warm welcome. Their restaurants, their work in the trades, in the professions, are helping to heal an old wound in the annals of history.

This bigotry against Chinese and Indians was echoed by many rural communities in America at the time. Many of these unenlightened burgs erected cruel warning signs emblazoned with ignorant directives such as "BLACK MAN DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON YOU HERE"

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The Washington Monument was dedicated in the nation's capital this year. It had been long in construction, the foundation being laid during the Civil War. As the Confederacy claimed George Washington as one of its heroes (Washington himself being a rebel against Britain, fighting alongside Robert E. Lee's father Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee), perhaps the Union wanted to lay claim to the first President as "their" hero by erecting this structure.

Both sides had considered themselves the patriots, the put-upon, in the Civil War. James McPherson wrote of this in *For Cause and Comrades*:

The profound irony of the Civil War was that, like Davis and Lincoln, Confederate and Union soldiers interpreted the heritage of 1776 in opposite ways. Confederates professed to fight for liberty and independence from a tyrannical government; Unionists said they fought to preserve the nation conceived in liberty from dismemberment and destruction. These conflicting impulses, which had propelled many volunteers into the armies at the wars' beginning, became more intense as the fighting ensued.

1886

Enlightening the World

“Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door!” – Emma Lazarus, “The New Colossus”

“Once we moved like the wind.” – Geronimo, Apache

- ◆ Myrtle Buster born Kansas
- ◆ Statue of Liberty unveiled
- ◆ Coca-Cola Hits the Market
- ◆ Geronimo Surrenders
- ◆ James Shannon's 2nd Letter

As is not unusual with old vital records, the exact year of Myrtle Jennie Buster's birth is in question. One document asserts she was born 1891, but others specify 1886. Thora (Kollenborn) Wheeler, the sole surviving child of Harry Kollenborn and Myrtle Buster, asserts that her mother was born in 1886. Agreement is found in August 16th as the date, and Kansas as the State.

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A now-familiar sight in New York Harbor was set up there this year. The edifice commonly referred to as the “Statue of Liberty” was a gift from France. The green statue is officially named “Liberty Enlightening the World.”

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Coca-Cola went on sale March 29th. Its manufacturers hawked it as a “brain tonic”. Originally containing cocaine (hence its name), they also claimed that their new beverage relieved exhaustion--which it probably did, temporarily.

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The man named Goyathlay (pronounced Goy OCK la) was better known as Geronimo, a nickname he apparently picked up when some Mexicans he had attacked cried out to Saint Jerome for help (Mexicans had killed Geronimo's mother, wife, and three children in 1850, and he vowed to fight them for the rest of his life).

Geronimo was not just a thorn in the side to those south of the border, though. The United States doggedly pursued him until he finally

surrendered to Nelson A. Miles in Skeleton Canyon, Arizona in the heat of the summer of this year.

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James Shannon sent another, apparently very hastily penned, letter to his sister Eliza this year. It is reprinted below. As in the first letter (1881 chapter), where questions exist as to the exact text, a “best guess” is contained in brackets.

The location for this letter is problematic. There is no Dundas or Terraville in Colorado, the state from which James sent his 1881 and 1887 letters. There is a Terraville, South Dakota, and there are towns named Dundas in Illinois, Minnesota, North Dakota, Ohio, Virginia, and Wisconsin. There is both a town and a county named Dundas in Ontario, James’ birth province in Canada, though. Ontario’s town of Dundas is not in the County of Dundas; it is near Toronto. The County is on the opposite side of Ontario from Lambton County, where the Shannons lived most of the time. However, James lived the final part of his life in Buffalo, New York, only about seventy miles from Dundas *County*, Ontario, and so this is probably the best guess of all as to the location of this curious Dundas/Terraville. What James means by the “S.A. three cent stamp” is unknown—it seems unlikely that he would have been in South Africa or South America, and there doesn’t seem to be a Dundas or Terraville in either place, either. Could it mean “Self-Addressed”?

The town named Dundas in Ontario is approximately equidistant from Warwick and Colborne, and is situated between those two towns. James’ brother Carleton had been born in Colborne, Ontario. Dundas and Colborne are both on Lake Ontario, whereas Warwick is very near Lake Huron.

One possibility is that James started the letter in Dundas (presumably the town in Ontario) and finished it in Terraville, South Dakota. Or perhaps the recipient Eliza was in Dundas, whereas James was in Terraville.

Mr. [S.J.] Shannon

Dundas
Terraville Feb 12 1886

My Dear sister

Yours of January is at hand and although it brings sorrowful news I was glad to get it and an answer I would say that things has changed with me since I wrote you before I left this place and am working [at] for another company about 2 miles from here but it don’t suit me and I am going to leave this country before long and don’t now just where I shall go but I may be here long enough to get your letter answer to this if you answer as soon as you get

this I was not working today so I came over here and got yours letter about an hour ago but I will write again before I leave I got a letter from Mattie today are all well at last writing I have no news that would be likely to interest you only that I may write to you occasionaly as long as I live and if fortune favors me to go and see you again as soon as I can. Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends.

Very Respectfully Yours in haste
[S.J.] Shannon

The S.A. three cent stamp is enough but I did not know it at writing before.

1887

Streams of Love to Restrain

“The Indian tribes controlled nearly 135 million acres. If, the argument went, that land were divided on a per capita basis of 160 acres per Indian, the Indians would have sufficient land to farm and the surplus would be available to white settlement.” – Vine Deloria, Jr., from “Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto”

“It is well to know something of the manners of various peoples, in order more sanely to judge our own, and that we do not think that everything against our modes is ridiculous, and against reason, as those who have seen nothing are accustomed to think.” -- René Descartes

“You must not think I am a poet or a crank or a Lunatic.” – James Shannon

- ◆ Dawes Act
- ◆ James Shannon’s last letter and poems

Congress passed the Dawes Act (AKA “The General Allotment Act”) this year. Purportedly to benefit the Indians, its actual affect was to further weaken the tenuous hold the Indians had on their culture. The Act dissolved tribal governments and made Indians subject to the same laws as other Americans—without making them citizens or giving them the right to vote.

Heads of Indian families were given 160 acres of farmland and 320 acres of grazing land. That may sound like a generous allotment, yet it meant that tribal ownership, the traditional form of land ownership, thus became a thing of the past. And Indians had to become farmers and ranchers, even when those activities did not coincide with their previous lifestyle or their preferences.

There were varied motives behind this required change in the Indians’ situation. Some wanted the Indians’ land (after dispensing the allotted amount to each family, much land was left over). Others wanted to undermine the Native American’s solidarity by this tactic of turning them out of their tribal communities, breaking them up into collections of semi-independent families (an attempt to “divide and conquer.”) Still others thought this would help “civilize” the Indians by paving the way for their immediate immersion and assimilation into white society.

Whatever the motive, and whether by design or bumbling, the government again sapped the strength of the Indians by treating them as immature wards who did not understand how best to care for themselves. Indians were supposed to become like the Euro-Americans in every way, and without delay.

Who gained from this change? Before the Dawes Act, Indians, even after having so much of their land snatched away from them by hook

and by crook, owned 150,000,000 acres of land. After the Act was fully enforced, two-thirds of that land had been lost. It was deemed "surplus land" and was either sold by the government or used by it for other purposes.

As for the Indians, it would mean moving again, from the reservations they were originally given in exchange for their ancestral lands, on to their family allotment—in isolated parcels, as opposed to their accustomed and preferred communal living conditions.

Not all white people thought the Dawes Act fair or wise. And not all Indians opposed it. In Luther Standing Bear's book "My People, the Sioux," he tells of how his father, a chief, thought the Indians would benefit from the new arrangement, and gave his reason at a meeting the Indians held among themselves:

If we take a piece of land it will be ours forever. If any of you old men die, under present conditions, you have nothing you can leave your children. But if you have a piece of land, it will be theirs when you are gone. No one can take it from them. So I am in favor of accepting this land!

Another chief, though, Hollow Horn Bear, disagreed:

My friends, you have all heard what my father-in-law says, but I do not think he is right. He believes what the white people tell him; but this is only another trick of the whites to take our land away from us, and they have played these tricks before. We do not want to trust the white people. They come to us with sweet talk, but they do not mean it. We will not sign any more papers for these white men!

Chief Hollow Horn Bear did not just talk tough among his red brothers. At a meeting with U.S. government representatives, attended by General George Crook, Hollow Horn Bear reiterated his view of the matter, saying:

You white men have come to us again to offer something to us which we do not fully understand. You talk to us very sweet, but you do not mean it. You have not fulfilled any of the old treaties. Why do you now bring another one to us? Why don't you pay us the money you owe us first, and then bring us another treaty?

Hollow Horn Bear's father-in-law, Luther Standing Bear tells of what happened the next day when his father, who was also sincere and resolute in his position, demonstrated courage for his convictions by saying:

My friends, you all know I have spoken to you about this treaty, because the way my son explained it to me it seemed good for our children and their children in turn. Some day they will have to mix with the white race; therefore, they will need an education. These men have told these things

in the way my son told me, and I believe it. So I am going to sign this treaty.

Luther Standing Bear goes on to report what happened after that:

Then shouts of ‘Kill him! Kill him!’ went up all over the hall; but my father never even turned his head. He walked straight to the table and touched the pen. That was his signature, as he had no education and could not write. My father’s friends became very excited, and kept looking hither and thither. One man had his gun raised, ready to shoot, but some of the men picked him up bodily and threw him out of the hall. My father was the first man to sign the treaty in public, risking his life that we, his children, might receive an allotment of land from the Government.

The other Indians saw that my father signed the paper without getting shot, so they began to have more courage. One after another started for the table and touched the pen. Soon the white men had to get other tables, as the Indians came so fast there was not room at one table. How happy my father was in knowing that the whole tribe believed he was doing the right thing for his people.

The Dawes Act was signed by enough of the Indians so that the treaty was made, and the Act became law. Some tribes, though, had separate treaties with the government which the government did not want to break at that time. Eventually, though, the same arrangement was forced on these tribes, too. One such tribe were the Cherokee. A representative of them named D.W.C. Duncan testified before the U.S. Senate in 1898, and tried to illustrate to that body just how unjust the whole matter was:

Senators, just let me present to you a picture; I know this is a little digression, but let me present it. Suppose the Federal Government should send a survey company into the midst of some of your central counties of Kansas or Colorado or Connecticut and run off the surface of the earth into sections and quarter sections and quarter quarter sections and set apart to each one of the inhabitants of that county 60 acres, rescinding and annulling all title to every inch of the earth’s surface which was not included in that 60 acres, would the State of Connecticut submit to it? Would Colorado submit to it? Would Kansas brook such an outrage? No! It would ruin, immeasurably ruin—devastation. There is not an American citizen in any of those States would submit to it, if it cost him every drop of his heart’s blood. That, my Senators, permit me—I am honest, candid, and fraternal in my feelings—but let me ask a question: Who is that hastened on this terrible destruction upon these Cherokee people? Pardon me, it was the Federal Government. It is a fact; and, old as I am, I am not capable of indulging in euphemisms.

...

When I personate myself in this case—pardon me, Senators—I am speaking for the thousands of my fellow-citizens that are inhabiting those

flint hills over there. This being the case, my own case, it doesn't begin to compare with the hardship with which those full bloods who spoke before you here yesterday have to contend. Compare—just take a practical view of the case—60 acres; suppose I put every acre of that tract into corn and raise a bountiful crop, twenty bushels to the acre. Let's see: That would be 1,200 bushels, which at 30 cents a bushel would be \$360. I have been industrious, worked hard, been cheerful; I have whistled along on my way to the farm and back, told pleasant stories to my wife, and endeavored to be as chipper as I could. Now, I have my clothes to buy, the apparel of my wife and children, my grocery bill to settle, my taxes to pay, my repairs on my premises, if I have any—all to come out of that \$360. You can figure that out yourself; I can't do it very well now in my mind. But I say this: There isn't a man in the State of Kansas that can get through the year with anything like reasonable comfort and respectability with \$360 and pay all of his expenses. If he did get through with the skin of his teeth at the end of the year, he would merely be able to live and breathe, and nothing else. But will that condition satisfy a proud-spirited American citizen? Would one of you gentlemen be satisfied with this condition of things?

The Dawes Act resulted in land rushes by whites similar to the Oklahoma Land Rushes. Less dramatic individually, and spread throughout the country, these “blue light specials” took place on former Indian reservation land, as the “leftover” land was confiscated by the government and made available to white settlers and corporations.

In his book “Killing the White Man’s Indian: Reinventing Native Americans at the End of the Twentieth Century,” Fergus M. Bordewich wrote about the effects of the Dawes Act:

John Collier, Franklin Roosevelt's Commissioner of Indian Affairs, called allotment “the greatest single practical evil” that has been committed against the American Indian. There is no question that allotment was a disaster whose effects still shape the physical, legal, and human landscape of Indian Country today. A land policy that was intended to emancipate Indians from federal supervision promoted the growth of a vast bureaucracy to manage the certification of competency, the sale of Indian lands, the issuance of deeds, and, as time went on, the leasing of fragmented Indian lands to whites. What was supposed to be an educative process that would transform Indians into yeoman farmers instead paralyzed the development of modern economies on lands that might, had they been left intact, have better sustained tribal farms, ranches, and timber or mining industries. Allotment devastated the Indian land base, sapped the vitality of traditional tribal government, and terminated the last possibility that Indian societies might be able to evolve at their own pace according to their own standards. Dawes had dreamed that allotment would destroy the tribes once and for all. In that, it very nearly succeeded.

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The veterans of the Battle of Gettysburg, both Union and Confederate, held a reunion there this year, twenty-four years after the battle. There is a possibility, although no evidence for it, that James Shannon attended the festivities.

The same caveats as earlier apply to these last letters of James Shannon's, copied below—no rough edges have been file away, and at any point where questions exist as to what he wrote, the best guess, if possible, is enclosed in brackets.

As with the 1886 letter, the location from where James wrote this letter is mysterious. There doesn't seem to be a Somers Point, Colorado. Research suggests that the only Somers Point in the United States is in New Jersey. There was a late-19th century coal mining town named Somerville forty miles from San Francisco, but it's quite a stretch from Somers Point, Colorado to Somerville, California.

At home April 17th 87

My dear sister yours of recent date at hand some days ago and in answer of brother John I cannot say very much but I think he is trying to leave off drink but how he will succeed I can't say I have written to him twice first I asked him to loan me some money to help me [lay] out my land I told him I would give him a mortgage and security he answers me like this Jim what [money] you want is all [nelt] don't talk about interest or security tell me when and how to send it

On receipt of that I wrote him a long letter in [which] I gave him some very good friendly advice [about] how he will [receive] it I cannot tell as I have not heard from him since he may come out to see me after a while I hope he will [?] but about Brother Richard what makes you think he is not happy I can't think why he should not be very happy.

Well you asked me some questions The answers which you will find on the other side of these [sheets] will tell you what I do with part of my time at least but you must not think that I am a poet or a [crank] [or] a Lunatic for I think I am neither of [it] but I [would] [just] a little [rather] you would not show it to very many but you [might] as well know the truth as it is

Congratulate [Tom] on his success Hoping to [hear] from you I am as Ever S.J. Shannon
[Somers Point], Co, Col

The two poems James included with his last letter follow, dated January and April 10th—the latter one being penned just one week prior to the letter above:

To the only Girl I ever loved or ever can
On my Ranch January 9th 87

I loved her long I loved her well I love her yet
My own My darling loving Jane
She was honest loving kind and True
The object of my heart the girl I never can forget

[Why] [am] I [live, here] alone and my darling in another clime
The [season] is [simple] hard and to the test
[Crewel] [poverty] held her tightly bound
[Until] in another's arms my darling did [?]

[?] her no she did but [might]
She waited for me day and night for years so long
~~Until she thought I was dead and well she might~~
I always thought I would be on time but was not quite

[?] now thirty years have passed in flight
And I am growing old and [feeble] to the sight
I love her yet the only one I ever [?]
My only guiding light and heavenly star

All those years are long and [lonely] too
All those dreams of pleasure would be better if forgot
But lonely visions bring them in their [might]
[?] I can only write them in the night

In the poem above, James writes, “30 years have passed.” If this figure is to be understood literally and precisely, instead of being an example of using “poetic license,” rounding the years from 1861 to 1887 (or simply the result of poor mathematical skills), James knew Jane well before the Civil War and left to “seek his fortune” four years before that conflict erupted.

James also writes, “Crewel poverty held her tightly bound until in another's arms my darling did (something).” So it was economic necessity

that caused her to marry another, or that was James' take on it, anyway, although he admits she thought he was dead and had good reason to.

Lonely Hours

[Horid] thoughts why do they not depart
Surely they are but Indian darts
Always present and a torture to my soul
Just to wake me from my sleep murder time and my head pierce

I well remember the last time we met
Our walk and my pleges in a lonely lane

To meet her once again in years not far between
Our parting kisses streams of love to restrain

But crewel luck bound me with his chain
And caused me to wander far and near
In hope of a little wealth to gain
With which to bless and comfort my own darling Jane

But chains like these are hard to break
I strive and try and lose again
Still they hold me firmly to the [rack, rock]
But I have tried hard and a [gasie] surely I am not to blame me

I repeat it over and over again
The truth I must not restrain
And my only all absorbing thought
Is to meet her in that spiret land
There all is love and not depart

Questions often asked
The answers yet [never] told
But to you I will say
My thoughts I will unfold

When I left my home many years ago
I went to [Juncleboard] to make the start

And bid adieu to my friends all around
And there I left the [summers] of my heart

I did not then think it best
To go [in] some lonely place
To take my final rest
[Lid] now since I have made the simple test
I find the [first] [business] the [defeat, depest]
Where it stands to rest

My future doings are withheld
Not by me but him that does command
I shall obey as I am impealed
And strive to do the best while [on] the [land]

S.J.S. Apr 10th 87

Honesty seemed to be a very important trait to James—in the earlier poem he extolled Jane as “honest, loving kind and true.” In “Lonely Hours” he said, “The truth I must not restrain.”

James seemed to be faithful and tenacious, one who “stuck to it” and “stuck it out” – he stayed in the Army for the entire four year of the Civil War, reenlisting in the midst of it, even after a long bout with illness in 1862 and after being wounded in action in 1864. It seems, too, that James loved only one girl, and held on to her all his life (in his heart). Also, once he “embraced” loneliness, James seemed to also want to stare it down or at least resignedly accepted it. James’ long-suffering acceptance of his “fate,” as expressed in the last stanza of “Lonely Hearts” also seems to point to a dutiful acceptance of things as they were or were “ordained” to be (according to his perception).

1888

Absentee Fathers and a New Vision

“Most men lead lives of quiet desperation, and go to the grave with the song still in them.” – Henry David Thoreau

“Fashion is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months.” -- Oscar Wilde

“Fashion is for people without personal taste.” -- Itamar Gilad

- ◆ Henry Harrison Kollenborn born Kansas or Missouri
- ◆ Jeremiah Bliss Nelson born Kansas or Missouri
- ◆ Jim Thorpe born Oklahoma
- ◆ Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*
- ◆ First Portable Camera

Henry Harrison Kollenborn was born on the fourth of July. Whether he was a Yankee doodle dandy or not is a matter of speculation. Don't break your head over it, though. "Harry," as he was known, turned out to be quite an enigmatic and mysterious character, and not too much is known about him besides that.

For starters, there are conflicting reports on whether Harry was born in Missouri or Kansas. Some records say one state, and others the other. The Kollenborns lived in several places in both states. Perhaps it was someplace on the border, such as Kansas City (in either state) or Joplin, Missouri. It is most likely, though, that Harry was born east of Joplin, in Jasper County, Missouri. The only record that even claims to know anything more specific than the State in which Harry was born are the family records of Harry's daughter Thora Wheeler, who pinpoints Jasper County as the location of her father's birth (her mother had always told the children that was the location). That is quite likely the spot, as the Kollenborns did live in that county for quite some time, and there are a large number of Kollenborns (and Kollenburns, who were apparently once Kollenborns but for some reason altered the spelling of their surname) buried in the Avilla cemetery in that county.

At least one of William and Charlotte Kollenborn's children, and thus a sibling of James', was John L., who is buried in the Avila cemetery with his surname spelled with a "u" rather than an "o" as its final vowel. Who originated this alternate spelling, and why, is unknown. It was not John L. himself who chose this derivation, because he was barely five at the time of his death in 1878.

For whom Harry was named is another question. He seems to have been named, in a rather strange way, for three different men. His paternal grandfather was William Kollenborn, and his maternal

grandfather was Henry Hilly. Harry was not *legally* given the name William, but it is the name that automatically comes to mind when hearing “Henry Harrison,” as one thinks of William Henry Harrison, the Indian fighter, Governor of Indiana Territory, and short-termed President of the United States.

Another possibility is that neither William Kollenborn nor William Henry Harrison were in mind when Harry was named. William Henry Harrison’s son Benjamin was campaigning for the Presidency at the time Harry was born. Perhaps Harry’s first name was for his mother’s father, and his middle name was bestowed in honor of Benjamin Harrison himself, rather than for Benjamin’s grandfather William Henry Harrison.

As William Henry Harrison died in 1841, Harry’s father James could only have been familiar with him through hearsay and the printed page (James having been born in 1862). It is possible that James heard about the man from his father William, who could *possibly* have seen him (as a young boy—William was only eight in 1841) when Harrison was campaigning for President. William Henry Harrison’s father, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was also named Benjamin Harrison.

Before becoming President of the United States, William Henry Harrison acquired the nickname “Tippecanoe” when he defeated Indian warriors led by a Shawnee named Tenskwatawa (which means “the Open Door”, but who was commonly called “The Prophet”) at the Tippecanoe River in 1811. Two years later, Harrison killed Tenskwatawa’s equally famous and much-feared brother Tecumseh at the Battle of the Thames near Detroit. The Shawnee brothers had formed, and were attempting to further strengthen, a confederation of Indian tribes to keep the whites east of the Alleghenies. It was a lost cause, though, a valiant but vain undertaking.

William Henry Harrison was presented by his political handlers as a “man of the people,” although in actuality he was a typical politician of the day—a wealthy Virginian who lived in a mansion. His campaign, though, depicted him as living in a log cabin and quaffing hard cider (as opposed to sipping fancy wine). This popular spin helped win him a landslide victory in the 1840 election against the man who had beaten him four years earlier, Martin Van Buren. This P.R. coup was called the “Log Cabin and Cider” campaign.

“Old Tippecanoe” set two records. His was the shortest time in office of any President: He only served thirty-one days in the white house. Harrison died shortly after contracting pneumonia following his presidential-record-setting two-hour inauguration speech (which he delivered in a downpour). This result was the opposite of that enjoyed by Theodore Roosevelt, whose long-windedness was to save his life.

Running for President on the Progressive/Bull Moose ticket in 1912, Roosevelt was campaigning in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, when a would-be assassin’s bullet had first to pass through his voluminous speech notes, which he had folded in half and stored in his inside jacket pocket, before

the projectile could lodge in Roosevelt's body. A long speech (which he did give that night in Milwaukee prior to seeking medical attention) served as a serendipitous homemade bullet-proof vest for Roosevelt. Harrison, on the other hand, signed his own death warrant as a result of his bombast.

Something that may indicate Harry was named for Benjamin Harrison rather than William Henry Harrison is that Harry's firstborn son was given the name Benjamin as one of his middle names. If that was the case, then the father (Harry) was given the President's last name as his middle name and the son (Albert) was given the first name as a middle name.

Although it is quite likely that Harry was named for either ninth President William Henry Harrison or his grandson Benjamin Harrison--who became the twenty-third President this year--just why either one of them would be selected for this honor is not known. But it was not rare at the time to name children after famous personages. We will see many examples of this later as respects many of Will and Gertie Shannon's sons (such as Theodore Roosevelt Shannon).

Being born in the rurals of the Midwest, it is unlikely that Harry Kollenborn had to endure the Little Lord Fauntleroy style that, as a result of the 1886 Frances Hodgson Burnett book of the same name, was popular from its publication until 1900. If Harry was ever attired in that way, he would have worn long hair with bangs, a blouse with large, ruffled collars, dark breeches, and a frock coat. It's hard to picture a Kollenborn (or a Shannon, for that matter) attired in that way, though, even as a babe.

Henry Hilly must have been quite a beloved individual, because there was not just one Kollenborn likely named (at least tangentially) for him, but three, and all in a one-year span of time. Of the Hilly's thirteen children, at least two of them married Kollenborns: Charlotte Hilly married William Kollenborn (they were Harry's grandparents), and Nancy Hilly married J.J. Kollenborn, who may have been the son or grandson of the John Kollenborn born 1816 in Virginia. It is likely that J.J. and Nancy were the parents of Henry Sumner Kollenborn, who was born February 4th, 1887 in Missouri.

A third Henry Kollenborn was Henry G. Kollenborn, who was also born in 1887, but in the Far West, in Peaceful Valley, Idaho (actually Idaho Territory at the time, as Idaho did not attain statehood until 1890). This Henry was also born in Missouri. Henry Sumner and Henry G. Kollenborn both ended up in Idaho, as Henry Sumner Kollenborn was reported as living there in the 1930 census. Although the first Henry we concerned ourselves with (Henry Harrison Kollenborn) apparently never lived in Idaho (his condition and whereabouts following 1920 are only surmised, as the 1920 chapter will show), in the 1940s his son Albert did live there.

The extended Hilly/Kollenborn clan moved together from Illinois to Missouri in the latter half of the 1800s. Many of the Hillys are buried

alongside Kollenborns in the small cemetery on the outskirts of tiny Avilla, Missouri.

As for Henry Harrison Kollenborn being called "Harry," there are two possible explanations. One is that it was a shortened form of his middle name "Harrison." It may have been confusing to call him Henry, because his grandfather Henry was still living up until Harry was seven. Another possibility is that "Harry" was a nickname for Henry. And there is a historical precedent to lend weight to this theory: Robert E. Lee's father Henry Lee, who had been a revolutionary war cavalry officer under George Washington, was nicknamed "Light Horse Harry."

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Like Henry Harrison Kollenborn, Jeremiah Bliss Nelson was born in either Kansas or Missouri. Like so many others in the extended family who were born in Kansas, "Jerry" ended up in California. He would marry Emma Silva, and they would one day become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's in-laws.

Also like Harry Kollenborn, Jerry would one day be permanently separated from his family. In Jerry's case, at least, that was not how he wanted it to be. Hearsay has it that after years of seeking a reconciliation with his wife--who had spurned his requests for forgiveness for "a transgression" to which he had confessed, Jerry moved away and started another family.

Rumors have it that he moved to New York, went to work for and ultimately retired from the railroad there.

Unlike Harry, there is no complicated and convoluted controversy concerning or speculation necessary regarding where Jerry got his names. Jeremiah was the name of both his paternal *and* maternal grandfathers; and, as was quite common in the time, his middle name was his mother's maiden name. Benjamin Franklin Nelson and Martha Ellen (Bliss) Nelson welcomed Jeremiah into the family fold on October 23rd.

Jerry was said to have been a seaman, like Emma's maternal grandfather George Raymond Gorham (who also bore his mother's maiden name as his middle name). It is also said that Jerry was a World War I veteran, probably a Navy man. According to one of his daughters, he was preparing to board a ship to the war zone when the Armistice was signed.

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The man who would turn out to quite possibly be the greatest all-around athlete in American history was born this year. Jim Thorpe became an Olympian and a professional athlete. He was a standout in football (he would become the first president of the NFL), baseball,

basketball, and track. He was also the great-grandson of the Sauk leader Black Hawk.

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Many Utopian novels have been written over the centuries: Thomas More's book *Utopia* which gave the genre its name; Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*; *Walden 2* by B.F. Skinner, and countless others. 1888 is a very significant year for Utopian novels, because one of the most important ones was set in, and published, this year. Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backwards* is actually set in two years, as it moves back and forth between 1888 and 2000. Many of the "predictions" it contains about what life would be like at the start of the twenty-first century were amazingly accurate. Radios broadcasting music, the use of credit cards, and the rise of mega-corporations are just a few of Bellamy's prognostications.

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Though photography had been around for almost a century, the first portable hand-held camera was not introduced until this year, thus making it accessible to the general public. Matthew Brady shot more pictures during the Civil War than most soldiers (or even entire companies) had shot their weapons. Brady left behind a large body (no pun intended) of work.

1889

Wings For Their Feet

"In spite of their pictorial composition I wouldn't give a mile of the dear old Sierras, with their honesty, sincerity, and magnificent uncouthness, for a hundred thousand kilometers of the picturesque Vaud." – Bret Harte, comparing the Alps to the Sierra Nevadas

"You're kinda tricky, aren't'cha?" – Henry Fonda as Frank James in the movie "Jesse James"

"Each was full of panic, thievery, cheating, heartbreaks, unbelievable hardships." – Ernie Pyle, referring to the Oklahoma land rushes

"Do not move back a boundary of long ago, which your forefathers have made." – Proverbs 22:28

"We have first raised a dust and then complain we cannot see." -- Bishop Berkeley

He rides head first into a hurricane and disappears into a point
-- from the song "Lost in the Flood" by Bruce Springsteen

"I think none was afraid to meet God, but we all felt willing to put it off until a more propitious time." -- "Reverand" H.L. Chapman, survivor of the Johnstown Flood

- ◆ Carleton J. Shannon comes to California
- ◆ John Muir works for the creation of Yosemite National Park
- ◆ Ruie Lee Elizabeth Huddleston born Missouri
- ◆ Indian Appropriations Bill
- ◆ Oklahoma Land Rush
- ◆ Adolf Hitler born Austria
- ◆ Four States from Three Territories
- ◆ Johnstown Flood

The nuclear bombs dropped on Japan in the 1940s killed hundreds of thousands of people. Before Euro-Americans came to America, there were approximately five million Indians; within twenty-one years of Columbus' landing, *eight million* Indians were dead. By 1889 there were only 250,000 Indians. Meanwhile, the number of Euro-Americans had ballooned to eighty-five million.

These figures are given, not to downplay the horrific suffering of the Japanese in and around Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but to emphasize the out-sized atrocity perpetrated on the native Americans.

In the 1880s, California experienced the largest population growth since the gold rush. The three "W"s of wheat, wool, and wine were the State's biggest industries at the time. Gold's heyday had been relegated

to the past. "White gold" (cotton), "red gold" (redwood timber) and technology would drive the State's economy in the future.

The Shannons, being farmers at the time, were probably attracted to the state due to its agricultural possibilities. Carleton James Shannon, the son of Robert and Deborah Shannon, nephew of James, and brother of Will, formed the vanguard of the Shannon phalanx that would make California their home.

Still, most of the Shannon family remained in Canada. In fact, only Carleton's parents and some of his brothers came. Even those few that did follow Carleton did not make the move until two years after he had.

Carleton, commonly known as "C.J." was the second child in a family of four sons and one daughter. Raised on the family farm, C.J. attended school until he was sixteen, at which time he "became dependent upon his own resources" as has been said concerning his situation at the time. He first found employment for three years in the vicinity of his home. He was only earning \$15 a month in this way, so he decided to go West to see if he could make a better life for himself there.

Thus, at the age of 19, C.J. "lit out for the Territory," as Huck Finn would have put it. Upon his arrival in Tulare County, California, C.J. had merely \$20 of his "grubstake" remaining. He first found work with J.R. Robinson, and stayed with him for twenty months. Then he rented a farm from John Franz and raised stock for two years. After that, C.J. rented a farm from R.H. Stevens for a period of five years. Following that, he returned as partner with Mr. Franz, feeding and selling stock. In 1897, C.J. purchased a 140-acre farm. He had increased his holdings to 480 acres by 1902. Shortly thereafter he became the director of Farmer's Ditch Company.

When Carleton arrived in California, Los Angeles had a population of 50,000. Today the population of the city of Los Angeles is about 3.7 million and Los Angeles County contains ten million smog-enveloped souls. By way of comparison, the San Joaquin Valley grape-growing community of Lodi today has a little more than 50,000 residents.

Perhaps Carleton had read Charles Nordhoff's 1870s puff piece about California, which had been subsidized by Collis Huntington of the Central Pacific's "Big Four." Nordhoff's pamphlet was entitled *California: For Health, Pleasure and Residence*. It was intended to attract farmers to the state.

Indeed, some time had to pass before people began to view California as a place to live on a permanent basis. The first white men to come to California in large numbers, the 49ers, never intended to make California their home. John Carr writes in "Pioneer Days in California" as to the general attitude of the argonauts toward the region:

But few of us old Californians ever intended at first to make California our place of residence. The unbounded resources of the State were but little known to the early emigrants. Gold was what they wanted and, as soon as they had accumulated enough of that to give them a "start" in their old homes, they intended to return east of the Rocky Mountains. California

was looked upon as a good place in which to dig gold, but not to make a home. Her climate was not yet appreciated. As to the fertility of her soil, few gave it a thought.

...

I well remember to have frequently been in conversation with "the boys," and to have heard them talk of the prospects of California in the future. One would hear the remark: "I would not give one township in Illinois for this whole d—n State."

Carleton eventually became prominent as a farmer and dairymen. His bio appears in "History of Tulare and Kings Counties California: with Biographical Sketches of The Leading Men and Women of the Counties Who Have Been Identified With Their Growth and Development From the Early Days to the Present" by Eugene L. Menefee and Fred A. Dodge. It is the typical "puff piece" of the genre and era, telling about how C.J. worked his way up from obscurity to affluence, also which organizations he was involved in, which types of crops he raised, how much land he owned, etc. The pertinent information appears in various places in this volume.

Also at this time, many of the California pioneers were passing off the scene: Both Mariano Vallejo, former Governor of California under Mexican rule, and John C. "The Pathfinder" Fremont, co-conspirator in and fellow fomenters of the Bear Flag Rebellion, died in 1890. John Bidwell, leader of the first wagon train of settlers into the state, died in 1900. John Sutter was already nine years dead, having died in 1880.

Shedding some light on the type of life people were leading at the time, a contemporary of C.J. and his siblings was Laura Ingalls Wilder (1867-1957), author of the "Little House" series of books. It would still be another three decades before Mrs. Wilder's first book was published, though, as she was in her sixties when she achieved that milestone.

Thus it is that the Shannons resisted the pull of the California Gold Rush, yet came later to the golden state for more practical reasons.

So why Tulare County? Of all the places Carleton could have gone within California, what was it about Tulare that might have drawn him? Tulare County is farming country, but it also has scenic wonders: the eastern side of the county boasts massive redwoods and majestic mountains. Logging doesn't seem to have been a factor for the Tulare Shannons, although many of those that settled in Trinity County, to the north, did become loggers.

Tulare County originally stretched all the way from Mariposa County in the north, near Yosemite, to Los Angeles County in the south, and from the coast range on the west to the Sierra Nevadas on the east. Both Calaveras and Tulare Counties contributed land to help form Mono County in 1861. Tulare also contributed to Fresno (first called Buena Vista), Kern, and Coso (later Inyo) Counties.

In 1874, the boundary between Tulare and Fresno Counties changed. Prior to that, it had followed the contours of the mountain ridges; thereafter it followed township and section lines. In 1893, Kings County

was formed from the western part of Tulare County. Although gradually whittled away by its generous contributions to nascent neighboring counties, Tulare County is still larger than the entire State of Connecticut (not to mention Rhode Island, the bigger-than-a-breadbasket-but-not-by-much entity that is not, in fact, an island).

Similar to the Humboldt County area discussed earlier, various visitors to Tulare have beheld it with varying opinions as to its beauty and desirability. For example, Army topographer George Derby called it "The most miserable country that I ever beheld." John Muir, on the other hand, described it thus: "...one smooth, continuous bed of honey-bloom, so marvelously rich that, in walking from one end of it to the other, a distance of more than 400 miles, your foot would press about a hundred flowers at each step." Maybe Derby saw it on a bad day, or Muir in an especially favorable season. Or then again, maybe Derby was a hater of flowers.

The area also boasted the largest body of water west of the Mississippi. Tulare Lake was that big until it was drained by Jim Boswell, the subject of the book "The King of California: J.G. Boswell and the Making of a Secret American Empire" by Mark Arax and Rick Wartzman. By 1905, though, once massive Tulare Lake was gone, its body having been drawn off by levees, canals, and dams.

Water has always been a bone of contention in the lower half of California. Farmers living downstream from those who had impounded the waters for their own use sometimes dynamited those dams in order to get their "fair share."

To give a specific example of this, the aforementioned book "The King of California" relates this account:

He [William Shafer] made a direct appeal to Church to lower his dam, but Church refused. Shafer wanted to pursue the matter in court but his attorney told him it would take years, a delay that would turn dozens of farms in his twenty-mile service area into dust. Then the attorney suggested an alternative: dynamite.

The explosion that followed was a milestone in the long history of rebellion along the Kings River, a harbinger of the levee feuds between the Boswells and Salyers seventy-five years later. While other incidents of sabotage may have proven more damaging and incendiary, the destruction of Church's dam has managed to live on in part because of the mysterious involvement of a student from the University of California at Berkeley, a young man named Samuel Moffett. How the twenty-two-year-old Moffett landed in Kingsburg and why he was enlisted in an act of dynamiting may be a question only his uncle and mentor, Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, could have answered with clarity.

Twain's only son had died as an infant and he regarded Moffett, his namesake and the son of his older sister, Pamela, as his male heir. Moffett grew up in St. Louis and dazzled his uncle by displaying an encyclopedic

knowledge of historical facts. In his autobiography, Twain lovingly recalled his nephew's prodigious gifts of instant recall, a "large and varied treasure of knowledge" that the boy showcased while visiting the author and his wife in Buffalo in the summer of 1870.

*At age nineteen, Moffett had already decided on a career as a newspaperman, and Twain encouraged him to try his luck in San Francisco, though he made a point of refusing to write any letters introducing his nephew to friendly editors. Moffett went on to become a great newspaperman under the surly watch of William Randolph Hearst and later a writer of serious tomes such as *The Tariff*, works that could not have departed more from his uncle's crackling style.*

But about his movements leading up to the canal bombing on August 2, 1883, only this much is known: Moffett was spotted in Visalia at a hardware store called the Sol Sweet Company. He purchased a twenty-five-pound box of dynamite, wrapped it in layers of cotton and shoved it under his buckboard. Then he rode along the foothills to a prearranged spot on the Kings River near Centreville. There he was met by Shafer, the chief of the C&K canal, and told to step aside. Shafer would alone plant the dynamite and light the fuse to blow up Moses Church's dam.

Moffett protested, insisting that he was plenty brave to do the job himself.

"I do not doubt your courage at all," Shafer replied. "But there may be shooting when I get to the dam, and I cannot take the risk of having you with me."

Shafer was setting the last sticks of dynamite in place when Church's superintendant confronted him. "What the hell's going on here?"

"We're going to dynamite your dam."

"You're headed for a pack of trouble."

"I know that, but this is war and no war was ever pleasant," Shafer said. "We are entitled to get the water we are entitled to, trouble or no trouble."

Shafer then lit the fuse and blew up Church's dam, sending rock and brush sky high. The river surged downstream, and the C&K headgate was opened. For two weeks, under the constant watch of armed guards, the water flowed to the fields of distant farms and saved the crop. Shafer freely admitted his role in the bombing and was arrested and hauled before the Fresno justice of the peace. Even if the judge had wanted to side against the civil engineer and squeeze him for the names of Moffett and any other accomplices, he dared not in the contentious world of California water rights circa 1880. To do so might have opened a Pandora's box.

Samuel Moffett drowned in 1908 at the age of forty-seven.

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John Muir was a contemporary of Mark Twain. Twain lived from the appearance of Halley's Comet early in 1835 to its next appearance late in 1910. Muir was born three years after Twain, in 1838, and lived four years longer than Twain did, until 1914.

Twain certainly left his stamp on the culture of America. Muir left his mark on the landscape, too. The environmental movement may have gotten a later start without him and might not be what it is today if not for his early efforts. Without Muir, we may not have access to Yosemite as a National Park. The Scotland-born, Wisconsin-raised naturalist didn't try to keep it all to himself; he wanted to share the bounties of creation he so enjoyed with his fellowmen, knowing what a rejuvenating effect they could have on the human spirit. In the midst of all the turmoil of the times, Muir devoted himself to preserving this almost unbelievably beautiful part of the wilderness for future generations.

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On March 5th, in Callaway County, Missouri, Ruie Lee Elizabeth Huddleston was born to Tennessee-born Robert Huddleston and Missourian Eunice (Abernathy) Huddleston. Lee was on the verge of becoming a family name. Lizzie, as she would become known, apparently received it in honor of her paternal grandmother Laura Lee. She would give it to her son Albert as one of his middle names. Albert, in turn, would bequeath the name to his first daughter Rosie Lee (at least that is what her name is on her birth certificate, written in Albert's hand; Albert's wife/Rosie Lee's mother Alice (Green) Kollenborn always claimed her oldest daughter's name was Alice Rosalie rather than Rosie Lee).

Ruie was apparently also named for her grand aunt Ruth Elizabeth "Lizzie" M. (Huddleston) Walton. In fact, she always went by "Lizzie." So it seems that her father Robert named her for his mother and his aunt. Robert's father John Wesley Huddleston and his wife had taken custody of his little sister Lizzie after coming to Missouri from Tennessee (John was twenty years old at the time, Lizzie was nine, and their mother had died on the journey). "Ruie" may have been a pet name for Robert's grand-aunt Ruth, which he then passed on directly to his daughter.

Callaway County, in the part of Missouri surrounding the Missouri River that was called "Little Dixie," was very "southern" in culture. Prior to the Civil War, there were quite a few black slaves in this part of the state. The County had earned the sobriquet "The Kingdom of Callaway County." In 1878, eleven years before Ruie was born, former Confederate President Jefferson Davis stopped there while on a trans-state tour.

Lizzie would be five days shy of eighteen at the birth of her first child, Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn. Somewhat similarly and by way of comparison, Gertrude (Bailey) Shannon would be six days short of twenty when she delivered her first child, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

As will be discussed next, Lizzie was born the year the Oklahoma land rush took place. Her son Albert would be born the year Oklahoma became a state.

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On March 2nd, 1889, Congress passed the Indian Appropriations Bill, which proclaimed that unassigned lands were now in the public domain. This led the way to manic fiascoes such as the Oklahoma Land Rush.

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The Indians who had been displaced from more desirable areas had been herded into Oklahoma and told that this new country would be theirs forever. They wouldn't be bothered again. They could settle and put down roots. Before long, though Euro-Americans decided they wanted Indian Territory for themselves after all.

The next step in the Indians' disenfranchisement was having their "permanent home" divided in two, with the western half of it becoming Oklahoma Territory, and the eastern half remaining Indian Territory. Not content with that, the whites later annexed Indian Territory, swallowing it whole. To sum up, the Indians were first forced to leave their homes elsewhere and settle in Indian Territory, then had their land there halved, and ultimately had most of it taken away completely.

Making their dispossession from their new home (Northeastern Oklahoma is still referred to as the "Cherokee Ozarks") even more tragic is how the displaced Indians had intrepidly soldiered on, and had made for themselves a home there. In his book "Killing the White Man's Indian: Reinventing Native Americans at the End of the Twentieth Century," Fergus M. Bordewich wrote:

When the Cherokees set out upon the Trail of Tears, they largely marched out of the unrelenting tragic mythology that most Americans perceive as modern Indian history. But they did not, of course, disappear. With characteristic determination, after a few years of factional strife, they rebuilt the nation there in the foothills of the Ozarks. By the late 1840s, the tribe was enjoying a golden era of progress that far surpassed the provincial life of their closest white neighbors in frontier Arkansas. Political institutions were reestablished, and churches, missions, and improvement societies of all sorts thrived. Protestant seminaries were established for both women and men. Temperance meetings flourished all over the nation. The Cherokee public schools became the first free, compulsory, coeducational system west of the Mississippi. Tahlequah merchants,

wheelrights, and blacksmiths prospered serving Forty-niners on their way to the California goldfields.

Two million acres in the newly acquired eastern half of the Territory were made available for homesteading on April 22nd of this year. Actually, there were eleven land openings in Oklahoma between 1889 and 1906. Half of present-day Oklahoma was colonized by these openings to white homesteaders.

Despite this opportunity for free land, Carleton Shannon opted for California rather than join the mad rush to Oklahoma.

The opening of the Oklahoma Territory for settlement was supposed to be fair, but, as usual, some scofflaws found a way to get around the legal requirements. The book *Moments in Oklahoma History – People, Places, Things, and Events* by Bonnie Speer reports on these shenanigans, as well as on some enterprising and colorful individuals:

During the run of 1889, any man or single woman 21 years of age or older could stake a 160-acre claim, but had to live on it at least six months of the year. Chickasaw resident R.M. Graham, his two sons, and a hired man laid claim to an entire section of land [townships were thirty-six square miles and were divided up into thirty-six sections; one section was 640 acres] near Lexington. Four months later when Graham's daughter turned 21, the hired man relinquished his claim to her. Graham then built a house at the point where the four claims came together. Each claimant had a bedroom on his or her own land, thus fulfilling the letter of the law...

It was a most ambitious land grab. Before the opening of the Cherokee Outlet in 1893, a pair of enterprising brothers ran cattle north of what is now Mooreland in northwestern Oklahoma. The two ranchers hired 150 extra hands to make the run and to stake a claim. On each claim these cowboys erected a four-foot square "house," then relinquished the claim to the brothers. After all, nowhere in the rules for the run did the government state the size of the needed improvement. A town was later established and named in honor of the Quinlan brothers...

Henry Ives, who came to Guthrie on the day of the Run of 1889, was shocked at the lack of sanitary conditions in the new tent town. Deciding to do something about it, he dug a deep hole on his lot, then securing a quantity of leafy limbs from Cottonwood Creek, he planted them upright around the hole, and erected a sign: "Rest Room, 10 cents." Business was good, but rivals eventually forced him to lower his prices to five cents. Even so, when his enterprise was no longer needed, he had earned enough money to open a harness repair shop.

"Button Mary" became a familiar figure in Guthrie after the run. She arrived on the day of the opening and set up her tent beside the railroad track. One of the town's more enterprising citizens, each morning at

sunrise, she left her camp and made her rounds through the busy tent city with needle and thread in hand. Each time she met a man with a missing button on his clothing, she sewed one on then requested a dime for her work. If he paid her, all was well and good, but if he didn't he received a sharp jab with the needle.

In some cases, the very people whose duty it was to facilitate the fair handling of the matter were among the scoundrels who cheated their way to land ownership. For example, some of the deputies on hand in 1899, posted near the lots to preserve order, handed in their resignations as a pistol shot signaled to the waiting multitude of men on horses and in trains that the race for choice parcels was on. They thus had a head start over everyone else, as they were already "on the spot" and were able to stake lots they had chosen in advance. These were the "Sooners." Some of them paid for their cleverness with their lives.

The trains were jam-packed with hopeful homesteaders. There were not only people in the trains, but on top and underneath of them as well, hanging by the handrails, and even sitting on the cowcatchers. Why the frantic rush to be first? There were not enough lots for all comers to Guthrie and Oklahoma City--to the quickest and strongest went the spoils.

Fifty years after the fact, on April 24, 1939, traveling newspaper correspondent Ernie Pyle described the scene:

Suppose we are sitting by the railroad track at Guthrie, Oklahoma, a little before noon on April 22, 1889...

Pack sacks fly out the train windows. Hurting humans follow them. Half a dozen dash for a lot they've just spied. And instead of driving stakes, they drive their fists into each other's faces. A late-thinker jumps off and stakes the very lot they're fighting for.

We won't forget the woman for a long time. She stands on the roof of a boxcar running at full speed, and throws over her rolled-up tent and haversack. And then in one wild plunge she projects herself into thin air, bent for a Guthrie lot or hell won't have it. She turns five somersaults in the air with her Mother Hubbard flying, five more after she hits the ground, and winds up against the fence with only one broken leg.

As the train finally stops, the massed thousands pile off in a choking melee. Every man for himself, and no quarter asked. One great fat man tries to crawl through the window. He's so big he gets stuck. Another man comes past, openly lifts his wallet, and goes on. Dozens see it, and no one cares.

Men are held up at gunpoint and robbed without a sound or word, so crushing is the mob. As quickly as the throng breaks loose from itself, it spreads out over the eighty acres in a bewildered chasing of itself. A blind

man's bluff, hunting for lots. You don't know how far to run, where to stop, whether to turn right or left. A greedy and panicky afternoon.

Fifteen long trains come in from the north before sundown. In five hours the population of Guthrie leaps from two hundred to fifteen thousand.

Counting those who went to other townsites, and those racing over the prairies, no fewer than a hundred thousand people entered the "unassigned lands" that afternoon of April 22, 1889.

Long before dark Guthrie was taken, and a tent city had sprung up. There was yelling and shooting that night, but little harm was done. The newcomers were too busy. Even before nightfall, frame houses had arisen. Trains bore in more lumber and brick and hardware. The transformation of Guthrie was remarkable. You can hardly believe what you read about it.

In one month there was hardly a tent left in Guthrie. Within three-and-a-half months Guthrie had streets, parks, a water-works, an electric-light plant, and brick buildings by the score. Lots that cost nothing on April 22 were selling for five thousand dollars only sixty days later.

At the end of those one hundred days there were in Guthrie five banks, fifteen hotels, ninety-seven restaurants and boarding-houses, four gun stores, twenty-three laundries, forty-seven lumberyards, four brickyards, seventeen hardware stores, thirteen bakeries, forty dry-goods stores, twenty-seven drugstores, fifty groceries, three daily newspapers, and two churches--all in a town of fifteen thousand.

What happened in Guthrie happened in Oklahoma City, on a smaller scale. For years the two cities were to fight for supremacy. Guthrie lost the last stand in 1913, when the state capital was moved to Oklahoma City.

Today Guthrie has fewer people than it had on that first night in 1889. And Oklahoma City has grown to two hundred thousand. Which proves you never know when to jump off a train.

Pyle also wrote about the run for the six million acres of land known as the Cherokee Outlet, or the Cherokee Strip (which was two hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, and formed the northern slab of Oklahoma):

The start of that wild race across the prairies must have been one of the greatest spectacles in American history. One who saw it said there rose from that line a roar like a mighty torrent--a roar of voices fifty miles long. He said it was a roar so far-reaching and prolonged that his very sense of hearing was stunned and his capacity for thought paralyzed. He said he had heard the roar of sixty batteries of artillery in the Civil War, and experienced the sound of the Federal yell and rah coming up from fifty

thousand soldiers' throats, and listened to the fiercest thunder as it rattled among the lonely pines of the Black Hills--but never had he heard a cry so peculiar, a roar of such subdued fierceness as that which rose from the prairies to the skies on that fateful September 16.

...
The cowboys on broncs quickly took the lead. And then, far out ahead, they stopped and set fire to the grass, to throw up a wall of fire against those behind. But the grim home-hunters plunged on through. Many horses were so badly burned they had to be destroyed. Others fell into ravines, wrecking wagons, hurting men and horses alike.

One man rode his horse to death, and when it dropped he sat on its side, rifle across his knee, claiming the land his beloved horse had fallen on. Another man had toughened his mustang by riding it full-speed eighteen miles a day for two weeks before-hand. He led the race toward the town of Enid, twenty miles northward. But he, too, fell victim to the grass fires and gullies, and his willing mount came to its broken finish a mile from Enid. He had to shoot the mustang, but he ran the last mile on foot, and was the first one into town.

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Two days prior to the 1889 Oklahoma land rush, on April 20th, Adolf Hitler was born in Austria.

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Washington became a state this year, a century after its namesake, tobacco planter/slaveholder/Revolutionary War General George Washington became the first President of the United States. Montana and the Dakotas also entered statehood on the same day that Washington did (February 22nd). North and South Dakota had been united as Dakota Territory, but on becoming states, they were horizontally divided.

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The Johnstown Flood, one of the worst disasters in history, took place on May 31st. The amount of water unleashed was so massive and its power so enormous that people downstream from it in many cases didn't even see any water coming toward them—instead, they saw only what the water was pushing along in front of itself: Megatons of dirt, mud, rocks, trees, houses, flotsam, jetsam, effluvia, as well as animals and humans dead, living, and in-between.

To some the onrushing mass appeared to be a giant black cloud. The sound was described by some as thunder-like. One man said, "It sounded to me just like a lot of horses grinding oats."

Being situated at the bottom of a gorge at the confluence of two rivers, the residents of Johnstown were used to flooding. There was another danger, though, that apparently wasn't viewed as an imminent threat—450-acre Conemaugh Lake fifteen miles distant from and above the city. Pittsburgh industrialists purchased the lake as a private fishing spot.

The earth dam that held back the waters (in normal conditions) had not been designed by an engineer. Although many did doubt its integrity, the view of most was that it was safe—after all, it had held for many years. Some even laughed aloud when told the dam was on the verge of bursting. A survivor of the flood, G.B. Hartley, later recalled: "Strange as it may seem, we were discussing the possibility of the dam breaking only a few hours before it really did. We were sitting in th office shortly after dinner. Everyone laughed at the idea of the dam giving way. No one had the slightest fear of such a catastrophe."

Warnings were even sounded by those situated near the dam, but warnings about the dam had been given so many times in the past that when a telegram arrived from the nearest station up the valley, most paid no heed to it. The telegram read:

SOUTH FORK DAM IS LIABLE TO BREAK: NOTIFY THE PEOPLE OF JOHNSTOWN TO PREPARE FOR THE WORST.

Over time, the spillway had become clogged with debris and rocks. Thus, the lake's waters had nowhere to overflow as the heavy rain continued, eventually raising the water level of the dam to its very top. Instead of overflowing in a controlled way, pressure built up until the lake finally burst its bonds, the tons of earth shoving the earthen dam outward. The formerly pent-up water then hurtled toward the town.

The amount of water unleashed into the valley was the equivalent of thirty-six minutes of the flow over Niagara Falls. In his book "The Johnstown Flood," historian David McCullough writes:

The water advanced like a tremendous wall. Giant chunks of the dam, fence posts, logs, boulders, whole trees, and the wreckage of the Fisher place were swept before it...George Lamb's home [was] destroyed as swiftly as everything else. Lamb had been afraid of the dam but had not fled to higher ground until he heard the roar of the flood bearing down on him. He made a frantic effort to save two pigs but gave it up and got to the hillside with his family in time to see his house climb the face of the water, which, because of the narrowness of the valley at that point, was about sixty feet high. He watched the house roll and toss momentarily; then it was flung against the near hill and smashed to splinters.

A train engineer saw what was coming, and blew his horn in warning. Most did not have time to escape, though—waters rushing forty miles per hour deluged the city (and several smaller towns between the lake and Johnstown), carrying houses, animals, trees, telegraph poles, bridges, machinery, rubbish, and even locomotives—also miles of barbed wire

when the deluge knocked over a wire factory and took its inventory with it, hurtling the tangled, spiky mass pell-mell down the valley.

Theoretically, based on the volume of water and decline in elevation, the floodwaters could have reached ninety miles per hour. In actuality, though, the water moved in fits and starts. So much debris was carried along that it would sometimes create a temporary dam before the force of water behind it built up enough to again burst its bonds.

And although Johnstown was the largest community in the path of the flood (it was a large enough city to have had three babies born on the day of the flood, two of whom were named Flood, and the other Noah), many towns were also affected (in some cases completed and literally wiped out). In Woodvale, a town with 1,000 inhabitants, 314 died.

As for Johnstown itself, McCullough described the scene this way:

As the wave hit Front Street, buildings began falling, one on top of another; some seemed to bounce and roll before they were swept downstream. Locomotives from the roundhouse went swirling about like logs in a millrace. ... When the wave struck, it was probably about twenty-eight to thirty feet high, though, understandably, it looked a great deal higher to anyone caught in its path. The roundhouse was crushed, as one onlooker said, "like a toy in the hands of a giant." The passenger trains were swamped in an instant. ... Yard engines went spinning off, one after another. ... Now several hundred freight cars, a dozen or more locomotives, passenger cars, nearly a hundred more houses, and quite a few human corpses were part of the tidal wave that surged on down the valley.

Most people in Johnstown heard, but did not see, the floodwaters approaching. The force of the air pushed out as a vanguard to the waters by that roiling mass was strong enough to blow over trees and small buildings.

An Associated Press writer who experienced the flood firsthand wrote of the urgency of escaping: "It was a race for life. There was seen the black head of the flood, now the monster Destruction, whose crest was raised high in the air, and with this in view even the weak found wings for their feet."

Much of the debris carried downhill by and with the floodwaters stacked up against a stone bridge on the edge of town furthest from the lake, eventually building up into an island of refuge thirty acres in size. Those seeking refuge there were disappointed, though: The wreckage caught fire, and an estimated eighty to two hundred perished in the flames. The theory is that oil in the debris leaked down into overturned coal stoves buried amid the mass of crunched houses and thus was the whole mass ignited.

After the flood finally subsided, the death total stood at more than twenty-two hundred (some say the victims could have numbered as many as five thousand), including ninety-nine entire families. One unlikely survivor was an infant who survived unharmed an eighty-mile

ride in its bassinet, finally ending up in Verona, a small town about ten miles upriver from Pittsburgh.

Some of the bodies were not recovered until years later; many may have never been recovered at all, as the force of the water sometimes slammed people deep into the muck and mire.

In the aftermath of the disaster, the “class card” was played, with no holds barred. McCullough helped explain this in “The Johnstown Flood” wherein he wrote:

For an age which by no means looked upon pleasure as something to be expected in life, let alone life's chief objective, the very fact that the lake had been put there solely for pleasure seemed almost more than anybody could take.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania newspaperman J.J. McLaurin laid the blame squarely at the feet of the hedonistic club members who owned Conemaugh Lake (among whose members were found, perhaps most notably, Andrew Carnegie and Henry Clay Frick), as he wrote:

50,000 lives in Pennsylvania were jeopardized for eight years that a club of rich pleasure-seekers might fish and sail and revel in luxurious ease during the heated term.

Mining a similar vein, a man named Isaac Reed penned the following poem:

*Many thousand human lives--
Butchered husbands, slaughtered wives
Mangled daughters, bleeding sons,
Hosts of martyred little one,
(Worse than Herod's awful crime)
Sent to heaven before their time;
Lovers burnt and sweethearts drowned,
Darlings lost but never found!
All the horrors that hell could wish,
Such was the price that was paid for—fish!*

Despite the common sentiment against and widespread ire aimed at the rich “playboys,” specifically for their alleged negligence in failing to maintain their dam in a safe manner, the plaintiffs prevailed in none of the lawsuits brought against the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club.

1890

A Terrestrial Paradise, and a Hell on Earth

“Most of what we call modern conveniences are no more than that at best. They are far from being necessities. And what a terrible price most of us have to pay for our tract homes, our fancy plumbing, our automobiles, our “labor-saving” appliances, the luxuriously packaged ersatz food in the supermarkets, all that mountain of metal junk and plastic garbage under which our lives are smothered. Men and women trapped in the drudgery and tedium of meaningless jobs (see Studs Terkel’s Working if you don’t believe me), and the despoliation of a continent, the gray skies, the ruined rivers, the ravaged hills, the clear-cut forests, the industrialized farms, all to keep that Gross National Product growing ever grosser.” – from “The Journey Home: Some Words in Defense of the American West” by Edward Abbey

If he’s one of the heroes of this country, why’s he all dressed up like them old men?
– from the song “Desperadoes Waiting for a Train” by Jerry Jeff Walker

Do the dance sensation that’s sweepin’ the nation...
– from the song “At the Hop” by Danny and the Juniors

“Let them kill, skin, and sell until the buffalo is exterminated, as it is the only way to bring lasting peace and allow civilization to advance.” – General Philip Sheridan

“The only good Indians I ever saw were dead.” – General Philip Sheridan, oft misquoted or paraphrased as “The only good Indian is a dead Indian.”

“Kill and scalp all, little and big... nits make lice.” – Colonel John Chivington

“Most reprehensible, most unjustifiable, and worthy of the severest condemnation.” – General Nelson Miles, speaking of the Wounded Knee massacre

“They made us many promises, more than I can remember, but they kept one; they promised to take our land, and they did.” – Red Cloud, Sioux

- ◆ Sequoia and Yosemite become National Parks
- ◆ Gertrude Bailey moves in with her Grandparents
- ◆ *How the Other Half Lives* by Jacob Riis
- ◆ Sherman Anti-Trust Act
- ◆ Massacre at Wounded Knee
- ◆ Nellie Bly around the world in 72 days
- ◆ Census

When the areas known in 1890 as Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory became a state in 1907, its residents voted to name it “Sequoia,” as opposed to Oklahoma (which is an Indian word for “red people”). In other words, rather than name the new state generically after

Indians as a whole, they preferred to name it for the Cherokee leader who had created their alphabet and thus given the tribe a written form of its language.

Although the will of the people did not prevail in that case (Oklahoma has been named Oklahoma throughout its entire lifetime as a state), Sequoya did have other things named for him, such as the two chief types of “redwood” trees: The Sequoia Sempervirens (also known as the California conifer, or coast redwood), which is prevalent near where Theodore Roosevelt Shannon would spend most of his life, on the northern coast of California; and the Sequoia Giganteum or giant sequoia, which is thicker but not as tall as its cousin the coast redwood. The giant sequoias are to be found in large numbers in Tulare County south of Yosemite, the first location in California in which the Shannons lived.

Sequoia also became the name of California's first National Park. Later in the year, the gem of the Sierras, Yosemite, also attained the status of National park. These events, protecting those areas from wholesale exploitation, were in large part due to the tireless efforts of environmentalists John Muir and Robert Underwood Johnson.

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1890 was a pivotal year in the life of Gertrude Bailey, who was then a little girl. She recalls these times in her memoirs:

When I was only seven I went to live with my grandparents. My grandmother soon became mother and grandmother to me and I owe much to her. I used to follow my grandfather all around and I would lead the horse for grandfather when he plowed. When it came time for grandfather to go fishing, I dearly wanted to go with him, but as I was just a little noisy creature, I was not invited. This left me wondering, but now I realize that he must have enjoyed this opportunity to be alone to meditate. Sometimes he used the worms that I proudly picked up for him while walking in back of him as he made fresh furrows in the fields.

We walked two miles to school and this was my mode of transportation until I was sixteen years old. I had one teacher Mrs. West, who helped in so many ways and I even stayed with her often.

I remember as a girl the making of all of our soap, which is completely foreign to the young folks of today, and was just one of the chores for us. All winter long we collected wood ashes and stored them until spring. We then poured water through them and as it was draining off, it was formed into lye. With a big roaring fire under the old black wash pot, we thus made our soap.

I also remember wash day as being quite a chore. We had to draw water from the well in the yard, fill the old pot and diligently use the wash board.

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Dutch immigrant Jacob Riis' book *How the Other Half Lives* was published this year. It graphically depicted, in words and pictures, the living conditions of "those less fortunate" in New York City. It opened the eyes of many people, including New Yorker Theodore Roosevelt, who later endorsed some progressive programs to assist the poor. Roosevelt would also be the first President to invoke the Sherman Anti-Trust Act (enacted this year) against predatory conglomerates. By moving against monopolies, Roosevelt became known as a "Trust buster."

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Thirty years since the Wiyot massacre in Humboldt County, California; fourteen years since The Little Bighorn, or Custer's Last Stand; and thirteen years since Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perce were hunted down, the last major conflict of the Indians Wars took place at Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

A full one-third of the U.S. military was there to quell the Lakota "uprising" in connection with the Ghost Dance, a dance that was "sweeping the (Lakota) nation" in conjunction with a Messianic belief that the Lakotas could bring back their old way of life, even their dead ancestors, if they wore the Ghost Dance shirts, danced, and prayed.

From 1872 to 1874, three million seven hundred thousand buffalo were killed. Only 150,000 of these, or about four percent, were killed by Indians. The Ghost Dance was supposed to bring the buffalo back, and cause the white men to disappear. Such was not to be the case, though.

As was typical of such engagements, professional soldiers, including members of the 7th Cavalry (the same unit—albeit, of course, for the most part not the same personnel—that were at the Little Bighorn) were on the government's side, while the Indians were comprised of entire tribes: Old and young of both genders. The casualty report for the massacre which took place on December 29th: A mere twenty-five U.S. soldiers lost their lives; while around 150 Lakota Indians did.

Many of the U.S. Army veterans considered the massacre "revenge" for the events of the Little Bighorn. The revenge continued in the aftermath. Peter Matthiessen's *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* says of this:

After Wounded Knee, the soldiers were replaced by bureaucrats, including "educators" whose official task was to break down the cultural independence of the people. On pain of imprisonment, the Lakota were forbidden the spiritual renewal of traditional ceremonies; even the ritual purification of the sweat lodge was forbidden. They were not permitted to

wear Indian dress or to sew beadwork, their children were seized and taken away to government boarding schools at the Pine Ridge Agency, and use of their own language was discouraged. They were, however, invited to celebrate American Independence Day on the Fourth of July, which they used at first as a secret memorial to Wounded Knee and later adapted to their own giveaway festivals and powwows. “We felt mocked in our misery,” old Red Cloud said. “We had no one to speak for us, we had no redress. Our rations were reduced again. You who eat three times a day and see your children well and happy around you cannot understand how starving Indians feel.”

“Buffalo Bill” Cody, who had hired Sitting Bull to work in his wildly popular Wild West Show, made arrangements for the release of upwards of twenty Lakota prisoners taken by the U.S. military following the battle/massacre. They were allowed to be released into Cody’s custody provided they work with him in his circus extravaganza. By the next year, the Show featured a recreation of the massacre at Wounded Knee.

Forty-two years later, in 1932, Black Elk, who worked with Cody in this Wild West show, recalled about Wounded Knee:

I did not know then how much was ended. When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloody mud, and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream.

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Elizabeth Jane Cochrane was by no means a shy and retiring wallflower. On November 14th, using the pen name Nellie Bly, she set out to make her way around the world in 80 days. She accomplished it in seventy-two. This was not Nellie’s only bold and daring adventure. Among other things, she was a pioneer of investigative journalism, and got herself admitted into the infamous Blackwell’s Island (an insane asylum in New York) “under cover” in order to write about what really took place in such institutions. She exposed the mistreatment of the insane and the unwarranted commitment of some. Among other things, Nellie also worked for a time as a lion tamer.

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The U.S. census for this year stated that the frontier was now closed —there was officially no more “wilderness” left in the country. This only 86 years after Lewis & Clark and the Corps of Discovery set out from the Mississippi River to map out America’s new possessions to the west--a

region that then-President Thomas Jefferson thought would take 1,000 years to settle.

1891

Immigrants, Expatriates, and a Kidnapping

"If you're in trouble, or hurt or need - go to the poor people. They're the only ones that'll help - the only ones." -- John Steinbeck

"Country people never do like elocutionizing as well as plain speaking." – from the Diaries of Joseph Prince Tracy, Eureka, CA, 1893-1898.

"He that does good for good's sake seeks neither paradise nor reward, but he is sure of both in the end." -- William Penn

"Trouble is a sieve through which we sift all our acquaintances. Those too big to go through are our real friends." -- Yaniv Loran

"There exist companions disposed to break one another to pieces, but there exists a friend sticking closer than a brother." -- Proverbs 18:24

- ◆ Robert and Will Shannon arrive in California
- ◆ Mark Twain leaves America to live in Europe
- ◆ Gertie Bailey in Orphanage
- ◆ Basketball invented
- ◆ Cheap Thrills at Coney Island

America was fundamentally changing. In the 1890 census, the U.S. government declared the frontier to be closed. Early this year, the Indian wars were over; On January 15th, the Lakota Nation formally surrendered. As the old era was setting, a new one was rising.

Although there was still some bad blood between the Canadians and their neighbors to the south--residual animosity from the War of 1812--many Canadians (such as James Shannon) had crossed the border to fight on the Union side in the Civil War. In World War II, the reverse happened: many Americans migrated north to join the RCAF (Royal Canadian Air Force). The reason for this is that Canada, being more closely allied to Britain than America was at the time, got involved in the war before the United States did. And Canada had many opportunities for young men who wanted to learn how to fly.

Since Robert's brother James had fought for the U.S. in the Civil War, this may have given the Shannon's a sense of investment in and partial ownership of the country. Regardless of the reason C.J. came to the States in 1889, he must have relayed good reports about the Tulare County area, since his father Robert Shannon brought his family to that area two years later.

Robert's son Will farmed with his brother C.J. for a time before heading north to homestead in Trinity County. Later, Will would return

to Tulare County and resume working with C.J. during World War I. Will and his family relocated several times within the state after that, from Wilmington to Shafter (where it is said that he farmed the first cotton in the area) to Lost Hills, then to Orland, and then finally returned for the final four years of his life to Tulare County, living on his son George's ranch.

Wheat (or “white gold,” as it was sometimes known) was a very important crop in California until 1894, when the price bottomed out—it plummeted so low, in fact, that its selling point dropped below the cost of production. Until then, growing wheat had been a very attractive proposition. For one thing, wheat requires no irrigation. From the 1860s until the time the bottom fell out of the market, there had been 600 square miles of wheat land between Sacramento and Fresno. In 1868, California had produced 20 million bushels; in 1880, 29 million bushels; ten years later, in 1890, the figure had risen to 40 million, second only to Minnesota.

That was the farming milieu the Shannon entered into as they came from Ontario. Wheat, though, was a big business, run by “barons,” as opposed to an array of family farms. The Shannons may have grown some wheat at first, but became better known for growing walnuts. Until the walnut growers banded together and “educated” people on how the walnut was really a good year-round snack, the product had been considered a luxury item to be enjoyed only on special occasions.

In less than half a century, the primary component of the California economy had gone from gold to wheat to diversified agriculture. Wheat was a transition phase between the first and last-mentioned items, bearing some elements of both: wheat engendered the same “bonanza” attitude or approach as gold had, but in actual practice was more similar to what it preceded. By 1920, California was producing more of many different types of fruits, vegetables, and nuts than any other state. The most notable exception was corn, for which California’s soil is not particularly suitable.



Mark Twain “bested” Robert Shannon this year in that he moved his family, not just from one country to an adjacent one, but from one continent to another. Twain and his family left their home country for less expensive European living.

Although Twain had lampooned many of Europe’s traditions and pretensions in books such as “A Tramp Abroad,” he now felt compelled to live there for a time in order to save money. European living was not only less expensive than on the eastern seaboard of the United States, but when home he felt obligated to host lavish parties for his friends and neighbors, which caused a considerable drain on their finances.

While it is true that Twain had received a “king’s ransom” from his writings and lecture tours, he had spent almost as much money as he

had earned--or more, perhaps--on bad investments. Just one example of Twain's poor business investments was the Paige Typesetting Machine, which was an extremely complex and advanced semi-automatic typesetting apparatus.

Twain had performed this very work (typesetting) by hand as a boy and young man in printing shops from Hannibal to Philadelphia to New York to Keokuk. Paige's whiz-bang gizmo ended up being too good to be true, though. Or at least too good to be practical at the time. The contraption teased Twain with its potential and its short bursts of productivity, and he continued to pour money into its design and improvements. Unfortunately, though, the device never became reliable enough to be manufactured. Twain, who was the most recognizable American in the world, suffered from a self-imposed and self-inflicted deportation from America. His exile was to last for years.

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You may recall that during the previous year Gertie Bailey began living with her grandparents. This year would bring an even greater and more traumatic change to her life. First, though, some more thoughts from Gertie about what it was like living with her grandparents and how she felt about them:

When I was about 8 years I used to go down to the river bar and fill a flour sack full of rocks, and in the evening my grandfather would get down on the floor with me and show me how he would and did build his barns, fences and his house out of rocks. This was a wonderful time for me and I can never forget how kind he was to me. I loved my grandparents so devotedly.

The next passage gives an idea of just how far out in the woods they lived, and the state of transportation and roads in northwestern California at the time:

Another memory I have was that during the Spring and Summer months we were busy canning fruits and vegetables so that we had plenty of canned goods on hand for the long winter months. This was quite handy, to have the food canned and in our home, as it took some three or four hours to fetch groceries from the closest store, which was eight miles away by the horse and buggy.

Gertie goes on to relate the traumatic event, and the great display of community generosity that it evoked:

One other thing which was large in my life as a child was that my mother took me out of school when I was 8, and Effie was 11. Edgar was only three years old. Mother left father at this time, and we traveled by boat to

San Francisco. It took us a little more than 24 hours and I was sea sick the whole time, along with Effie. As soon as we reached the city, I and Edgar were placed in a orphan's home. We were there almost a year before we again joyfully made our home with grandma and grandpa.

Effie went to live with a Methodist minister, who was very good to her. While Edgar and I were in the home, Edgar walked in front of a child swinging, and the edge of the swing hit him in the mouth, almost cutting his tongue off. The doctor was called and he sewed the tongue back on. After this, people were surprised that he could still talk as good as always. My grandparents didn't know where we were and so he couldn't know of the straits we were in.

My schoolteacher, while I was at the home, wrote to friends of hers living in the Eureka area and the news reached my grandparents. Folks in the area gathered up the money necessary to bring us back to Hydesville but they gave the money to my father, to go and get us, and he drank it up. So they all donated again, but this time Mr. Godfrey went to the boat and stayed there until it sailed for San Francisco. We were so happy to see him I cried. I knew the only place I had to go was with his folks and this is what we all wanted.

The worst hurt of my life as a youngster was when mother took us away. My mother came to see us once after we came home, and that was the last time we ever saw her, at 9 ½ years old. After I married, I received one letter from her. My father gave his consent for Dad and I to marry, and then a couple months after we married, he left the country and I have never saw him since.

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In response to his students' complaints about the boredom of endless repetitive calisthenics, Canadian-born physical education instructor James Naismith invented the game of basketball this year in Springfield, Massachusetts. The game, which at first used a soccer ball, provided the exercise required (running, jumping, and a variety of twisting and turning) while making such exertions simultaneously interesting.

In its original incarnation, a peach basket was used. After a goal was made, a player had to climb up on a ladder to retrieve the ball. Later, the bottom of the basket was cut away, and a net added. Later yet, the bottom of the net was cut away so that the ball would fall through, and--finally--play would not have to be suspended in order to retrieve the ball.

The sport was to provide no bodily contact, and give each player an equal chance to make plays. Anyone familiar with modern-day basketball can readily attest to how much the game has changed. There is a lot of bodily contact in the sport now; some have even described basketball as "football in underwear." Anybody who has watched Shaquille O'Neal and other such giants bang their bodies against each other knows that there

most certainly is bodily contact going on. And as to “each player...an equal chance to make plays,” watch the Philadelphia 76ers some time, and see if that can be said of Allen Iverson’s teammates.

Another difference between modern times and the advent of the game was that blacks were not allowed to play in the professional leagues when these leagues first formed. In response to this, a basketball team called the New York Globetrotters was assembled in 1927, featuring (despite the team's name) a group of African-American basketball standouts from Chicago's south side. This talented team barnstormed the nation, playing basketball in public venues in a “league of their own.” The team's name changed to the “Harlem Globetrotters” in the 1930s and in the 1940s They also changed their style of play, adding humor to their events.

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Talk about cheap thrills. It didn't take much, by today's standards, to entertain some people in the late 1800s. At Coney Island, the New York City amusement park famous for hot dogs of both the animal and human variety, a popular ride introduced this year was none other than: The escalator. Maybe that is part of the fascination that shopping malls hold for some people.

1892

Cars, Clashes, and Clubs

“God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools.” – John Muir

“Through countless centuries these noble specimens have stood, majestic, serene, reserved for man's use and delight. In these later years fate has numbered their days, but let us firmly withstand their utter demolition. It is beyond conception that all these monuments to nature's power and beauty should be sacrificed. We must preserve accessible groves for the inspiration and joy of those who will take our places.” – Charles A. Murdock

“The richest country in the world. But it doesn't look that way to me. Because everything has to be made cheap, cheap, cheap.” – German-born stained-glass maker Johann Minten, speaking of his adopted home, the USA

“Dear weeps once, but cheap weeps all the time.” – Traditional saying

“When a man tells you that he got rich through hard work, ask him 'whose?'” -- Don Marquis

“I am glad to see that a system prevails in New England under which laborers CAN strike when they want to. ... I like the system which lets a man quit when he wants to, and wish it might prevail everywhere.” – Abraham Lincoln

“You are fools to make yourselves slaves to a piece of fat bacon, some hard tack, and a little sugar and coffee.” – Sitting Bull, Sioux

- ◆ Sierra Club incorporated
- ◆ Emma Laura Silva born
- ◆ Ellis Island opens
- ◆ Bloodiest clash in U.S. labor history
- ◆ First gasoline car

On May 28th, the Sierra Club was incorporated in San Francisco, spearheaded by John Muir. The following excerpt from an article that appeared in the “Humboldt Times” in its issue of Friday, November 7th, 1902, provides a glimpse into the kind of prejudice against which conservation groups had to contend in that time period:

This community is desirous of knowing who the multifarious idiot could be who wants to make a forest reserve out of this section of the county. If they want to kill the upper part of Humboldt county, a forest reserve is the

way to do it. If the promoters succeed in rushing through this miserable scheme we hope some of our whitefaced bear will tree them.

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Three days following the establishment of the Sierra Club, Emma Laura Silva was born at Table Bluff in that same California county of Humboldt mentioned in the previous paragraph. Some documents show Emma's middle name spelled "Lora," but not only is that an unusual spelling, she also had a granddaughter named Laura, so that spelling ("Lora") is probably wrong. Today Table Bluff, located seven miles from Eureka, is where the Wiyot tribe's headquarters and main rancheria is located.

Emma was the daughter of a fifty-five year old Portuguese man, John Silva, and a half-Indian woman half his age, Mary Abby (Gorham) Silva. Through her mother, Emma was a 10th generation Mayflower descendant. She was apparently named for her father, whose middle name was Emmanuel.

Emma's daughter Esther would marry Theodore Roosevelt Shannon. In fact, this very year that Emma was born was also the year that Will Shannon moved to Trinity County.

After Will's son Theodore and Emma's daughter Esther married, Will and Emma engaged in many political arguments with each other. Emma was a staunch Democrat. Will, as attested to by his naming sons Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, and Robert Taft, was a dyed-in-the-wool Republican. Will's son Theodore recalls his father coming home from the voting booth one day with a black eye.

Such polling place violence was apparently not all that rare. In its November 6th, 1896 issue, *The Iola Register* reported:

One young fellow went to the livery stable to get his horse and as he was going out he shouted, "Any man who voted for McKinley is a blanketety-blank _____. Whereupon Sam Willoughby, who was hitching up his bus team nearby, hit him over the head with a beer bottle. "I didn't vote for McKinley myself," explained Willoughby, "but I didn't think it was nice to talk that way about anybody who was running for President of the United States and so I just smashed him with a bottle."

It was still an era of stage holdups at the time that Will drove his team and wagon up to Trinity County from Tulare. In fact, the Cloverdale to Mendocino stage had been held up for its Wells Fargo box just three years earlier, in 1889. That happened to also be the year that some loggers were replacing teams of oxen with teams of horses (horses move faster and are less expensive to feed).

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Both the Shannons and the Kollenborns (to say nothing of the Indian and Mayflower branches of the family) arrived on the American continent well before Ellis Island opened its doors this year. They had been among the vast numbers of immigrants that had come into the country in the early and middle 1800s. The Shannons came first to Canada. If they came through New York, the Kollenborns were probably processed at Castle Garden, which was the immigrant processing center used for the Port of New York before Ellis Island took over that function.

From 1892 until 1924, though, most immigrants legally entering America came through Ellis Island. Many, due primarily to language and accent difficulties, had their names changed by immigration officials who had either misunderstood them or simply lost patience with the communication difficulties. Many immigrants deliberately changed their names, too, oftentimes to ones that they thought sounded more "American." One reason for doing this was an attempt to seem a little less "foreign" to the "natives" (who were really fellow Europeans, for the most part, who had been in the country perhaps just a little longer than they had). The newcomers hoped to fit in and avoid prejudice as much as possible for themselves and their children.

Setting foot on Ellis Island after a long and arduous sea voyage--sometimes one that exhausted a family's savings--was by no means a guarantee of being allowed entry into America. To be granted citizenship, the hopefuls had to first pass health exams, have their paperwork in order (and many countries did not want their people emigrating, making this a problematic proposition), and correctly answer questions about American politics.

Although it is often portrayed as a place of great joy and relief, Ellis Island was sometimes called "The Isle of Tears" or "Heartbreak Island" by would-be immigrants who were turned away. Nevertheless, hordes of people did successfully pass through its portals: Sixteen million, in fact, from 1892 to 1924—an average of half a million per year.



One of the most serious labor confrontations in U.S. history took place this year, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The so-called Homestead Strike was actually a lockout. Henry Clay Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Steel Company, was virulently anti-union. Co-owner Andrew Carnegie was--perhaps "conveniently"--vacationing at his castle in Scotland at the time and had turned over the business reins to Frick.

The price of steel had risen, and production had increased. The workers, whose contract was about to expire, asked for a wage increase. Frick decided, instead, to terminate all of the workers. Those who wanted to be re-hired had to go through the hiring process all over again.

When the (former) employees protested this action, Frick hired replacement workers, and brought in Pinkerton detectives to escort these to the steel plants. When those who had been locked out attempted to

also keep the replacement workers out, a gun battle ensued. As so often proves to be the case in such matters, it is not now clear who fired the first shot. The end result was clear, though: Six strikers and two Pinkerton men were killed, and many on both sides were wounded.

Public sentiment was, understandably, against Frick and his handling of the matter. The tide turned though, when an anarchist named Alexander Berkman attempted to kill Frick. Berkman sneaked into Frick's office and both stabbed and shot him. This vicious attack not only caused public sentiment to shift, but also precipitated Pennsylvania Governor Robert Pattison's sending in the entire state militia (8,615 strong) to oppose the strikers (who, on first seeing the militia arrive, thought that they had been deployed to help them).

After a protracted period of time out of work, many of the hungry workers returned to the job as non-union men.

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The first gasoline-powered car was manufactured this year by--no, not Ford. Nor was it any of the other big automotive companies in existence today. It was the Duryea brothers who engineered and produced that marvel.

1893

The Cows Get Out of the Barn

“Government, today, is growing too strong to be safe. There are no longer any citizens in the world; there are only subjects. They work day in and day out for their masters; they are bound to die for their masters at call. Out of this working and dying they tend to get less and less.” -- H.L. Mencken

“True, the white man brought great change. But the varied fruits of his civilization, though highly colored and inviting, are sickening and deadening. And if it be the part of civilization to maim, rob, and thwart, then what is progress?” – Luther Standing Bear, Sioux

- ◆ Paradise Lost
- ◆ The zipper is invented
- ◆ Hard Times

On the seventeenth of January of this year, Hawaii's monarchy was overthrown by a group of American businessmen and sugar planters. After Queen Liliuokalani was forced to abdicate, Hawaii was organized into a formal U.S. territory. This led to the Islands becoming a full-fledged state sixty-six years later.

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Before zippers, men and women had to button (and unbutton) their pants and skirts. The invention of the zipper was certainly a convenience for everyone, but it was also bad news for button makers—and those who supplied them their material. Prior to the zipper, many people pursued the remunerative hobby of harvesting oysters from river bottoms, selling the pearls they thus gathered to button manufacturers. The Kansas newspaper *The Iola Register* makes reference to this in an article dated August 6th, 1920:

The Iola Button Factory is anxious that the river be watched closely by local authorities and that any pollution by oil be stopped, as oil tends to kill the mussels that furnish the shells the factory uses to make its buttons.

That same newspaper, in an article dated September 11, 1908, showed that zippers were not yet ubiquitous by that year:

Hooking the wife's dress up the back can be a pain. The “inner rows” of hooks and eyes prove easy and you delude yourself into thinking you have a snap. Your wife wiggles trying to help and you start on row

number two. The first “eye” is not to be found. You finally find it and loose the “hook.” The second hook splits your nail and you say something which your wife hears in stony silence. Finally you get four eyes and hooks together and stop to mop your brow. Fifteen minutes later and you have seven hooks together. If you ever have enough money you will hire your wife a maid, you can bet on that. By the time you have your wife hooked up you could go out and kill the janitor. But deliverance is at hand. A Brooklyn genius has invented a device which carries all the hooks and eyes on a narrow steel band and in one movement a pulley hooks up the whole dress.

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“The Great Depression” that was to come in 1929 and last for a decade was by no means the only depression the United States ever suffered through. Just as “The Great War” that was to come in 1914 was not the first war in mankind’s history, depressions have also been a regular feature of the socio-political landscape. One of the worst ones in the United States took place beginning in this year of 1893. In fact, it was the worst one up to that time, even worse than the severe one that had struck twenty years previous, in 1873. A major eastern railroad, the Reading, went into receivership. Soon thereafter many banks and other railroads failed. The stock market plummeted. European investors pulled out of U.S. investments. An ongoing agricultural depression in the West and South worsened. The extent of the collapse is demonstrated by the following statistics: 642 banks failed; 16,000 businesses closed down; 3 million people (20% of the work force at the time) were unemployed.

Despite the critical conditions, President Grover Cleveland chose a *laissez faire* response, thinking that the downturn was a natural occurrence that shouldn’t be meddled with by politicians. Like the multimillionaire Herbert Hoover later, “Let it runs its course” was his mantra.

One of the results of the hard times that began in 1893, which did not ease up until 1897, was the consolidation of many businesses. The “have-nots,” many of whom had suffered miserably, felt as if they had been heartlessly neglected and were now at the mercy of these ever-expanding “trusts” (large corporations). This anti-trust feeling among the populace would pave the way for Theodore Roosevelt’s trust-busting policies in the early 20th century.

Speaking of Presidents, a very unusual circumstance held true this year: there was only one living ex-President. Prior to March 4th, Grover Cleveland was that man. After March 4th, when he re-entered that office (the only President to be voted back into office after being voted out of office), Benjamin Harrison, who had just been replaced, became the only living ex-President.

Fourteen years later, in 1907--the year Albert Kollenborn would be born--hard economic times would return with a vengeance.

1894

Pseudo Armies and Pseudo Gods

“The public be damned!” – railroad magnate William H. Vanderbilt

“In turn the assembled people began shouting: “A god’s voice, and not a man’s!” – Acts of Apostles 12:22

“When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty.” -- George Bernard Shaw

“Wherever there’s a fight so hungry people can eat, I’ll be there.” -- Tom Joad in the John Steinbeck novel “Grapes of Wrath”

- ◆ Susan Lucky dies
- ◆ Coxey’s Army marches on Washington
- ◆ Emperor Hirohito born
- ◆ Pullman Strike

On March 23rd, at the age of forty-seven, Susan (Lucky) Gorham died of tuberculosis, or “consumption,” the common term of the day. Susan had been fourteen years old at the time the massacre of her people took place. She was survived by her husband George, their daughter Mary Abby (Gorham) Silva, and five grandchildren. Among the grandchildren was two-year-old Emma Laura Silva, who would become Esther (Silva) Nelson’s mother.



The nation was still in the grip of a deep depression. The early 1890s was not just a period of high unemployment, but also of labor unrest. An “army” of unemployed men and needy families marched on Washington this year in an attempt to convince the government to do something about their situation. Specifically, they hoped to convince the government to fund a public works program that would put them to work building roads.

This group of people, taking the initiative to make a better life for themselves and find relief from their disconcerting situation, was known as Coxey’s Army. Among them were many unemployed Californians. Although called an Army, they were peaceful. Instead of being met by government representatives, though, the marchers were met by the police in Washington, D.C., who violently crushed their demonstration. Coxey was not a socialist, but the political and business bigwigs perceived any dissent or protest as a threat to their authority.

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Hirohito was not an Emperor at birth. But the man who would become emperor of Japan, and viewed by many in that country to be not a mere man, but a god, was born the same day that Coxey's Army marched on Washington—April 29th.

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One of the most dramatic upheavals in U.S. labor history took place this year. The Pullman Strike was epicentered near Chicago. President Grover Cleveland, who refused to intervene to stanch the bleeding caused by the economic hard times, found it fitting to intervene in the strike. He sent troops to restore order (bust the strike). Among these was Nelson Miles, the famed Indian fighter, who had already earned himself a place in infamy and ignominy due to his untruthful and unjust way of dealing with Crazy Horse and Chief Joseph, among others.

George Pullman had created a company town on the outskirts of Chicago. He portrayed his workers as content and well-cared for. However, reality differed from his version of things. For one thing, like most company towns, Pullman was charging his employees exorbitant rates for necessities and forcing them to buy from him. Aggravation over this state of affairs overflowed when Pullman attempted to preserve his profits at the expense of his workers by cutting wages by an average of 25% while keeping their rent at the same level. In response, the employees struck. Apparently, they were not quite as content as Mr. Pullman wanted the public to think they were.

The American Railway Union asked its workers to refuse to run trains to which Pullman sleeping cars were attached. A sticky problem was that these trains also pulled mail cars. The mail had to go through. The workers offered to get the mail through, as long as there were no Pullman cars attached. The railroad would not agree to that stipulation, though.

The Pullman Palace Car Company informed federal officials that violence was occurring (although local authorities made assurances that there was no uncontrolled violence) and that the mail was not going through. Holding up the mail is a federal offense. These false charges of violence, and of preventing the mail from being delivered, were all Attorney General Richard Olney, who disliked unions, needed. Olney arranged to send federal troops to ensure the delivery of the mail and to suppress the strike. This was a typical ending for the many strikes of the late 19th and early 20th century--the national guard or the state militias being called in as strong-arm strikebreakers. One of the common demands of strikers of the time was the right to join and be collectively represented by labor unions.

1896

Going for the Silver

“You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold!” – William Jennings Bryan

*Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me
If I spring a leak, she mends me
I don’t have to speak, she defends me
A drunkard’s dream if I ever did see one*
– from the song “Up on Cripple Creek” by the band “The Band”

- ◆ Thomas Green and Belle Myers wed
- ◆ McKinley/Bryan Presidential campaign
- ◆ Cripple Creek Conflagration
- ◆ Plessy v. Ferguson
- ◆ 1896 Great Register of Humboldt County

Thomas Green and Virginia Belle Myers got married this year in the prairie town of Morland, Kansas. Alice (Green) Kollenborn, Thomas and Virginia’s youngest daughter, would write about this decades later:

When Belle was seventeen she met Thomas Green, a young homesteader, at a camp meeting near Nicodemus, Kansas. Both Thomas and Belle were devout Christians early in life. After a short courtship they were married in Morland, Kansas in 1896. Belle then moved to Thomas’ sod house on his claim near Nicodemus. Life was hard and lonely on the prairie and Belle looked forward to children.

Apropos, perhaps, of nothing, yet interesting nonetheless (perhaps) is that Nicodemus, Kansas, was primarily a black community.

Such camp meetings as the one where Tommy and Belle met sometimes lasted several days. The Kansas newspaper *Allen County Courant* of August 5th, 1868, contained the following notice:

There will be a camp meeting six miles northeast of Iola and three-quarters of a mile south of Deer Creek Church. Commencing on Wednesday at 2 p.m., continuing at least one week.

{ 4_1896ThomasGreenWedding.tif -- full page }
Thomas Green and Virginia Belle Myers wedding photo 1896



Two men named William, namely William McKinley and William Jennings Bryan, vied for President in this year's hotly contested election. Republican McKinley spent seven million dollars on the campaign. Bryan, a Populist who had won the Democratic Party's nomination, spent a relatively minuscule amount—a mere \$300,000, which amounted to 4.3 percent of McKinley's outlay.

In a face-off that was billed as Bryan championing agriculture and the common man vs. McKinley on the side of industry, the wealthy and the powerful, McKinley won. The majority of American voters wanted McKinley in the White House, but among those who didn't was a man who felt so strongly opposed to what the President stood for that he would, in time, plot to take his life. More on that in the 1901 chapter.

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A fight broke out at a dance hall in Cripple Creek, Colorado, on the night of April 25th. An overturned kerosene lamp started a fire that spread throughout the town of 10,000, incinerating almost every building in town. But there were apparently still too many buildings left there: A few days later, a grease fire spread from one of the remaining hotels to a storehouse which contained half a ton of dynamite. You guessed it—the resulting explosion leveled what was left of Cripple Creek.

This may give us some idea of the types of places James Shannon lived in as he was mining in the mountains of Colorado—rough and tumble, wild and woolly.

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In a landmark Supreme Court cases, *Plessy v. Ferguson*, it was decided by that body this year that “separate but equal” accommodations for blacks on railroad cars did not violate the 14th amendment’s clause promising “equal protection under the laws.”

The case came about when Homer Plessy (who was one-sixteenth black) refused to move from his seat to the car where the blacks were relegated to sitting while on a train in Louisiana. After being arrested and put off the train, Plessy sued the railroad, arguing that segregation was unconstitutional.

The veneer of supposed reasonableness and fairness promulgated by “separate but equal” was transparent to at least one justice. John Marshall Harlan, the court’s lone dissenter, stated his opposing opinion that “The thin disguise of ‘equal’ accommodations...will not mislead anyone.”

With the Supreme Court’s seal of approval and go-ahead signal, the stage was set for the discriminatory set of laws the south would enact, which came to be known as “Jim Crow” laws. These laws made it illegal for the races to use the same schools, restaurants, restrooms, water fountains, etc. Additionally, blacks were expected to tip their hats to

whites if they happened to meet on the street, although whites were not even required to remove their hats when entering a black family's home. Blacks were to call whites "sir" and "ma'am," but whites called blacks by their given names. When sharing a sidewalk, blacks were to give whites a wide berth, stepping out of the way to let the lighter-skin people pass unimpeded. An especially extreme example of Jim Crowism was practiced in South Carolina, where cotton-mill workers even had race-specific windows—blacks were not to peer out of the windows assigned the whites, and (presumably) vice versa.

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Humboldt County assembled its own census this year. The "Great Register of Humboldt County" lists John Silva as a "farmer" dwelling near the Swanger Post Office. Swanger was apparently an old name for Loleta. The Register also notes "Nat: 8/6/1882," which presumably means that the Azores-born Portuguese man had became a U.S. citizen, or was "naturalized," on that date. This was ten years after he came to the country.

The same "Great Register" shows seventy-seven year old George Gorham as retired and living in the vicinity of the Beatrice Post Office. Today, Beatrice no longer has a post office; nevertheless, the place name is still in use, and the area is about a mile north of Table Bluff. The Register also makes note of what the registrars apparently considered to be a rather unusual physical feature, at least for a white man: It describes George as having "tattoos on both his wrists."

The compilation of the Great Register may have had something to do with the fact that Rural Free Delivery was instituted in the United States this year.

1897

Play it Again, Sam

“Big Brother is Watching You” – from “1984” by George Orwell

“Smile, you’re on Candid Camera!” – punch line from the television show “Candid Camera”

- ◆ The pianola is invented
- ◆ Movie Camera invented

Before inventions such as the radio and phonograph, there was no recorded music. The only music to be heard was live music. For families living in rural areas, this meant that they and/or their neighbors had to be the ones performing the music, if they were to enjoy any music at all.

In those pre-American Bandstand, pre-Top 40 days, singing around the family piano was a common form of entertainment and pastime. Some today will admit that they don’t know how to play any musical instruments but then hasten to add that they “play a mean radio” or make some other such witty remark. For that sort of folk, the pianola was a welcome invention. This device could “play” music without the need of a musician at hand. These “player pianos” were a bridge between pianos and juke boxes: you bought the roll of music you want, loaded it into the pianola, and cranked away. The perforated rolls “instructed” the piano which strings to pull, which pedals to depress, and when to do so. In their design, these rolls of music were not really so different from the early punch cards that technicians in the early days of computer programming created and fed into mainframe computer terminals.

If you didn’t provide your own music or have access to a pianola, your only occasion to hear music might be at church on Sundays or on special occasions such as weddings and funerals. And some churches even frowned on dancing and music of *all* types—even “church” music.



Thomas Edison invented the movie camera and projector this year, gadgets that would permeate American society more and more as the years reeled on.

1898

Wars for Countries and Worlds

"To be a patriot, one had to say, and keep on saying, "Our country, right or wrong," and urge on the little war. Have you not perceived that that phrase is an insult to the nation? Statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception." – Mark Twain

"War is at best barbarism. ... Its glory is all moonshine; even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, with the anguish and lamentation of distant families. It is only those who have neither fired a shot, nor heard the shrieks and groans of wounded who cry aloud for blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell." – William Tecumseh Sherman, 1879

"Man is the only Patriot. He sets himself apart in his own country, under his own flag, and sneers at the other nations, and keeps multitudinous uniformed assassins on hand at heavy expense to grab slices of other people's countries, and keep them from grabbing slices of his. And in the intervals between campaigns he washes the blood off his hands and works for 'the universal brotherhood of man'-- with his mouth." – Mark Twain

"Is it, perhaps, possible that there are two kinds of Civilization--one for home consumption and one for the heathen market?" – Mark Twain

- ◆ Spanish-American War
- ◆ H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*

The Spanish-American War, that “splendid little war” as it was called by United States ambassador to England John Hay, lasted only a little more than one hundred days—from April 23rd to August 12th.

During the war, the cry “Remember the Maine” echoed throughout the country (some appended the phrase “to hell with Spain” to this call-to-arms). The Maine, a U.S. Navy battleship, sank off the coast of Cuba after an explosion of unknown cause. A second blast, apparently touched off by the first, was so powerful that it lifted the entire ship out of the water. Two hundred sixty-eight sailors were killed instantly or near-instantly. Some of the survivors who were in a position to do so (that is, those who were not trapped below-decks, and who were not as yet severely wounded) valiantly attempted to throw explosives overboard. Their efforts were not enough to withstand the effects of the rapidly spreading fires, though, which set off another round of explosions. Before long, *The Maine* had sunk.

It was never definitively determined whether *The Maine* sunk as the result of an accident, or from deliberate enemy activity (as was assumed

and which assumption was used as a pretext to commence hostilities against Spain). According to Filipino history textbooks (the Spanish-American War segued into a war between the U.S. and the Philippines), *The Maine* was blown up by American spies in order to provoke a war with Spain.

The following excerpt from a Cuban history textbook, *History of Cuba: The Challenge of the Yoke and the Star*, by Jose Canton Navarro, provides an even more incendiary take on the event:

According to a US commission, the explosion had come from outside the ship; but a Spanish commission found that the blast had occurred inside. Actually, Spain was doing everything possible to prevent a war with the United States and was careful not to commit any act of provocation. Hence, the Spaniards were not responsible for the blast. On the contrary, the US authorities were seeking a pretext to wage war against Spain. Besides meeting its old ambitions over Cuba [and] Puerto Rico, the Philippines and other militarily and economically important possessions could fall into US hands as a result of war with the European country. And fearing that Cuba would obtain its independence and slip through its fingers, the US needed an incident like that of the “Maine.” Consequently, everything points to a self-provocation. The theory concerning US responsibility was reinforced by the fact that almost all white officials escaped the catastrophe because they were not on deck at the time of the blast. – quoted from *History Lessons, How Textbooks from Around the World Portray U.S. History*, by Dana Lindaman and Kyle Ward.

For yet another take on who was behind the incident, the same book quotes a Caribbean history textbook, *Caribbean Story, Bk. 2: The Inheritors*, by William Claypole and John Robottom:

On February 1898 the Maine exploded in Havana harbour with the loss of 266 American lives. It had been blown up by an underwater bomb. Americans immediately blamed the Spanish. In fact the bomb was probably placed by Cuban patriots who saw the disaster as a way of bringing the United States into the war on their side.

Several U.S. naval officers who had been on board asserted that the blast had actually been caused by combustion in the Maine's coal bunkers.

By the end of the “splendid little war,” the political landscape had changed dramatically. The United States had ramped up its imperialistic ways: Following an exchange of \$20,000,000, the Philippines was an American colony, Guam was acquired, and Spain relinquished its claims to Cuba, Wake Island, and Puerto Rico. Around the same time, Hawaii (then called the Sandwich Islands) was also annexed by the U.S. The U.S. also acquired a naval station at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba.

Not all of the acquisitions the U.S. had made went smoothly after the quick war with Spain, though. The Philippines, which the United States

had supposedly liberated from foreign rule, did not want the U.S. ruling over them any more than they wanted Spain ruling over them. So, once the Filipinos perceived which way the wind was blowing, they picked their weapons back up, this time to fight the Americans, not having given up hope of gaining independence.

Those who call war “splendid” rarely are the same as those who take part in it personally. From the sidelines it may seem that way to them. The family and friends of the more than 200,000 Filipinos killed as a result of the conflict were probably less ebullient. “Only” 16,000 Filipino soldiers were killed, but 200,000 civilians died from famine and pestilence—America waged a “total war,” destroying crops and killing work animals.

In contrast to the short war with the mighty European power of Spain, the war fought against the Filipinos lasted from 1899-1902. An organization called the Anti-Imperialist League sprang up in response to the aggressions. As its name clearly indicates, members of the AIL opposed America’s increasing its land holdings via the conquest of other nations. The League, far from a collection of immature, impractical incompetents, included such prominent and respected figures as Andrew Carnegie, William Dean Howells, and Mark Twain. In addition to the quotes at the head of this chapter, Twain, who has been described by historian Howard Zinn as “a world-acclaimed writer of funny-serious-American-to-the-bone stories,” practically burnt a hole through the page with the following scathing denunciation in reference to the war in the Philippine Islands:

We have pacified some thousands of the islanders and buried them; destroyed their fields; burned their villages, and turned their widows and orphans out-of-doors; furnished heartbreak by exile to some dozens of disagreeable patriots; subjugated the remaining ten millions by Benevolent Assimilation, which is the pious new name of the musket; we have acquired property in the three hundred concubines and other slaves of our business partner, the Sultan of Sulu, and hoisted our protecting flag over that swag.

And so, by these Providences of God—and the phrase is the government’s, not mine—we are a World Power.

Twain, who was also called “a bloodhound sniffing out injustice” by Charles Neider, one of his biographers, permitted himself further commentary. Two more of his scathing denunciations were:

When the United States sent word to Spain that the Cuban atrocities must end she occupied the highest moral position ever taken by a nation since the Almighty made the earth. But when she snatched the Philippines she stained the flag.

--and:

We were to relieve them from Spanish tyranny to enable them to set up a government of their own, and we were to stand by and see that it got a fair trial. It was not to be a government according to our ideas, but a government that represented the feeling of the majority of the Filipinos, a government according to Filipino ideas. That would have been a worthy mission for the United States.

But now—why, we have got into a mess, a quagmire from which each fresh step renders the difficulty of extrication immensely greater. I'm sure I wish I could see what we were getting out of it, and all it means to us as a nation.

Not all agreed with Twain's view of matters, of course. Secretary of War Elihu Root claimed: "The war in the Philippines has been conducted by the American army with scrupulous regard for the rules of civilized warfare... with self-restraint and with humanity never surpassed."

Even without commenting on the macabre oxymoronic phrase "civilized warfare," at least one soldier gave the lie to Root's curious assertion. A volunteer from the state of Washington wrote: "Our fighting blood was up, and we all wanted to kill 'niggers.'... This shooting human beings beats rabbit hunting all to pieces."

Of course, this was just one man speaking. Perhaps he was the only one that felt that way, and all of his fellows conducted themselves in as gentlemanly and cordial a manner as humanly possible. It could be that they doffed their caps and politely asked permission before killing their victims.

Twain again, as bitter as could be towards the entity whom many consider the driving force behind many wars, either by way of sins of commission or omission (failing to do or say anything to try to prevent the orgy of blood-spilling in which their adherents engage, and in fact most often full-throatedly encouraging the hostilities), acerbically and sarcastically wrote:

I bring you the stately matron named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched, and dishonored from pirate raids in Kiao-Chou, Manchuria, South Africa, and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of boodle, and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies.

Mark Twain was no traitor, communist, or hater of his country. He simply reacted to injustice where he saw it. He did not limit his criticism to the United States by any means. Twain also wrote a piece entitled "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," which exposed the genocide being perpetrated in the Congo by King Leopold of Belgium, who considered The Congo and all its inhabitants to be his own personal possession. Not at all squeamish about destroying humans *en masse*, Leopold caused the death of millions there.

By his vile actions, Leopold put himself on a level with other monsters of history: Hitler, whose evil deeds are well-known; Stalin, who arbitrarily killed many of his own people just to keep the populace “on their toes”; and the bully Mussolini, who with planes and tanks attacked Abyssinia (modern Ethiopia). Haile Selassie’s Ethiopian soldiers fought back valiantly, but futilely, against Mussolini’s forces, using what they had: spears and muskets. As gruesome and morbid as it may sound, trading cards depicting Abyssinians in exotic garb being slaughtered by Italian soldiers were sold in the United States at the time Mussolini was carrying on this slaughter. The bloodbath culminated in the gassing of untold numbers of Abyssinians, soldiers as well as civilians of both genders and all ages.

To give credit where credit is due, The League of Nations (forerunner to the United Nations) imposed sanctions on Italy on October 19th, 1935, following Italy's invasion of Abyssinia.

By means of its involvement in the “splendid little” Spanish-American War, the United States morphed from a continental republic into an international colonial empire.

In late 1935, Franklin Delano Roosevelt proclaimed the Philippines a free commonwealth. But the Philippines didn't actually get their independence until July 4, 1946--after World War II.

In 2003, George W. Bush cited the war with the Philippines, in which at least half a million Filipinos died, as a “model” for the occupation of Iraq. One way or another, that was a very telling comment.

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H.G. Wells is well respected for serious nonfiction works such as his two-volume *The Outline of History*. Wells was more well known, though, for his fictional works, such as *The Time Machine*, and the one he wrote in this year of 1898, *The War of the Worlds*. A similarly surnamed actor and producer would bring the latter story, apparently presented very realistically—based on the frenzied reaction of many listeners--to radio forty years later.

1899
Hello, Dollie

“At midnight of 1899 everybody in Independence went out in the streets and rang bells and blew whistles and set off firecrackers and stayed up all night ringing in the next century. We thought the twentieth century was going to be the best one, but not more than fourteen years after that World War One started, so there went that dream out the window.” – from the novel “Standing in the Rainbow” by Fannie Flagg

“You’re lookin’ swell, Dolly” – from the Louis Armstrong song “Hello, Dolly” written by Jerry Herman

- ◆ Radio invented
 - ◆ \$1 Camera introduced
 - ◆ Aspirin introduced
 - ◆ VFW Established
 - ◆ Dollena Kohl born Washington

Towards the end of the 19th century, only professional photographers, or avid amateurs, owned a camera; and no one had ever heard of aspirin, let alone a machine that could broadcast live sound—talking, singing, and music-making, right into the home.

All of these things, though—an inexpensive camera, aspirin, and radio--either burst onto the scene this year or by means of new inventions were well on their way to becoming household items.

Although radios wouldn't become commonplace for another generation, the first words transmitted by radio went out over the ether during this penultimate year of the 19th century.

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One dollar represented quite a bit more purchasing power in 1899 than it does today (one dollar in 1900, at the Turn of the Century, was roughly equivalent to ten dollars at the Turn of the Millennium, in the year 2000). Nevertheless, a one-dollar camera in 1899 was a pretty amazing price point—practically anybody who really wanted one could afford to have one. And these one dollar cameras were built to last—nowadays, the only cameras one can find at a corresponding price are disposables.

Aspirin, the headache and pain reliever which is now found in virtually every medicine cabinet, was first manufactured this year.

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Perhaps with an eye on the future and planned forays into foreign entanglements, Congress this year established the VFW—Veterans of Foreign Wars.

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Dollena “Dollie” Kohl (or, as it is sometimes spelled, Cole) was born somewhere in Washington State on October 4th of this year. She would eventually make up half of the indomitable “Pop and Dollie” Shannon team.

1900

Fanatics, Fast Food, and Fantasy

*He mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand
and he took his farewell trip to that promised land*

...
*He turned to the Fireman said Boy you'd better jump
cause there's two Locomotives thaths a going to bump*
-- from the song "Casey Jones," written by Wallace Saunders

*"Once I had to sleep in a room next a ladies' temperance meetin'. Oh, heavens! Well, I
couldn't change my room, and the hotel man, he apologized to me next mawnin'. Said it
didn't surprise him the husbands drank some." -- from "The Virginian" by Owen Wister*

*"A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject." -- Winston
Churchill*

*"Increasingly, people seem to misinterpret complexity as sophistication, which is baffling
-- the incomprehensible should cause suspicion rather than admiration." -- computer
scientist Niklaus Wirth*

*"I don't care how widely traveled you are, nobody has really seen all of America until he
has driven through the redwood forests... You have the spookiest feeling there where it's
so dark, with those great trunks rising around you so thick and so straight and so big
around... You don't feel they're trees at all. You feel as if they're something half human
and half ghost. Everybody I've ever talked to has had that queer feeling about driving
through the redwoods. You wouldn't be surprised to see an immense, gnarled wooden
hand reach out and snatch you away into nowhere..." -- Ernie Pyle, 1939*

- ◆ Casey Jones dies in Train Wreck
- ◆ Nellie Jean Kollenborn born Missouri
- ◆ Nellie Jean (Moore) Kollenborn dies
- ◆ *The Wizard of Oz*
- ◆ Carry Nation cuts loose
- ◆ Hamburger Invented
- ◆ Galveston Hurricane
- ◆ Lincoln Logs invented
- ◆ Will Shannon and Gertie Bailey wed
- ◆ Census

Railroad engineer John "Casey" Jones, nicknamed for his hometown of Cayce, Kentucky, died a hero's death this year. On realizing that a stalled train was on the tracks ahead, Jones stayed with his train rather than saving himself by jumping off. By "staying with his ship," Jones was able to slow his train down so that the collision with the stalled train

ahead would not be as great. In the wreck's aftermath, Casey was found dead in the cab of his locomotive, with his hand still wrapped around the brake lever.

Well, that's one version of the story.

John Luther Jones was a well-liked man, and a conscientious worker. The true story of the wreck that took place April 29th near Vaughan, Mississippi differs from the myth, though. For starters, it is a mystery why Jones didn't save himself by jumping from the train.

An earlier train was stopped on the sidetrack ahead of his, but was pulling too many cars to be completely off the main track--its last two cars were sticking out onto the main line. Because of that situation, a signalman was standing alongside the tracks up the line. When Jones came by, the signalman did his job, indicating to Jones that he should stop. The signalman even set off some "torpedoes" (noisemakers used by the railroad) to warn Jones of the danger ahead. Casey slowed, but he was going so fast (having gotten a late start and trying to make up for lost time) that he couldn't stop in time to prevent a collision.

After applying the brakes and reversing the engines, there wasn't anything else Jones could have done. He may as well have jumped, as his fireman Sim Webb did. The railroad's formal investigation concluded that "engineer Jones was solely responsible for the accident as consequence of not having properly responded to flag signals."

Ernie Pyle interviewed Jones' fireman Sim Webb in Memphis in 1937. The following is an excerpt from Pyle's dispatch of January 29th, which he entitled "The Story of Casey Jones' Last Ride":

Sim was twenty-six at the time, and Casey Jones was thirty-two. Sim had been firing for Casey only four months. They were pulling a fast passenger train, on a run of a hundred and eighty miles from Memphis to Canton, Mississippi.

They were due out of Memphis at eleven-thirty P.M., but on that fatal night the connecting train was delayed and they were an hour and a half getting out. But "Mr. Casey" was in high spirits that night, so Sim poured on the coal, Casey bent the throttle back, and they boiled south through the night, making up time. So fast did they go that when they hit the freight a hundred and seventy-six miles out of Memphis, with just twelve miles to go, they were running only two minutes behind time.

Somewhere around a quarter to four, with the cab a bedlam of noise and rushing air, and the miles clicking off every fifty seconds or better, Casey looked at his watch, and stood up and yelled across the boiler top to Sim. He said, "Sim, the old girl's got her high-heeled slippers on tonight." Those were his last words.

The wreck wasn't Casey's fault. It was the fault of the freight train that had taken the siding, leaving several cars sticking out onto the main line.

"We were going around a double-S curve," Sim Webb said. "We had taken the curve on Mr. Casey's side, and then we swung around so the curve was on my side."

"All of a sudden I saw a caboose ahead of us. Mr. Casey couldn't see it from his side. I jumped up and yelled, 'Look out, we're gonna hit something!' I never heard him say anything. I just know he stood up, and I heard him kick the seat out from under him.

"I grabbed the handrail and swung myself down and out of the cab. I held to the rail till I was almost down to the ground, and then let go. Just missed a cattle gate by that far. I hit the ground at seventy-five miles an hour. When I woke up I was in the hospital.

"The engine went clear through the caboose, through a car of corn, through a car of hay, and stopped in a car of lumber. The engine stayed on the track. It was stripped clean--cab and everything stripped off. They found Mr. Casey's body in the clear, lying on the ground by the back tracks. Every bone was broken. Mr. Casey was a fine man."

The myth, the official report, and Sim Webb's version of the accident all differ from one another. Regardless of the exact details, such accidents were not really such rare events. Many railroaders had died in similar accidents. What made this one different was that Jones had a good friend named Wallace Saunders, an African-American engine wiper, who wrote a dramatized song about him, one that has become one of the most recognizable of all American folk songs. The song was heard by a vaudeville performer, who adapted it for his use and sung it throughout the country. Casey Jones, not unlike Paul Revere, became a legend partly as a result of a work of art--in this case a song, in Revere's case a poem--that had been created honoring him.



Nellie Jean Kollenborn was born on April 26th of this year in Missouri. Unfortunately for all concerned, the price paid for this new life was that of her mother, for whom she was named. Nellie Jean (Moore) Kollenborn, the wife of James Wesley Kollenborn and mother of four previous children, died less than a month after giving birth, on May 21st.

Nellie and James' other children were as young as five at the time their mother died. The oldest, Harry, was only eleven when he lost his mother. Nellie had only been sixteen when she married James, and thirty-one when she died. As her death followed so soon after the birth of her last child, it can probably be attributed to complications connected with the delivery. A common problem of the day was infections. Not all were aware of the need for antiseptic conditions and strict sanitation, and most births took place in the home.

Whereas she had given birth to her other children at regular intervals--usually of between two and three years--it had been five years since Nellie's last child. Most of Nellie's other children had been born in Kansas (in the case of her oldest, Harry, he was apparently born in Jasper County, Missouri, but his next three siblings were all born in Kansas). It seems the family had moved to Kansas, then to Missouri, and finally back to Kansas again (James' father William died in Kansas in 1925, where James himself died in 1939).

Although apparently living on a farm in McDonald township in Jasper County at the time, Nellie is buried in the cemetery outside of the small town of Avilla, not far from Carthage, in that same County. Avilla would be situated along "The Mother Road," Route 66, once that highway was built. The same can be said of Verdigris, Oklahoma, where Harry's son Albert Kollenborn would live from the late 1920s until 1930.

Albert would also live in Jasper County one day with his young family. To be precise, they would live in Joplin, the county's largest city, which is situated on the Kansas border. The Albert Kollenborn family would live throughout Kansas, Missouri, and Arkansas before finally packing up and heading west.

William Kollenborn's father-in-law, Henry Hilly, is also buried at the cemetery in Avilla, having died in the area in 1895. As the extended Kollenborn family usually moved *en masse*, continuing to live near one another, this indicates that the James Wesley Kollenborn family could have been in Jasper County as early as 1894, right after the last child in Kansas had been born, and probably no later than 1895, when Henry Hilly died.

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If you understand a little Spanish and German, hearing the name "L. Frank Baum" may conjure up images of "The French tree" in your mind. A book by a man of that name was published this year. His story was famous, not for trees of any particular nationality, but for tornadoes, yellow brick roads, wicked witches from various and sundry points of the compass, and such unforgettable characters as The Scarecrow, The Tin Man, The Cowardly Lion, and the manipulator or marionette behind the screen. The tableau that was "The Wizard of Oz" was set in Kansas, a state which had had as residents not only many Kollenborns, but many others who would lend their makeup to the Shannon family. How many people have read the book? I don't know, but am willing to wager that far more have seen the movie than have read the book. It would be almost forty years until the movie would be filmed, though.

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You can pave a pathway made of bricks. As the smart little pig did, you can build a house of bricks. You can also heave bricks through

windowpanes, as Carry A. Nation was wont to do. There does seem to be some connection between Kansas and bricks, as the lady known for heaving bricks through windows was from that state. Carry Nation, another in a long line of fanatics connected with the Sunflower State (notwithstanding the solid farming folks depicted in the aforementioned *The Wizard of Oz*) began her prohibition-boosting/saloon-busting career by heaving a brick through the window of a Kiowa, Kansas saloon this year.

Not all members of “temperance” societies were militant in their views and actions. In fact, some members of these groups did actually start out as temperate “temperance” advocates, allowing the drinking of wine and beer but railing against hard liquor as well as the use of tobacco and profanity. Once the movement as a group came to the conclusion that total abstinence, even from beer and wine, should be practiced, they no longer promoted temperance (moderation); a more accurate designation for them would have thus been “abstinence” societies.

One of the reasons these groups, such as the WCTU (Women’s Christian Temperance Union) and the Anti-Saloon League were so popular at this time was that liquor was cheap, and thus all too readily accessible in large quantities. Mothers did not want their children’s sensibilities to be assailed with the sights, sounds, and smells of drunkards on city streets; and wives did not want their husbands to be drinking at the saloon when they could or should be out working. And, of course, they wanted the money spent on alcohol to be put to a better use.

Not all women supported temperance, of course. Neither did all men oppose it. But in general, women favored it more than men did, and “Yankees” (Euro-Americans of British descent, most of them hailing from the New England states) tended to favor prohibition more than ethnic groups wherein beer (Germans, for example) and wine (such as French and Italians) was part of their culture and daily food intake.

It was thought that if women got the vote, prohibition would become law. This was one of the factors in the fairer sex not getting suffrage until 1920 (at which time prohibition did, in fact, become the law of the land). In addition to the societies and clubs and radical agitators such as Carry Nation and her ilk, there was even a political entity, the Prohibition Party, that was active and nominated candidates to represent them in Presidential elections.

Even in Kansas, not all appreciated Mrs. Nation’s zeal in attempting to stamp out “demon rum.” In a Wichita-dated article of *The Iola Register* of January 23rd, 1901, the following was reported:

Followed by a howling, hooting mob of about 500 men, women, and children, Mrs. Carry Nation left Salvation Army headquarters at 10 p.m. bent upon wrecking more saloons. Coming in front of a saloon on Douglas Ave., she was about to smash the plate window when a number of Salvationists caught her arms and prevented more damage. The crowd dared her to wreck another place and then cries of “mob her” were heard.

The Salvation Army people managed to smuggle her to the depot where she took a train for Newton.

And it was not always just property that was damaged. The February 22nd, 1901 issue of the same newspaper editorialized:

One woman killed and several men were more or less seriously wounded. That is the distressing and shocking news that comes from the little town of Millwood as a result of a "Nation" raid on a joint.

In Iola itself in July of 1905, a "mad bomber" struck. Fortunately, nobody was killed, but the caption to a photograph showing extensive damage done to several downtown buildings reads:

C.L. Melvin set off hundreds of sticks of dynamite under and around saloons on West Street that did an estimated \$100,000 in damages. The saloons were blown to smithereens, the courthouse clock stopped and plate glass windows in several stores were shattered... Melvin wrote letters saying that he took matters into his own hands when it became apparent the courts and police weren't going to shut the joints down.

Carry Nation's anti-liquor career ended in dramatic fashion. A chance encounter in a saloon was so emotionally traumatic for her that she gave up her work. *The Iola Register* of June 10th, 1911, reported on the incident:

Mrs. Carry Nation, known the world over as a temperance crusader and joint smasher, died tonight of paresis in Leavenworth. She was 65. Her touring ended in Chicago in a dramatic semi-tragedy, the saddest episode of her career. Visiting saloon after saloon near midnight, she talked to men behind bars asking if they were not ashamed to follow a business that leads people to destruction, pulling an occasional cigar out of a mouth and expressing indignation at the shocking pictures back of bars. In the last saloon the program did not vary. A young man was carrying drinks to human wrecks seated around tables. He greeted her with the words, "How are you, Grandma Nation?" She had been called grandma and mother many times so she talked to him the same as other bartenders. She asked if he had a mother and if he had did she know the low business he was in. He replied with a question, "Why, don't you know, Grandma? Don't you remember Riley? Riley White, your little grandson?" "Why yes, but I haven't seen him since a lad of 10. I don't know where he is now." "Why, I'm Riley, your grandson." The woman gazed at the man, even then a mere boy, and fell to the sawdust-covered floor, sobbing. Friends helped her to her feet but she was no longer the turbulent, aggressive Carry Nation. Her spirit for reform was crushed.



The standard fare of backyard barbecues, campfire cookouts, and fast-food restaurants--the hamburger--was first enjoyed July 28th in New Haven, Connecticut. So much for the theory that it was a German food named for the city of Hamburg. This thus casts doubt also on the assumption that frankfurters (hot dogs) were named for another city in Germany, the country so famous for varieties of sausages.

It should be noted, though, that as in the case of so many firsts and origins, others also lay claim to the lofty eminence of hamburger invention. For example, Wisconsinites claim that the culinary fare was first offered at a fair in the town of Seymour in that state fifteen years earlier, in 1885. They say that 15-year-old Charlie Nagreen then and there served up a flattened meatball pressed between two slices of bread.



As the only deep sea port in Texas, and the second-wealthiest urban area in the country, Galveston was called by many "The Queen City of the Gulf." Although the great damage hurricanes could do was not unknown to the denizens of the area (nearby Indianola had been wiped out by two hurricanes, and subsequently abandoned, just a couple of decades earlier), the residents were not prepared for one.

On September 8th, Galveston, Texas was devastated by the most severe hurricane the United States had experienced up until Hurricane Katrina in 2005. This hurricane was not assigned a name, as they are nowadays, but was approximately as strong as Katrina. As a result of the force unleashed, an estimated six thousand died, and ten thousand were left homeless.

Like Johnstown (see the 1889 chapter), Galveston was an accident waiting to happen, based on its location on a six-square-mile sandbar off the coast of Texas which rose a mere five to nine feet above sea level. However, residents felt a false sense of security due to the fact that hurricanes in the past had always veered away from the city. So, those who called for a sea wall were ignored.

When the hurricane approached, the degree of worry was so low in Galveston that few evacuated to the mainland. Many would have gladly left later but were unable to due to the collapsing of all four bridges connected to the mainland. What had been 35-mile-per-hour winds at 4:00 a.m. ultimately became 120 mph winds. Tidal waves splintered houses and trees in their path, and the flooding and terrific winds forced a choice upon the stranded residents: Either stay in their collapsing houses and risk being crushed, or venture out into the wild winds, risking being knocked senseless—or worse—by flying debris. The velocity of the wind was such that some were decapitated by roof slates being flung through the air.

Once the worst of it was over, hordes of looters descended on what was left of Galveston, arriving by boat. Some were caught with pockets full of fingers—appendages they had sliced off in their haste to procure

the rings on them. Soldiers and local militia ended up shooting and killing 250 looters.

So many bodies were strewn about the area, rotting in the sun, that they had to be loaded onto barges, hauled eighteen miles out to sea, and dumped overboard. Even though the bodies were weighted down, many of them quickly washed up again onto shore. As they had to be quickly disposed of to prevent the spread of disease, these were then thrown upon funeral pyres.

Among those who perished were ten Catholic nuns who ran an orphanage on the beach, and 90 of the 93 children housed there.

When Galveston was rebuilt, a sea wall was erected.

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Lincoln Logs, invented by Frank Lloyd Wright's son John Lloyd Wright and named after the President who grew up in a log cabin, made their appearance this year.

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One of the men running for President this year was known as "The Great Commoner." William Jennings Bryan again ran--and again lost—but this time as the candidate representing three different political parties: Democrat, Populist, and Silver Republican. Ill-fated "gold" Republican William McKinley won reelection. Although Bryan would run again for President, he would never win. He did win a famous victory as the prosecuting attorney in the "Scopes Monkey Trial," though, where John Scopes was convicted of teaching evolution in a Tennessee public school. Within a week of Scopes' conviction, Bryan died of a stroke.

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William Frederick "Will" Shannon and Gertrude "Gertie" Bailey married at the Towhig ranch in or near Carlotta, California December 23rd.

Gertie was seventeen. Already in her life her parents had separated, she had lived with her grandparents, then for a time in an orphanage, then back with her grandparents until they both died. She had met Will the previous year, 1899.

Will and Gertie lived in Cuddeback for the first year-and-a-half of their marriage. Will made shingle bolts for a living. These, for those unaccustomed to old logging terminology, are not like bolts used to fasten things together but rather more like bolts of cloth in the sense that a bolt here is meant as a "quantity" of shingles. The shingles were manufactured from soft lumber by hand, using a froe and a mallet.

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The census taken at the Turn of the Century found many representatives of three generations of Kollenborns in McDonald township in Jasper County, Missouri. The ones of most interest to us are William, James, and Harry. According to this particular census (they are not all consistent with one another in various aspects), William as well as his father were born in Illinois, but William's mother was born in Germany. Besides his namesake William H., born 1861, there was yet another William Kollenborn listed in the census for this location. This third William may have been a son of the senior William's brother John.

In California, Will Shannon was boarding with William H. Brymer and his wife Elizabeth and son Edward in Eureka, California at the time the census was taken (prior to his marriage). He was listed as a day laborer who had been born in "Canada-Eng." This indicates he was born in the English-speaking part of Canada (as opposed to the French part, such as Quebec).

Nearby, in the town of Table Bluff in the same county of Humboldt, we find George R. Gorham, who at this time is described as an eighty-year-old white male, father born Massachusetts, mother born Maine. It makes mention also that he is literate.

John and Mary (Gorham) Silva lived two doors away from their father/father-in-law George, along with seven children, Emma among them.

1901

Big Trees and Big Sticks

“Walk softly and carry a big stick. You’ll go far.” – Theodore Roosevelt, September 2nd, 1901

“Oh, how proud we were to have a new baby born in a brand new century.” – Virginia Belle (Myers) Green, speaking of the birth of her and Thomas’ first child, Effie Estelle, born 1901.

“The man who dies rich dies disgraced.” – Andrew Carnegie, “robber baron” who gave away vast sums of his fortune at the end of his life.

“You my friend--a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens--are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honor and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvements of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all?” -- Socrates

- ◆ Queen Victoria dies
- ◆ Largest Tree in the World Discovered
- ◆ Robert Shannon dies
- ◆ Theodore Roosevelt gives his “Big Stick” speech
- ◆ William McKinley assassinated
- ◆ Theodore Roosevelt becomes President
- ◆ Frank Norris’ *The Octopus*
- ◆ Oil drilling begins in Persia
- ◆ Walt Disney born
- ◆ Safety razor invented
- ◆ Andrew Carnegie prepares to start giving his money away

As the industrial revolution continued to evolve and revolve, and technology grew ever more clever and complex, the century of steam gradually gave way to the century of electricity. To many it seemed that mankind was on the cusp of, if not already in, a golden age of progress and prosperity.

Some say the Victorian era ended this year. That opinion may be, in a literal sense anyway, unassailable, as the British Queen who gave her name to the era died this year. Many say, though, that the era in actuality lasted until 1914, when The Great War/World War I erupted. Much more about the monumental changes brought about by that horrific conflict will be discussed in subsequent chapters (and are discussed also in the Introduction).

In July of this year, Gertie (Bailey) Shannon was three months pregnant with her first of eleven children, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, when the first automobile in Northern California was seen in Trinity

County. The technological marvel or infernal contraption (depending on your viewpoint) could be purchased for \$1 the pound—weighing in at 1,000 pounds, it sold for \$1,000.

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The largest tree in the world was discovered this year. Not surprisingly, it was found in California's Sierra Nevada mountain range. Fittingly, this spectacular specimen of Sequoia Gigantea was measured by none other than John Muir. Six feet above the ground, its circumference was 93 feet.

Speaking of trees and John Muir, the great conservationist had this to say about trees and their hardiness, particularly that of the sequoias:

There is no absolute limit to the existence of any tree. Death is due to accidents, not, as that of animals, to the wearing out of organs. Only the leaves die of old age. Their fall is foretold in their structure; but the leaves are renewed every year, and so also are the essential organs wood, roots, bark, buds. Most of the Sierra trees die of disease, insects, fungi, etc., but nothing hurts the big tree. I never saw one that was sick or showed the slightest sign of decay. Barring accidents, it seems to be immortal. It is a curious fact that all the very old sequoias had lost their heads by lightning strokes. "All things come to him who waits." But of all living things, sequoia is perhaps the only one able to wait long enough to make sure of being struck by lightning.

So far as I am able to see at present only fire and the ax threaten the existence of these noblest of God's trees. In Nature's keeping they are safe, but through the agency of man destruction is making rapid progress, while in the work of protection only a good beginning has been made.

Nevertheless, like anything else worth while, from the very beginning, however well guarded, they have always been subject to attack by despoiling gainseekers and mischief-makers of every degree from Satan to Senators, eagerly trying to make everything immediately and selfishly commercial, with schemes disguised in smug-smiling philanthropy, industriously, shamelessly crying, "Conservation, conservation, panutilization," that man and beast may be fed and the dear Nation made great. Thus long ago a few enterprising merchants utilized the Jerusalem temple as a place of business instead of a place of prayer, changing money, buying and selling cattle and sheep and doves; and earlier still, the first forest reservation, including only one tree, was likewise despoiled. Ever since the establishment of the Yosemite National Park, strife has been going on around its borders and I suppose this will go on as part of the universal battle between right and wrong, however much its boundaries may be shorn, or its wild beauty destroyed.

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Robert Shannon died on June 26th, a couple of weeks short of 68 years of age. The fatal gunshot wound was self-inflicted, but accidental. Robert's gun discharged while he was climbing a fence while hunting near Visalia, in Tulare County. He died seven months before his grandson Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was born, and twenty-five years after Custer's Last Stand.

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When Theodore Roosevelt gave the speech in which he uttered perhaps his best-remembered phrase, "Walk softly and carry a big stick," he was Vice President. That sentiment, as he freely admitted, was not an original thought with him. It is an old African proverb.

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Roosevelt was not Vice President for long. Four days after delivering that speech, President William McKinley was shot in Cleveland by Leon Czolgosz, a man described as a "crazed anarchist." At first it seemed that McKinley's wound was not life-threatening—on being shot, he had instructed his bodyguards "Go easy on him, boys." For a time, the President made good progress. A few days later, though, he took a turn for the worse and, on the 14th of September, died, eight days after having been shot.

Prior to the assassination, U.S. immigration laws had excluded polygamists, the destitute, and those afflicted with certain diseases from entering the country. After the assassination, anarchists were added to the list of *persona non grata*.

Although an emotionally charged contest (as is often the case), McKinley's victory in the 1900 election had been by the largest margin in presidential history.

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Thinking the move might be "political suicide," a dead end career-wise, Roosevelt had to be persuaded to run for Vice President. He was on a hiking trip with his family, unaware that McKinley's condition had deteriorated. He had to be tracked down by government officials so that he could be whisked to the White House to be sworn in as President.

The man who was famous as the leader of the "Rough Riders" in the Spanish War was thus sworn in as President four months before the birth of Will and Gertie Shannon's first son. Roosevelt was at the time the youngest President in U.S. history (42). He also became the first to

travel outside the United States during his presidency (he went to Panama in connection with the building of the Canal there).

For the record, the Rough Riders' famed cavalry charge at San Juan Hill in Cuba never occurred. Not as reported, anyway. They *did* charge the hill, but it was not a cavalry charge--they had no horses. The group had had to leave their steeds behind due to lack of space on the boat transporting them from New York to Cuba. That situation caused a name change for the group: from "Rough Riders" to "Wood's Weary Walkers." Joining them in the attack was the 10th (African-American) Cavalry. Not surprisingly, especially for the time, the 10th never received the "glory," or recognition, for the charge that the "Rough Riders" (or "Weary Walkers") did.

Roosevelt changed the name of the President's official residence from "The Executive Mansion" to "The White House" this year.

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"The Octopus," Frank Norris' classic California novel, was published this year. It detailed "in spirit" (it is a work of fiction) the Mussel Slough shootout of 1880. Far from being a barren outpost peopled with dullards, as some considered California to be, in the decades to come many important California authors would be heard from and make their mark. Some stellar examples of the state's literary offerings would be produced by the likes of John Steinbeck, Jack London, and William Saroyan.

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Oil drilling began this year in Iran, a country known at the time as Persia. Their oil production would soon eclipse that of the United States, which had begun drilling for oil in Titusville, Pennsylvania in 1859. A little-known fact regarding Humboldt County in northwestern California is that oil was also discovered there in that same year of 1859, and just a few years later produced the first oil drilled from a California well. There is still a town of Petrolia there, a dozen or so miles south of Eureka and about ten miles west of Weott.

Cartoonist, movie-maker, and theme-park builder Walt Disney was born on December 5th in Chicago, Illinois. His family soon moved to Marceline, Missouri, where Walt grew up. Marceline, in Linn County, is only thirty-four miles north of Brunswick in neighboring Chariton County, where Albert Kollenborn and his half-siblings would be living just a few years later.

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A man with the regal-sounding name King Gillette introduced the double-edged safety razor this year, smoothing the way for a change in grooming styles for men. In the late 1800s, almost all men wore facial hair: Beards, sideburns, various styles of mustaches. Once the safety razor made shaving a quicker, cheaper, and safer proposition (you didn't have to either pay a barber to shave you or use a straight razor on yourself, something which often produced cuts, especially in dimly-lit houses early in the morning), the clean-shaven look became *de rigueur*. Bewhiskered faces were for old fuddy-duddys. The young, the up-and-coming, those who were riding the wave of the exciting new century and its changes, went for a more streamlined and modern look.

In the not-too-distant future, World War I would make the shaving of beards not just a fashion statement but a safety issue: Soldiers had to be clean-shaven in order to get a good fit on their gas masks.



Andrew Carnegie, who had stated: "The man who dies rich dies disgraced," put his money where his mouth was this year. He got out of the business of making money by selling his steel holdings to J.P. Morgan, who then organized U.S. Steel. Carnegie then devoted himself to philanthropic deeds. By the time of his death in 1919, Carnegie had disbursed almost all of his \$350 million fortune—and keep in mind that money then represents approximately tenfold its current buying power. Three hundred fifty million dollars would be quite generous, but in modern terms it was closer to 3.5 billion that Carnegie gave away. Of that grand sum, Carnegie donated more than 300 million dollars to schools, foundations, and artists, and built in excess of 3,000 public libraries, as well as Carnegie Hall.

1902

Coming Into the Country

"It was not an easy life, but it was a good life." – Gertrude (Bailey) Shannon

"When you call me that, smile!" – from Owen Wister's "The Virginian"

- ◆ Theodore Roosevelt Shannon born California
- ◆ Will Shannon family moves to Trinity County
- ◆ John Dolbeer dies
- ◆ Ansel Adams born California
- ◆ John Steinbeck born California
- ◆ Mark Twain makes his last visit to Hannibal
- ◆ Chinese Immigration Prohibited
- ◆ Mary (Gorham) Silva dies
- ◆ James Kollenborn and Rosa Pennington wed
- ◆ Air Conditioner Invented
- ◆ Owen Wister's *The Virginian*
- ◆ First Motion Picture Theater in the U.S.
- ◆ First President to Drive an Automobile

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was born to Will and Gertie Shannon January 18th of this year on the Felt "place" in or near Carlotta, California. At that time, though, the small town in Humboldt County was named Cuddeback (sometimes spelled Cutty Back, but this is surely wrong, as Henry Cuddeback was a pioneer of the area and the town's obvious namesake). Within a span of only four generations, this branch of the Shannon family produced natives of three different countries: Thomas had been born in Ireland, Robert and Will in Canada, and now Theodore in the United States.

If McKinley had not been shot and had Roosevelt not taken over the helm as President, perhaps Will and Gertie's firstborn would have been named William, for the former president. In that case the baby would have also borne his father's name along with the President's. Perhaps Will and Gertie had originally intended to name him thus, and changed their mind after McKinley was assassinated. Gertie was five months pregnant when McKinley was shot.

This may or may not have been common practice in other parts of the United States, but many towns in Humboldt County, not just Carlotta, changed their names over the years. Arcata was formerly Unionville, often simply called "Union"; Scotia (a lumber company town) had been "Forestville"; and Samoa, where Theodore Shannons' future wife Esther would be born ten years later, had been called West Eureka.

As a Roosevelt was President when Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was born, so it was that when Theodore's second son, Theodore Russell "Sunny" Shannon, was born in 1934 (Franklin Delano Roosevelt was then President). Junior's nickname is not a typo—it was given him for his disposition, rather than his familial relationship to his parents.

The Presidents Roosevelt were fourth cousins once removed (which means that FDR had a great-great-great grandparent who was a great-great-great grandparent of Teddy's. Franklin was also a nephew-by-marriage to Teddy. That and their surname was not all that these two Roosevelts had in common: They both served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy (as did Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.), and Governor of New York prior to becoming President.

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was born into a time and place that seemingly had one foot in the previous century at the same time that it had one in the present. Chief Joseph was still alive, as was Geronimo (they died 1904 and 1909, respectively). Theodore would have a sister who would die from a rattlesnake bite--a cause of death more typical of the "olden days"--and a brother who would die in a plane crash, something that would have been not just improbable, but impossible at the time of Theodore's arrival on the world scene.

The U.S. was still waging war with the Philippines when Theodore was born. Hetch Hetchy had not yet been dammed. Hollywood did not yet have a High School—although its first one would open the next year, in 1903.

Gertie Shannon bore children over a span of twenty-seven years, from 1902, when she was eighteen, until 1929, when she was ten days shy of being forty-six years old.

Shortly after Theodore's birth, Will and Gertie relocated from Humboldt County to neighboring Trinity County. The Shannon's nearest "neighbor" in Trinity County was the Hoaglin Valley post office, five miles from their home. Gertie wrote the following regarding their move to, and years living in, Trinity County:

Our first home was rented in Carlotta where we spent a year and a half. Then in May 1902 we moved to Trinity County in northern California, and took up a homestead on the Eel River where we lived for eighteen years...

Just a little reminiscing about our trip. When Dad and I first went to Trinity, the trip was made with the horses and the large wagon he came from Tulare with and it took a week of long hard days from Carlotta.

The man who gave the Trinity River its name, from which the County took its name, was confused. He mistakenly thought the River emptied into Trinidad Bay. In reality, it empties into the Klamath River. Trinidad Bay had been named such earlier when it was claimed by Spanish sailors for their country on Trinity Sunday.

Counties, like people, often change their size and shape over the years. Parts of present day Humboldt County were previously part of

Trinity County, and of Shasta County before that. This, along with the changing of names of towns, can be quite a challenge to the researcher—a family may have lived in a certain town in a certain County in the past, but today that town may have a different name and could even be part of a different County. Adding to the complexity is that the dimensions of many states have also been altered over the years.

Weaverville, the County seat of Trinity County, has not changed names even though it was apparently named for a person who later became a Confederate officer in the Civil War.

Gertie went on to report about the early years of her marriage:

I remember how we became acquainted with our first neighbor, Mr. Lampl. Before we moved to the hills, we made several trips to work on the cabin, and when we came out, we camped out under the trees. After moving, we stacked up some logs so that we could later add another room onto the cabin, but then we heard of another place and moved into it instead. When we arrived there, a friendly neighbor, Mrs. Lampl, welcomed us. She had brought over a hen, and six baby chicks, excusing her generosity by saying that they were for the baby. My first born, Theodore, was three months old at this time. The log cabin had a front room with a fireplace, also a kitchen, bedroom, and we had busied ourselves getting a room fixed upstairs for one more bedroom. We built some stairs on the outside, leading up to the new bedroom. Before, we had to use a ladder. There was the barn on the place already, and a good well on it, and a bucket even to draw up the water. I had to make a short hike up the hill to the house, after drawing the water.

Around Christmas time, we would sit up most of the night getting turkeys ready for the market. The next day Dad would start out for Fortuna, which was some 70 miles away, to sell our turkeys and to bring back a supply of groceries which would last us about six months. The two trips to “civilization” were the only ones made in a year’s time, for it was a long drawn out difficult trip. It took us a week to make this trip by our horse drawn wagon. We lived there for 18 years, and in all that time, I only made one trip away from home, and that was to Fort Seward. Dad would take Theodore to town as the helper and companion. He’d take the other boys at times.

My life in Trinity proved to be lonely at times. I can remember one time when I didn’t see another woman for two whole years. One day when I was alone in the house I saw some one in the yard. It was a peddler and when he started to open our gate and enter, he noticed our dog, backed out and kept right on going. With a dog for protection, I had few worries.

One day when I was lonesome for company, we walked for four hours to visit with Mrs. Shields and when we got there, we could only visit for a half hour in order to get home again before dark set in. I packed two of my

children a good part of the way. But it was worth the walk. It was not an easy life, but it was a good life.

We took up two different homesteads in Trinity and the last one was near the river. This house was built on a hill overlooking the river and had a beautiful sweeping view of the hills around us. I could see the river from my kitchen window and watch its changing moods. The river was turbulent and angry in the winter; I could see logs and every kind of debris, being battered and carried downstream. In the warm spring days, it was beautiful and calm. And in the summer, just right for the children's fun. We built two barns down by the river and there we stored hay for the cattle. We built sheds around one so that they could get out of sleet, rain and snow. This is below Soldier Basin.

The other place was just right of the fruit trees, by the Shannon buttes. We didn't live there for long. We had a log house there.

In the 1912 chapter entitled "Drives, Feuds in Old Hyampom's History," Genzoli and Martin had this to report on this subject:

People in...Trinity County...developed several markets for stock...Money was needed to buy things which they would not make or raise themselves. They only needed two or three hundred dollars in order to live quite comfortably...Turkeys, during the first part of the century, provided a good means of support for anyone who had the desire to drive them to the market.

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, in an account he wrote in mid-1950s about the Shannons' early years in Trinity County, wrote the following regarding his father Will:

He met Arnott [sic] Shields who told him about homestead land in Trinity County in March, 1902. He went out on horseback to look at the land, there was two foot of snow on the ground. The place he first looked at was government land, it had too much young brush on it. So he settled on the land what now is the New Hoaglin School.

My father went back to Humboldt Co., bought six pigs, a dozen dairy calves to bring out. At the same time my mother and I went out in April 1902 by wagon. The first house the folks had was just a leanto cabin, had no siding on it for awhile. My father had to go back to Hydesville after groceries. My mother and myself was left at the homestead. At this time I was only three months old. He was out of money, no credit in Trinity County. So that is why he had to go to Hydesville for groceries. It took a week to make the round trip.

Arnett Shields and my father were good friends by this time so Arnett told him about the George Kindred place, a better location, lots of water, so he

moved over on Kindred place in April, 1902. Filed homestead rights, got his deed. After living on this place 17 years my father sold it to John and Annie Holten in November 1919.

Mr. Shields knew about this place and its availability because George Kindred was his brother-in-law—Shields' sister Etta was married to Mr. Kindred. According to a contemporary who lived in the area, George Kindred left his place because he shot a man in the back and needed to "lay low" for a while.

This former Trinity County resident says that "...at the time, Trinity County was run by men like George Kindred." The former resident's uncle, Leonard Bean, while out on horseback one day came upon a man that had been hung and shot full of holes. That apparently was the killing that finally brought the long arm of the law out to the remote outpost of Trinity. Leonard Bean served on the jury that sent many men to San Quentin. George Kindred apparently high-tailed it to Idaho rather than spend time behind bars.

Gertie finally got some neighbors, but it was not to be a happy time for those people, nor for some others Gertie went on to mention:

An old school friend and her husband came to take up a homestead near us. During their stay of several years, tragedy struck repeatedly. Mr. And Mrs. Crank lost their place by fire, twice. One day a friend, Harry Parry, from Humboldt came out and the two of them went hunting for deer. They parted and in the excitement of the hunt, Harry accidentally shot John to death. My friend Grace then left Trinity. No children.

Disastrous things are bound to happen though. One of our neighbors, Mr. Espie, went to hunt his horse when it was snowing, and he got lost and died. The searchers found where he tried to keep warm by going around and around a tree but when they found him, it was too late.

This account regarding Mr. Espie was a popular topic of conversation for years to come. *Hoaglin Highlights*, a feature in the local newspaper written by Darotha Hall, in reminiscing about bygone years, reported: "Mr. Espey's place lay north of the Hoaglin school a short way. He was quite crippled and he lost his life in Bluff Creek Canyon, attempting to hike to Zenia. The snow was very heavy." In a brief account of his life that Theodore wrote in the mid-1950s (quoted from above, contained in toto in Appendix II), he recalled the event in these words: "Mr. Espie was coming into his place, was very cold, got a little ways from the place, was found frozen to death by a pine tree, what is known now [as] the Garcia Mill on Ted Shannon place."

Gertie takes up the account again, continuing on the subject of "disastrous things":

A little girl was frozen to death when she took refuge near a log. She had unsaddled her horse and with the saddle had tried to keep her self warm, but to no avail.

Yes, unlike many people's view of California (that is, those who have not been there, or have only been to southern California, or have only visited the state in the warmer months of the year), the weather can be quite severe up in the mountains, especially in the northern part of the state (some will recall the Donner Party). Gertie goes on to talk of her husband Will's work, calling him "Dad":

Dad Shannon was the mail carrier in this part of Trinity County. It was no easy task then and when the river was dangerous in the winter, the horse would swim across and dad would go over, suspended in the air, in a bucket. Dad carried the mail from Hoaglin Valley to Caution. He'd make the trip on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the same as the mail is carried out there in this era. (Gertie wrote this in 1967)

Will's son Theodore had a little different take on this situation:

My father carried mail from Hoaglin to Caution for eight years. There was a cable crossing the main Northfork branch of Eel River, near Bob Hoaglin ranch. When the river was too high father tied the horse and walked the four miles to Caution and carried the mail on his back.

Besides "carrying" the mail and making shingle bolts with froe and mallet, Will (and Gertie) also kept busy in other practical ways. They fed turkey hens, which they had got by "hunting" turkey nests in March. These turkeys they then sold for "ready cash." Will and Gertie gathered acorns for their pigs as well as the turkeys. They would spend an entire day gathering acorns, then grind them for the turkeys (pigs will gladly eat them whole). Coincidentally, this gathering and grinding of acorns was something the Indian tribes in the area had been doing since time immemorial.

Contrary to what some might think about the always-practical farmers of days of yore, the Shannons made pets of many of their animals. Their colt Prince would come up on to the porch and stick his head in the window. Their pet piglets would follow along on trips to the post office

Not all animals in the area were harmless, though. Besides coyotes, "rattlesnakes seemed to be everywhere when first we moved to the hills," Gertie wrote. On one occasion, she was about to lay one of her babies down under some bushes to "help with the hay," when "just as I was about to put the baby down, I saw a rattlesnake, and it scared me so badly that I didn't help much with the hay that day."

On another occasion, Gertie saw two or three rattlers as she was returning from getting some logs from the wood pile. Gertie also killed many rattlesnakes while herding the turkeys, who would squawk to let

her know when the venomous reptiles were around. Unfortunately for the family, though, the worst snake incident was yet to come.

While his brother was just starting out in Trinity County, Carleton Shannon was continuing to increase his land holdings in California's Central Valley, hundreds of miles to the south, in Tulare County. This year, he added 480 acres to his holdings.

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As was Will Shannon, many of the "big names" in the logging business in northern California had been born in Canada (as well as many from New England, particularly Maine and Massachusetts). Among the former Canucks was John Dolbeer. Harvesting California's trees had grown more efficient over the decades. Starting out with teams of Bulls skidding the logs, John Dolbeer invented the Steam Donkey to do the work faster. These "donkeys" replaced horses, which had replaced bulls, until they were themselves replaced by another type of horse--the iron Horse (railroad). Dolbeer died in August of this year in San Francisco.

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Scarcely more than a month after Theodore Shannon was born, photographer extraordinaire Ansel Adams was born on February 20th in San Francisco. Theodore and Ansel both, along with John Muir, had a deep and abiding love for Yosemite, a love that has been passed down through the generations of the Shannon family.

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John Steinbeck, author of such classics as "Grapes of Wrath," "Of Mice and Men," "Travels with Charley," "The Winter of Our Discontent," "The Wayward Bus," "Cannery Row," "The Pastures of Heaven," "East of Eden," "The Long Valley," and more, was born exactly one week following the birth of Ansel Adams, on February 27th, in Salinas. Many of Steinbeck's stories were set in and around the town of his birth.

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As Steinbeck did indeed write much of his material using the environs around Monterey Bay as his setting, Mark Twain caressed as well as chastised his old haunts in Hannibal, Missouri, on the banks of the Mississippi, in many of his works. Most notable in this regard were the novels "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn"). Twain paid an emotional last visit to his old stomping grounds this year, on May 29th.

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During the building of the transcontinental railroad, Chinese workers had been recruited to come to America to work. This year, a scant few decades later, an indefinite prohibition of Chinese immigration was made law in the United States. Enlightened people--like those depicted by the fictional Cartwright family of "Bonanza" fame, who employed a bequeued Chinese servant ("Hop Sing") at their ranch--were apparently outnumbered by jingoists.

Regarding the "danger" that Chinese people were posing in California, Arthur T. Johnson wrote in his book "California, An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State":

The Chinaman, no less than the Jap, are among the best fruit and vegetable-growers in the world. Yet these thrifty sons of the Orient, even in the Watsonville district, where they have proved themselves so eminently capable, are despised, scorned, and treated with less tolerance than the American ever bestowed upon the nigger. But so long as the Native Son is thriftless, so long as he thinks he knows everything, so long will he be slowly, but very surely, beaten on his own ground, cast aside in the race for supremacy in these things. In the face of these facts, and, knowing something of the American spirit, is there any cause for wonder that Uncle Sam does all he dare to prevent the Orientals from landing on his shores?

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Albert Kollenborn's grandmother Nellie Jean (Moore) Kollenborn had died as a result of complications suffered from giving birth in 1900. Mary (Gorham) Silva, the grandmother of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's future wife Esther Nelson, died during childbirth July 5th of this year (some records indicate she died July 11th). Mary hemorrhaged to death after giving birth to a son, Francis. Francis survived.

Mary was survived by her husband John and their eight children. Mary's estate was valued at \$6,500 at the time of her death--a fairly tidy sum for the time. John would not wait long to remarry.

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James Kollenborn also remarried this year. In fact, James married Rosa Pennington exactly two weeks before Theodore Shannon was born, on January 4th. The Penningtons were an old Quaker family, originally from England, who had lived in Virginia and North Carolina before moving to Missouri. Quakers were often active abolitionists, many of them serving as "stationmasters" on the "Underground Railroad."

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William Carrier invented the air conditioner this year.

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The fictional genre known as the “Western” novel was born this year with the release of Owen Wister’s *The Virginian*. It contains the immortal phrase “When you say that, *smile*.”

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The first movie theater in the U.S. was built this year. Inevitably, perhaps, it came into existence in Hollywood.

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Theodore Roosevelt, never one to shy away from being a maverick or a daredevil, became the first U.S. President to drive an automobile this year.

1903

Trips and Trails, Flights and Folks

"It is my belief that flight is possible, and, while I am taking up the investigation for pleasure rather than profit, I think there is a slight possibility of achieving fame and fortune from it." – Wilbur Wright, in a letter to his father written Sept. 3rd, 1900

"The conservation of natural resources is the fundamental problem. Unless we solve that problem it will avail us little to solve all others." -- Theodore Roosevelt

"They may learn something about their own relationship to the earth from a people who were true conservationists. The Indians knew that life was equated with the earth and its resources, that America was a paradise, and they could not comprehend why the intruders from the East were determined to destroy all that was Indian as well as America itself." – Dee Brown, in the Introduction to his book “Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee”

- ◆ John Muir guides Theodore Roosevelt
- ◆ First Transcontinental U.S. Automobile Trip
- ◆ Teddy Bears Designed
- ◆ Victrola Hits the Market
- ◆ Jack London’s *The Call of the Wild*
- ◆ *The Great Train Robbery* filmed
- ◆ Ford Motor Company founded
- ◆ Lou Gehrig born NYC
- ◆ First World Series
- ◆ Wright Flight
- ◆ The Supreme Court Makes it Official

Two men who, if mixed together and stylized and caricaturized, might project a persona not unlike that of Yosemite Sam, met in the valley that gave that cartoon character his name this year. Explorer, botanist, writer, and above all mountaineer John Muir took President Theodore Roosevelt on a tour of the place Muir called his “heart’s home.” Muir’s goals in arranging the meeting with the powerful politician were fulfilled. Yosemite would not suffer the fate of so many other scenic wonders. It would not be taken over by individual speculators. Because of the hard work of Muir and his editor Robert Underwood Johnson, and with the help of men like Roosevelt, the area of wondrous beauty would be preserved for the use and benefit of all.



In our modern day, if you really wanted to (and, perhaps, if you were half crazy), you could drive across the United States in sixty-five hours.

To do so, you would have to *average* a little more than 50 miles per hour, non-stop. Presuming you needed no sleep, you could leave at 5 p.m on a Friday and arrive on the opposite coast by 10 a.m. on Monday.

Such was not possible in 1903. Just *getting* from point A to point B in an automobile, regardless of how long it took, was quite a challenge. In 1900, the state of Vermont had passed a law requiring a motorcar driver to have someone on foot or horseback carrying a red warning flag one eighth of a mile ahead of the vehicle. In Tennessee, drivers had to post a notice a week in advance of any automobile trip they undertook.

Against that background, we can see why a feat that would seem rather pedestrian today was the talk of the nation this year: Almost a century after Lewis and Clark's keel boat, canoe, horseback and *per pedes* round trip from Missouri to Oregon, the first coast-to-coast automobile trip was made. Horatio Nelson Jackson, his mechanic Sewall Crocker, and a bulldog named Bud traveled from San Francisco to New York in a brand new (1903) Winton.

The trip was complete in sixty-five days. Beginning in late May and ending in late July, the trio's sideways trip across the continent took the same length of time that the Pilgrims took in sailing from Plymouth, England, to Cape Cod in America back in 1620.

Lest we think of Jackson and Crocker as Sunday-driving dawdlers, we should bear in mind that there were no gas stations at the time, and only a grand total of 150 miles of paved roads existed. The fact that Nelson took a mechanic along indicates the unreliability of cars of the day, too. Although you could drive today from San Francisco to New York and cover a little less than 3,000 miles, Nelson and Crocker and Bud added 5,600 miles to the odometer on their journey. This was partly due to several wrong turns they made and partly because of deliberately going out of their way to avoid rough stretches. Two specific detours were made near the start of the trip (to avoid the Nevada desert), and near the end of the trip, (to avoid the Appalachian mountains).

What possessed these men to undertake this arduous journey? Not so unlike the fictional 80-day, round-the-world trip of Phileas Fogg, a bet was at the bottom of it. Men in a San Francisco club Nelson was visiting claimed an automobile would never make the trip cross-country. Nelson differed. Fifty dollars was stipulated as the spoils that would go to the victor. Nelson would have three months to reach his destination. Nelson was not in dire need of the cash. He was married to one of the richest women in Vermont. Nevertheless, it was a journey he felt driven to make.

The race with time became a race with two other cars. A duo in a Packard as well as one in an Oldsmobile attempted to beat the Winton to New York. Although Nelson and Crocker and the Winton only averaged four miles per hour, the challengers were unable to overtake them. This was partly due to the fact that these other two teams had gotten a late start, and partly because—in an ill-advised attempt to make up for the lost time--they took more treacherous routes.

Jackson spent a total of more than \$8,000 on the trip. His car broke down several times, and he and his teams sometimes spent days waiting for parts to arrive. The parts came most often by train, but sometimes they arrived by stagecoach. After one breakdown, the intrepid trio were towed by a horse. On another occasion, when they were lost (roads were not well marked and maps were scarce), they happened upon a shepherd who first fed them (they hadn't eaten in a day and a half) and then gave them directions to get back to the road.

When Jackson, Crocker, and Bud got stuck in mud or while fording rivers, they used block and tackle to extricate "The Vermont," the automobile that Jackson had named for his home state. Much of the mechanic work that was done along the way was performed by blacksmiths.

Despite all the hardships, the successful conclusion of the journey showed that a cross-country automobile trip was, indeed, possible. It indicated that the automobile would, in time, replace the horse and the railroad as the chief means of transportation.

Shortly after his arrival back home in Vermont, Jackson was arrested and fined \$5 for breaking the speed limit--of 6 miles per hour.

The very next year, another driving team made it across the country in half the time it had taken Jackson. Two years after that, in 1906, the time was halved again.

Horatio Nelson Jackson never bothered to collect on the \$50 wager he had made in San Francisco.



Half a century later, a man would sing about his desire to be "your Teddy Bear." But the man for whom the Teddy Bear was named, President Theodore Roosevelt, hated the nickname "Teddy" (his family called him "Teedy"). It can be assumed what this self-styled roughneck thought of cute and cuddly Teddy Bears.

Although Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was the right age to own a Teddy Bear (he was one year old this year), it is doubtful that he did, when we consider the milieu in which he lived. It is difficult to imagine that the semi-annual trips Will Shannon made to the nearest large town for provisions would result in his return with the purchase of such a "cute" toy—especially, perhaps, if Will was aware that the man he obviously admired was aggravated by the whole phenomenon.

A German toy company created the Teddy Bear following a hunting incident that provided some mirthful moments for many. On this trip to the marshes of Arkansas, Roosevelt--to his credit--refused to shoot a small bear that had been treed by two dogs. A Washington Post cartoonist portrayed this event as if the President had refused to shoot the bear because it was "cute." The famous unshot-by-Teddy bear was thereafter referred to as "Teddy's bear." The German company sent dozens of the plush toys to the White House.

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This year it became possible to play recorded music in the privacy of your home, if you could afford the newly available Victrola and a recorded musical performance or two.

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Writer, adventurer, socialist, self-destructive John “Jack” London published his dog-eat-dog novel “Call of the Wild” this year. The scene where the novel’s chief protagonist, a husky named Buck, listens to his master’s voice and wins a wager for him by pulling a heavily laden sled stuck fast on the ice from a dead stop is one of the best drawn in literature.

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The first “feature length” narrative movie--that is to say, one that actually told a story--was filmed this year. *The Great Train Robbery* was a marvel of its day. It was based on a true event, in which George Leroy Parker’s (Butch Cassidy’s) “Hole in the Wall” Gang held up a train in Wyoming. Edwin Porter, who had formerly worked as a cameraman for inventor Thomas Edison, used several innovative techniques for the first time, including location shooting (although it was filmed in New Jersey instead of Wyoming) and jump-cuts.

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Ford Motor Company was founded this year. Startup funds from twelve investors totaled \$28,000, less than the sticker price on some of that company’s cars today. The first few years, Ford only produced a few cars per annum, in a converted wagon factory. Production would increase tremendously starting with the wildly successful mass-produced Model T in 1908.

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The first World Series was played this year. Many of the teams from the early days of baseball no longer exist, or have at least changed their names and/or locations. As examples, both the New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers moved to California (San Francisco and Los Angeles, respectively), and the Boston Braves relocated first to Milwaukee and then to Atlanta. Despite all this moving around of the baseball clubs, one of the two teams who met in the first World Series this year is still in existence today: The Pittsburgh Pirates, who lost to the Boston Pilgrims

five games to three (unlike today's seven-game format, they played a nine-game format that first year).

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The same year that a man drove a car as far as could be driven in the United States, two bicycle mechanics, brothers Orville and Wilbur Wright of Dayton, Ohio, flew an aircraft that they had built themselves. In Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17th, the Wright brothers flew their "aeroplane" a distance of one hundred twenty feet for a period of twelve seconds. Within two years, they flew one of their "flying monstrosities" twenty four miles in thirty-eight minutes, and by 1909 the Wright brothers were manufacturing and selling their airplanes.

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In the case *Wolf v. Hitchcock*, the Supreme Court made official what had been carried out in practice practically from the beginning of Euro-American history: Congress was given the power to ignore or unilaterally alter treaties the U.S. government had made with the Indians.

1904

Fire and Ice

"The great nations have always acted like gangsters, and the small nations like prostitutes." -- Stanley Kubrick

"I believed Colonel Miles; otherwise I would have never surrendered." – Chief Joseph, Nez Perce

"Surely the white men have many more good things to eat than they send to the Indians." – Spotted Tail, Sioux

"Mr. Roosevelt is the Tom Sawyer of the political world of the twentieth century; always showing off; always hunting for a chance to show off; in his frenzied imagination the Great Republic is a vast Barnum circus with him for a clown and the whole world for audience; he would go to Halifax for half a chance to show off and he would go to hell for a whole one." – Mark Twain

"There goes a man who should be skinned alive." – Theodore Roosevelt, speaking of Mark Twain

- ◆ Kenneth Frederick Shannon born California
- ◆ Panama Canal
- ◆ Ice cream cone invented
- ◆ Chief Joseph dies
- ◆ Crayolas invented
- ◆ Roosevelt elected President

Theodore Shannon's first sibling, Kenneth Frederick Shannon, was born January 18th, two years to the day after his older brother.

Their mother Gertie reported earlier about some fires that had taken place at neighbors' homes in Trinity County. The Shannons would later suffer their own loss from fire, and had a close call this year, too. Gertie wrote of this year's incident:

When Kenneth, our second son was born, exactly two years to the day after Theodore, a woman came in to stay with me, as Dad was away working and didn't want to leave me alone. She built a big warm fire and put some baby clothes on the chair in front of the fireplace. I'd arranged to be in the living room and had gone to sleep but awoke to find the baby clothes on fire, also some of the wall paper. There were some cartridges on the mantle of the fireplace and the logs would go up in a flash and the bullets could explode who knows where. The woman dashed in and put the fire out before it had a chance to get any worse. In doing this, she was quite badly burned on the hand.

At this time, only six percent of Americans were high school graduates. Theodore and Kenneth both only attended school through the eighth grade, after which time they began working full-time "in the woods" as loggers. Albert Kollenborn would spend even fewer years in classrooms.

Other facts about 1904 which are interesting, especially as a point of comparison with modern conditions and culture:

- 1) The speed limit in most cities was ten miles per hour.
 - 2) Alabama, Mississippi, Iowa, and Tennessee were more heavily populated than California (The golden state was ranked 21st in population rank, with only 1.4 million residents. In less than sixty years, though--in 1962--California would take over the top spot (some authorities claim this wasn't the case until 1965).
 - 3) The average wage was 22 cents per hour.
 - 4) Ninety-five percent of births took place at home .
 - 5) The population of Las Vegas was thirty.
 - 6) There were only two hundred thirty reported murders in the United States for the entire year (by way of comparison, in 1990 there would be more than one hundred times as many: 24,700).
 - 7) Most women only washed their hair once a month. Johnson's baby shampoo was not available, nor were any of the other well-known brands of today. Commonly used in lieu of "factory" shampoo was either borax or egg yolks.
 - 8) There were no crossword puzzles, no canned beer, and no iced tea.
 - 9) Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were available over the counter at drug stores. In connection with this, one pharmacist of the day opined, "Heroin clears the complexion, gives buoyancy to the mind, regulates the stomach and the bowels, and is, in fact, a perfect guardian of health."



Beginning the previous year, the U.S. had engineered a revolution against the nation of Colombia, fomenting an uprising against this previous owner of the Panama region. The Minerva-like tiny country of Panama came into existence and immediately seceded from Colombia. Just as quickly, the United States, which had set up this tiny republic, granted Panama official recognition.

The continent's big-stick-wielding powerhouse then dictated the terms of a treaty with this nascent nation which made that powerhouse all the more potent: Panama leased the Canal and adjacent land to the United States, on which they placed military bases. The U.S., acquiring sovereignty over the Panama Canal area "in perpetuity," took over control of the building of the Panama Canal, which had been started in 1881 by France. Eleven years and almost six thousand workers' lives

later, Atlantic-to-Pacific trips were reduced from four months to about forty-seven days.

A big reason the U.S. wanted control of the canal through Panama was so that they could quickly deploy troops to and from the Atlantic or the Pacific. Perhaps the canal should have been named for Secretary of War Elihu Root—"The Root Canal" would seem an appropriate moniker for the deadly ditch.

The United States had made an offer which the Panamanians had felt they could not refuse. Still, the “in perpetuity” part of the treaty did not stick. Responding to anti-American protests in Panama in 1977, the Carter administration agreed to renegotiate the treaty. The New York Times was candid about the origin of the United States’ involvement with the Canal: “We stole it, and removed the incriminating evidence from our history books.”

Probably more appreciated by the average person these days than canals half a continent away, the ice cream cone was invented this year.

Joseph, the Nez Perce Chief who had been hounded all over the Northwest by the U.S. Army, died at a reservation in north-central Washington State on September 21st. According to the doctor's report, the cause of death was a broken heart.

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Crayola crayons ("Crayola" is a combination of two French words which mean, in essence, "oily stick of color") were invented this year. In households with small children, walls--especially white ones which seem to a child a ready-made and convenient canvas of the first order--would never be the same.

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Democratic stronghold Missouri astonished the nation this year by voting for Theodore Roosevelt (who was at the time a Republican). As the quote above indicates, Missouri's famous son Mark Twain was not a great devotee of the President.

Roosevelt was the first President in a generation--since U.S. Grant--to be elected to a second term. Even here, a caveat is in order: Roosevelt hadn't been elected to his *first* term, having taken over for the assassinated McKinley.

1905

10,000 Peek-a-Boos and a Good Swap

"Toto, I've got a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore." -- Judy Garland as Dorothy Gale in the movie "The Wizard of Oz"

"That makes me the best haggler." -- Scatman Crothers as the horse trader Moses in "The Shootist," John Wayne's final movie

"Talking is like playing the harp, there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music." -- Oliver Wendell Holmes

- ◆ Nickelodeons
- ◆ Thomas Green swaps farms
- ◆ Green family moves from Kansas to Arkansas

The word "Nickelodeon" may today conjure up images of a children's television show. In 1905, when Nickelodeons became the rage, they were an "adult" attraction. Many of the short films shown were risque, or "naughty," depicting scantily clad women. Men, as can be imagined, were the chief frequenters of these establishments which were a combination motion picture theater and variety show. The admission price, as most people would assume, was 5 cents. Within three years, there were 10,000 nickelodeons in operation in the country—an increase which required an average of almost 10 new ones per day over that span of time.

By the way, the first coin in America termed a "nickel" was a one-cent piece. The word nickel, after all, refers to the metal from which the coin is made, not its assigned trade value, and thus is not "tied to" any particular denomination or amount.



In a deal which would make Scatman Crothers' horse-trader character Moses in *The Shootist* green with envy, Thomas Green swapped his farm in Morland, Kansas--sight unseen--for one in Benton County, Arkansas. You would think the advantage would have been with the man from Arkansas who was viewing the Green homestead in Kansas--after all, he was the one who knew what both farms looked like. This farmer doubtless had his own reasons for trading, and perhaps he really did consider the Kansas land better than his in Arkansas, or had some other reason for making the move.

The Greens came away from the negotiating table with four hundred eighty acres of orchards and farmland on which they grew onions,

mushrooms, huckleberries, and potatoes. The land they acquired was in northwestern Arkansas, near the southwestern boundary of the Ozarks. The Ozark region is comprised of parts of four states: northeastern Oklahoma, a tiny strip in southeastern Kansas, southern Missouri, and northern Arkansas. Trees for which the Ozarks are famous, dogwood and redbud, also adorned the Green's new farm.

The Greens certainly came to view the deal as one favoring them to the utmost. Their daughter Alice later recalled her mother's reaction on seeing the land: "When Belle looked across the farm, she saw how beautiful flowering fruit orchards covered the hillsides. She saw the sparkling, clear waters of Sugar Creek meandering around rich bottom land flanked by huge sycamore trees and small willow trees. It was a paradise to Belle."

As can be seen from the quote above, Virginia Belle Green went by her middle name; her husband Thomas, as is still common today in that region of the country, went by the diminutive "Tommy."

The book *The Ozarks - Land and Life*, written by Milton Rafferty, describes the situation in this area, indicating that Tommy was not the only farmer drawn to the Ozarks: "A nationwide advertising campaign describing the Ozarks as sheep and cattle country and as a fruit-growing region was used to good advantage. The owners sold large amounts of land, sight unseen."

Benton County certainly was a fruit-growing region. Red apples grow there in abundance. Apple orchards once surrounded Bentonville, which is situated twelve miles south of the Missouri state line and eighteen miles east of the Oklahoma border.

At one time, in fact, Benton County was called "the Red Apple Capital of the World." In 1901, it produced 25 million bushels of apples – more than any other U.S. County. In more modern times, though, the entire Bentonville area has been practically monopolized--one might even say "sacked"--by the mega-retailer Wal*Mart's corporate offices.

1905 was a fairly prosperous time for farmers and fruit growers in Benton County. The County had finally recovered from the devastating Civil War, and its encore, the debilitating Reconstruction era. REA (Rural Electrification Administration) had just come to northwest Arkansas, and the electrification of family farms helped tremendously.

For some farm people in Benton County, though, it was too little too late. The offer of good-paying jobs in Springfield, Missouri and Tulsa, Oklahoma drew massive numbers of young people from the farms of northwest Arkansas to these cities, the largest urban centers in the area. Around this same time there was also a migration of Benton County residents to Idaho, which was reputed to offer excellent farm land. The Albert Kollenborn family would move to Idaho from here, but not until a generation later. Other Kollenborns—some of them Albert's uncles and aunts and cousins, would already be there by then.

The area surrounding Bentonville was gorgeous at the Turn of the Century: Rolling hills, valleys, creeks and spring-fed streams, and the trademark Ozark overhanging limestone rock ledges.

Why did Sam Walton choose the tiny hamlet of Bentonville, Arkansas, of all places, as a base for his empire? Although Sam was born in Oklahoma, after some years in Missouri, he moved to Bentonville in 1950. After managing other people's stores for years, Sam would open *Walton's 5 and Dime* in Bentonville the year he relocated to that once-sleepy town, and then the first Wal*Mart store in nearby Rogers in 1962.

Benton County is named for Missouri Senator Thomas Hart Benton, the father-in-law of "The Pathfinder," J.C. Fremont. Benton had staunchly and successfully advocated statehood for Arkansas. This Thomas Hart Benton is not to be confused with his namesake great-nephew painter, whose works adorn the Missouri state capitol in Jefferson City.

Missouri also has a Benton County honoring their native son.



Tommy sent his wife Belle and the three children that had been born in Kansas (Effie, Lillian, Katherin) ahead by passenger train to their new farm at Dug Hill, near Bentonville. He followed by freight train along with their livestock.

Alice described the situation when the family arrived (as she later heard it recounted):

There were few buildings to be seen. A two-story evaporator, log granary and grey rambling rail fences scattered here and there. Atop the hill, against the forest stood a lonely frame house, weathered silver-grey by the elements of time. Its outstanding features were the huge white rock fireplace chimney, fashioned of native stone and the front porch overlooking the emerald green valley below. A little white schoolhouse stood on the far hill above Sugar Creek.

When Thomas arrived with the livestock and two stock dogs, the place came alive. He was happy with what he saw. He knew he couldn't have a better place had he gone in search of one.

In modern parlance Tommy Green would be called an agricultural "engineer." He immediately set about improving the land. Next to the main house he built a smokehouse; a springhouse used to "float" watermelons, apples and other produce in order to keep it cool and fresh; and a wash house. He also installed a gravity-fed system to pipe cold water into the house and wash house from a spring. Tommy also dug a fruit cellar with concrete walls and steps for storing fruits, vegetables, milk, cream and butter for winter use.

When the children were old enough to attend school, Tommy built a long swinging rope bridge over Sugar Creek. Using heavy cables, he anchored it to huge sycamore trees on one end and steel cables set firmly in heavy concrete pillars on the other end. As Tommy's daughter Alice put it: "Every child in the family clattered over that bridge endless times to cross Sugar Creek. It was a work of engineering skill and durability, lasting until the children were grown and gone from home."

Besides being such a good hand around the farmstead, Tommy was a musician, public speaker, and entrepreneur. As did daughter Alice's future husband Albert Kollenborn, Tommy played the harmonica.

Tommy Green was also a nondenominational minister. With the help of his neighbors (all farmers), Tommy built a church near his hillside.

A local resident named Stratton Brooks wrote the "Brooks Readers" school textbooks that were used at the country school in Dug Hill, the community in which the Green's farm was located. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks encouraged the Green girls to attend college. Many of them did, at the University of Missouri in Springfield. The Brooks couple helped the Green girls get jobs to help them work their way through college. Attending college was, in comparison with modern times, a rarity--especially for females.

Although he was a farmer first and foremost, Tommy also liked to spend time speaking and singing in public. He would often challenge various people to debate. The subject of the debate didn't matter so much as having the opportunity to engage in a little "spouting," as soapbox oratory was often referred to at the time. Tommy would invite neighbors to the Green home to sing and play musical instruments. The children enjoyed hearing him sing "Gypsy Davey" in his clear tenor; they would dance across the worn wood floor while he sang and played his harmonica.

Earlier, it was mentioned that the Ozarks was being hailed as a great fruit-growing country--and that it was, especially for apples. But when it comes to grapes, especially wine grapes, one would normally think first of California and perhaps New York when wine production in the United States came under discussion. The Ozarks would certainly not come up into the minds of many in this context. However, it was Ozark grapes that saved the French wine industry in 1867.

Lafferty's *The Ozarks – Land and Life* reports the details:

Even before the Italian immigrants began planting vineyards, farmers knew the western Ozarks as excellent grape country. Swiss immigrant Hermann Jaeger settled in Newton County, Missouri, where in 1867 he produced a hardy new grape by crossing Virginia grapes with the wild Ozark variety. Jaeger developed a large vineyard near Neosho with his hybrid, which proved to be very successful. Later, when he learned that grape lice were causing much damage in the vineyards of France, he suggested the adoption of cuttings from the wild Ozark grapes to give more resistance to the French vines. When his suggestions were received

favorably, Jaeger sent seventeen carloads of cuttings to France. Jaeger's plan proved successful and won him the Legion of Honor for his service to French agriculture.

Benton county also was famous for things other than apples and grapes. The Civil War Battle of Pea Ridge (sometimes called the "Gettysburg of the West") had been fought outside of Bentonville, as discussed in the 1862 chapter. Also, the infamous and cataclysmic event now known as the Trail of Tears occurred partly in that area. Starting from Cherokee Agency in Tennessee, and traversing through Cape Girardeau, Missouri, to its termination at Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, some of the marchers on this sad and blood-stained trail went through Benton County.

Perhaps surprisingly to some, these Cherokees owned several hundred black slaves. Ironically, the Cherokees viewed their slaveholding as proof of their being civilized. Regardless of what this proved or otherwise as to their being civilized, this makes plain that some of them were at least moderately well-to-do (poor people did not own many slaves), and also that these same ones did not place a premium on freedom for all men; naturally, they wanted it for themselves and "wept" when it was taken from them. This does not excuse the theft perpetrated or at least aided and abetted by the Andrew Jackson-led American government, though, during the time of the Indian Removals. And it bears noting that not *all* Cherokees owned slaves (just as not all Southerners owned slaves or condoned slavery).

Speaking of slavery and Southerners, many of these displaced Cherokees were to take part in the Battle of Pea Ridge, fighting on the side of the Confederates. As did many other Indian tribes, the Cherokees hoped that they would receive fairer treatment at the hands of a Confederate government than they had from the Union. In fact, the Cherokees had been promised by Confederate officials that Indian Territory would be granted statehood if the Confederacy won the war. This brings to mind the Indians in Colonial times who sided first with the French newcomers against the British, and later with the British against the Euro-Americans--apparently they felt the devil they knew *had to be* worse than the one they didn't.

1906

An Earthquake, A Man-made Jungle, and Legal Redress

“Talk about Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii, this surely beats it all.” – Frederick Collins, co-owner of a women’s clothing store that burned in the 1906 San Francisco fire

“You're a Sinclair, and that means something to us. I hope it means something to you.” – from the movie “Down in the Delta”

“The way it is now, the asylums can hold the sane people, but if we tried to shut up the insane we should run out of building materials.” – Mark Twain

- ◆ Debra May Shannon born California
- ◆ Lizzie Huddleston and Harry Kollenborn wed
- ◆ San Francisco Earthquake
- ◆ Upton Sinclair’s *The Jungle*
- ◆ John Silva’s children sue him
- ◆ George Gorham dies

On March 30th, ill-fated Debra May Shannon was born to Will and Gertie Shannon. She was their first daughter. Will nicknamed her “Girlie.” Although Gertie had praised the midwife that had helped her during the birth of her second son Kenneth, born two years earlier, she complained about this one, bouncing from hyperbole to meiosis: “The mid wife I had made Dad mad. She took all the covers I had on and I about froze to death. She was not satisfactory.”



Just three days later, on April 2nd, Ruie Lee Elizabeth “Lizzie” Huddleston--who had just turned seventeen on March 5th--married Henry Harrison “Harry” Kollenborn in northwestern Missouri. Harry would not reach the age of eighteen until the 4th of July. The service was conducted in the home of a minister, G.W. Hatcher. The marriage license states that those signing attest that the groom is over twenty-one and the bride over eighteen. Although both were under-aged, the Recorder of Deeds and the minister either looked the other way or didn’t look closely into the matter.

While seventeen may seem a young age for a man to marry, the age of legal consent to marriage by parents had just been raised the previous year in Kansas from 12 to 15 for brides and from 18 to 21 for grooms. Although Lizzie and Harry were married in Missouri, not neighboring Kansas, that shows what the prevailing practices in the region were.

Both Harry and Lizzie were residents of DeWitt in Carroll County. Coincidentally, Lizzie's grandfather was John Wesley Huddleston; Harry's father was James Wesley Kollenborn.

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One of the most devastating earthquakes in history shook northern California's Bay Area less than a month following Girlie's birth and the wedding of Lizzie and Harry Kollenborn. At 5:12 a.m. on April 18th, San Franciscans experienced a series of very destructive earthquakes.

While northern California had experienced major earthquakes before, such as one in 1865 that Mark Twain had been on hand for, this one was much more "special." Since more than one third of the 1.5 million residents of the state lived within seventy-five miles of San Francisco, it was felt by a high percentage of Californians. Remote Trinity County lies two hundred miles north of the "City by the Bay," and so was well away from the densely populated part of the state (and still is).

The rearranging of the landscape struck so suddenly and violently that hundreds of people were buried underneath rubble while still lying in their beds. Within two minutes, the earth returned to rest. The destruction wasn't yet over, though.

Besides the devastation and death dealt by the earthquake itself, there were upwards of sixty separate fires that broke out as a result of the quake. Firemen, as was the case during the great Chicago fire of 1871, were unable to douse the flames, as no water was available—the water mains had broken. After first unsuccessfully attempting to quell the fire with sewage, they dynamited sections of the city in an attempt to halt the spread of the blaze. Some victims trapped in the rubble begged soldiers (who were on the scene to enforce martial law and shoot even suspected looters on sight) to kill them, preferring instant death by bullet to the slow roasting they would suffer when the fires reached them.

Although the number of total deaths from the disaster is disputed, the official record of seven hundred is considered by most today to be significantly lower than the actual count--there were probably three or four times that many killed. Additionally, several thousand were injured, and 225,000 left homeless.

Charles Murdock, who had lived in Humboldt County as a youth but was a San Franciscan at the time of the quake, describes it in his autobiography "A Backward Glance at Eighty," written in 1921:

The earthquake and fire of April, 1906, many San Franciscans would gladly forget; but as they faced the fact, so they need not shrink from the memory. It was a never to be effaced experience of man's littleness and helplessness, leaving a changed consciousness and a new attitude. Being aroused from deep sleep to find the solid earth wrenched and shaken beneath you, structures displaced, chimneys shorn from their bases, water shut off, railway tracks distorted, and new shocks recurring,

induces terror that no imagination can compass. After breakfasting on an egg cooked by the heat from an alcohol lamp, I went to rescue the little I could from my office, and saw the restless approaching fire shortly consume it... Every person going up Market Street stopped to throw a few bricks from the street to make possible a way for vehicles. For miles desolation reigned. In the unburned districts bread-lines marked the absolute leveling. Bankers and beggars were one.

Although they also suffered immediate property damage, the aftermath of the earthquake was not wholly unwelcomed by the timber-rich area around Humboldt and Trinity counties. The rebuilding that was necessary proved to be an economic boon to the lumber industry of California's north coast.

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Few books have had as much impact on everyday life in America as did Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. Based on actual conditions in the meat packing plants in Chicago, this novel unleashed a storm of protests and resulted in the passing of many laws regarding the way food is commercially processed. The Pure Food and Drug Act was passed just six months after publication of Sinclair's book. By government standards, this was a very speedy response. For legislators, passing new regulatory laws in six months was cheetah-like in its swiftness.

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Four years after his first wife Mary Abby (Gorham) died, John Silva returned to the Azores to secure a new bride for himself. His minor children, whom he had apparently been neglecting, were worried that he was going to completely abandon them. The April 24th issue of the *Ferndale Enterprise*, a Humboldt County newspaper, ran the following article about John's minor children suing him for nonsupport:

The five minor children of John Silva of Hydesville have commenced action through Frank Rocha, their guardian ad litem, against their father for their support and education. They allege in their complaint that they have not been properly cared for and have received no education or proper clothing, although the father is well able to support them, he having some \$8,000 or \$10,0000 worth of property. They further allege that he is about to dispose of all his property and go to Portugal, leaving them destitute.

Portuguese possessions, such as the Azores, were often referred to as Portugal, and this is probably what was meant above. Donna Maria Texeira de Azevedo, the woman John took as his second wife, had been born--as he himself had been--in the Azores. It is likely that she was still living there at this time, and that that was the destination to which John

traveled—back to his old home island. One of Donna's stepchildren later described her by saying that she "had only one arm and was very mean." Whether one thing had anything to do with the other can only be guessed at.

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Mary's father George Gorham died just a few months after the legal complaint was brought against his son-in-law John Silva by Mary's children/George's grandchildren. Regarding the exact date of his demise, there is a little room for speculation, as is the case with his daughter. Some reports claim that he died December 4th, some December 8th, still others December 11th. The Ferndale newspaper, in reporting his death in their issue dated December 11th, stated about George that: "he died...last Saturday," which would have been the 8th.

George had spent the final five years of his life in Mendocino State Hospital. A descendant of his claims that this was a mental hospital. And it is true that this facility was originally (1889) named "Mendocino State Hospital for the Insane." In 1893, its name was changed to "Mendocino Asylum." Others claim that by this time the facility was a hospital/home for the indigent. It is worth noting that George's father William, who had died in 1872, was listed as residing in an asylum, in Nantucket, Massachusetts, in the 1870 census.

Coincidentally, it was on October 31st of this year (just a month or so before George's death) that a memorial was set up in Rhode Island at the site of The Great Swamp Fight of 1675, which took place during King Philip's War, at which George's great-great-great-grandfather was killed.

1907

AMOK

*You don't tug on Superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Slim*

– from the song “You Don’t Mess Around with Jim” by Jim Croce

“*I never let my schooling get in the way of my education.*” -- Mark Twain

“*Rough? Law yes! Hit war made that way on purpose. Ain't nothin' to a flat country nohow.*” – from “The Shepherd of the Hills” by Harold Bell Wright

“*He often challenged different ones to debate. The subject didn't matter.*” -- Alice (Green) Kollenborn, referring to her father, Thomas Green

“*The white man knows how make everything, but he does not know how to distribute it.*”
– Sitting Bull, Sioux

“*Let the stealer steal no more, but rather let him do hard work, doing with his hands what is good work, that he may have something to distribute to someone in need.*” – Ephesians 4:28

“*And your father has trifled with me, and he has changed my wages ten times.*” – Genesis 31:7

- ◆ Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn born Missouri
- ◆ John Albert Kollenborn's naval contemplations
- ◆ Harold Bell Wright's *Shepherd of the Hills*
- ◆ Panic of 1907
- ◆ James Vila “Man” Green born Arkansas
- ◆ U.S. establishes world's first air force
- ◆ Oklahoma becomes a state
- ◆ First daily comic strip
- ◆ Indian Givers

In 1907, only eight percent of U.S. residents had electricity in their homes. This was changing fast, though, for by 1920, a mere thirteen years later, this percentage had risen to 34.7. One day electricity would become ubiquitous and it would be hard to imagine life without it. The same can be said of automobiles. The speed limit in Missouri at this time was nine miles per hour. While it is true that driving a car was faster than walking, and faster than riding a horse, the speed difference was not dramatic. Automobile drivers were still looked on with a measure of

trepidation and suspicion, at least by the authorities. For example, in Missouri, the “Show-Me” State, one had to purchase a license from *each county* through which he drove.

It was into this world that Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn (later known as “Slim”) was born in DeWitt, Carroll County, Missouri, on March 10th, to Henry Harrison “Harry” Kollenborn and Ruie Lee Elizabeth (Huddleston) Kollenborn.

The tiny town of Dewitt is located on the Missouri River in the northern part of the state, between Mark Twain’s Hannibal to the east and Kansas City to the west, and is situated a few dozen miles north/northwest of the part of the state in which Daniel Boone and his family lived.

The town of DeWitt was also located on the Kansas City branch of the Wabash Railroad. This area around the Missouri River border area was called the Missouri Rhineland due to the large number of residents of German descent who lived there. Adding their numbers to this ethnic group were both the Kollenborn and Branstuder families—we will learn more about the Branstdusers later.

Probably most famous for being one of the places in which Mormons formed a colony but from which they were later driven out, DeWitt had been named for DeWitt Clinton, a former Governor of New York. In 1856, the berg’s name was temporarily changed to Winsor City, before reverting back to its original name.

The Mormons arrived in DeWitt on October 11th, 1838, and were driven out a decade and a day later. After being first asked to leave by the local townspeople—which request the group did not accede to—the Mormons were threatened. The Mormons responded by taking over the town. Outmanned by the militia of three to four thousand that assembled there to evict them, the Mormons finally departed for Daviess County—another step in their fits-and-starts migration that would ultimately terminate in Utah (which was, at the time they arrived there, not part of the United States).

History professor James Loewen's book *Lies My Teacher Told Me* reveals why the Missourians wanted the Mormons out:

The foremost reason why white Missourians drove the Mormons out of Missouri into Illinois in the 1830s was the suspicion that they were not “sound” on slavery. Indeed they were not: Mormons admitted black males to the priesthood and invited free negroes to join them in Missouri. In response to this pressure, Mormons not only fled Missouri but changed their attitudes and policies to resemble those of most white Americans in the 1840s, concluding that blacks were inferior and should not become full members. They did not reverse this policy until 1978.

As mentioned in the 1804 chapter, Meriwether Lewis, William Clark, and the rest who comprised the Corps of Discovery passed through modern-day Carroll and Chariton Counties on their way west.

DeWitt, as was mentioned, is located in Carroll County, but Albert spent most of his early years three miles east in the town of Brunswick, across the Carroll County line in Chariton County. The Missouri River forms the southern border of both counties, although these were at the time Ray and Howard Counties, respectively. Albert was born a century after Meriwether Lewis became Governor of the Territory of Missouri.

Brunswick was named by Englishman James Keyte (for whom the nearby town of Keytesville is named) for the Brunswick near Manchester, England. Brunswick was originally located right on the Missouri River, five hundred yards south of its present location, but was gradually eaten away by the river's unpredictable hydraulic re-engineering of the landscape.

Founded in 1836, twenty years later the few buildings in Brunswick that had been spared by the river were moved to the town's new location. Perhaps it was this renewal of Brunswick that inspired the citizens of DeWitt to change the name of their town (albeit temporarily) to Winsor City, also named for a place in England. The course of the Missouri River continues to change; today, the town is even further from that mighty stream.

At a time when the town boasted a population of about 2,200 souls, a local booster claimed that Brunswick consisted of "moral, intelligent, refined and progressive citizens, whose unstinted hospitality has never failed to make a favorable and lasting impression upon the stranger within her gates."

Today Brunswick is a town of 925. The Grand River, which occupies, in part, a former section of the Missouri River, runs through the area, as do railroad tracks still. The entire area is also dotted with pecan orchards.

Albert was the first child for both Harry and Lizzie, and would be the only one they would have together. Both of them, though, would have many more children by subsequent mates. In fact, both of them would have a second son around the same time and name him Charles—so Albert ended up with two half brothers named Charles who were nearly the same age.

Harry left his fledgling family shortly after Albert's birth. Lizzie worked in the kitchen of a well-to-do family in the area, who helped raise Albert. At least partially responsible for the breakup may have been Harry's desire to live in Kansas, while Lizzie wanted to stay in Missouri, where she had roots and a large number of relatives. Both the William Kollenborn and James Kollenborn families, who moved several times together *en masse*, lived in many places in both states. While growing up, Albert would live on and off with his maternal grandfather Bob Huddleston in "the (river) bottoms" of Kansas City, on the border of the two states which had been such bitter rivals in the Civil War era.

We don't know what prompted the Kollenborns to move from northern Missouri to southeastern Kansas, but there was a man named Frank Crouch from Carrollton, Missouri (the county seat of Carroll County,

where the Kollenborns lived) who ended up in that part of Kansas, in the town of Iola. The Kollenborns may have known this man and found out about the then-booming area of Kansas from him, or perhaps even been involved in the business that Mr. Crouch went to Iola to operate. The January 19th, 1901 issue of *The Iola Register* notes in this regard:

Frank Crouch of Carrollton, Mo., who built, owns, and operates successfully a street railway in that town is in Iola preparing to build an electric line to connect this city with Gas City, Lanyonville and La Harpe.

By the time all was said and done, Albert would have nine siblings—four brothers and five sisters. Harry had three more boys and two girls; Lizzie had one more boy followed by three girls. But Albert would not see any of his paternal siblings until late in life, as his father Harry relocated to Kansas and did not stay in contact with either Lizzie or Albert.

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Albert may have been named for John Albert Kollenborn. The problematic thing about this possibility, though, is determining just who John Albert Kollenborn *was* in relation to Albert. This is what we *do* know: John was born May 1898, and was thus almost nine years old at the time of Albert's birth. He entered the Navy in Kansas City, Missouri, on April 29th, 1917 (the United States had entered The Great War on April 6th). The record states that John was eighteen years and eleven months old at the time (that's how we know he was born May, 1898). Based on the year of John's birth, he was probably one of Harry's cousins, the son of either William Henry, Charles Edgar or, possibly, Richard Lee Kollenborn (but most likely not the latter, since Richard was nineteen at the oldest when John was born).

John Albert Kollenborn spent a year and a half in the Navy and never left the States. His first assignment was training in Illinois, followed by training in South Carolina. After that, John was stationed in Florida for the duration of his remaining military service. By then, the war had ended. He had been in (formerly Spanish) Florida during the worst part of the "Spanish" flu. Starting as an apprentice seaman, John A. worked his way up to coxswain (a petty officer in charge of the ship's boat and who is its steersman) by the time he was mustered out of the service.

In the 1930 census, John Albert Kollenborn is found back in Kansas City, living with his mother Mary C., who was born 1874 in Scotland, his sister Edith, and brother Kermit. The children's father was either dead or otherwise gone. Of the earlier postulated theories, we might at first surmise that Charles Edgar Kollenborn was most likely John's father. After all, Charles had been married to a Mary. However, *that* Mary's full name was Mary Elmina (Swift) Kollenborn, and so she doesn't seem to fit this Mary, whose middle name began with "C." Besides, it appears that Mary E. died in Idaho in 1920. William Henry Kollenborn married Eliza

Jane Pattison, and Richard Lee Kollenborn married Eva Grove. In short, John's parentage, and thus his familial relationship with Albert, is a bit of a mystery. It is fairly certain they *were* related, though, based on their close geographical proximity coupled with the rarity of the Kollenborn surname.

So we *may* know the source, or inspiration, of Albert's first name. Now as to his two middle names, Lee and Benjamin:

Albert's first middle name, Lee, was a family name. Lizzie's maternal grandmother Laura's maiden name was Lee. Lizzie had a grand aunt named Anna Lee Huddleston; and she herself had two middle names, the first of which was Lee. Albert would pass on this name to his first daughter and last son as their middle names, also.

As for Albert's second middle name, Benjamin, he had a great-great-grandfather Benjamine—perhaps his name was derived from this ancestor, dropping the 'e'. Alternatively, it could be that Albert was given the name Benjamin so as to create a "matched set" with his father Henry. Presidents William Henry Harrison and his grandson, President Benjamin Harrison, may have been the inspiration in this case. Benjamin had been President from 1889, the year of Lizzie's birth, to 1893, and had died six years previously, in 1901. Albert would eventually give his youngest son both of his middle names, but in reverse order: Benjamin as his first name, and Lee as his middle name.

In addition to Theodore Shannon, Albert's contemporaries included John Wayne, who would be born two months later, on May 26th in Winterset, Iowa. His name at birth was Marion Robert Morrison. When a brother was born later and given the name Robert, Marion's middle name was changed to Michael. American "cowboy" icon Wayne would die June 11th, 1979, nine days before Theodore Shannon's death. Author William Saroyan would be born in Fresno the next year. Other notables are fellow Missourians Langston Hughes, born 1902 in Joplin (where Albert would later live), John Huston, and Robert A. Heinlein. Huston and Heinlein were both born in this same year of 1907 in the Show-Me State, in the small towns of Nevada and Butler, respectively.

Dennis Weaver, who some say bore a striking resemblance to Theodore Russell Shannon, was born June 4th, 1924, in Joplin. Dennis may have been one of the older kids on the school grounds when David and Lyle Kollenborn attended school there in the late 1930s.

It was not at all unusual for the time and place that Albert only received a 4th grade education. In 1915, only fourteen percent of Americans between the ages of fourteen and seventeen attended High school. Missouri did not have compulsory school attendance until 1918. Even so, grade school attendance was only seventy-five percent in 1920—and school years, at least in rural areas, were much shorter even than they are nowadays, as children were needed to help on the farm, especially during harvest time.

Leaving school at a young age didn't mean you were a slacker or a dullard, though, or that you would be doomed to a life of poverty. For

instance, indifferent student and fellow Missourian Mark Twain only “enjoyed” a formal education until he was eleven years old.

Also, according to Irvine’s “History of Humboldt County” (published in 1915) the education received in those times may have been more highly concentrated than that dispensed later. In the bio of Thomas Kemper Carr (who may have been the father or uncle of the “Mr. Caar” who came to the aid of the Shannon family in a time of need, referred to in Gertie Shannon’s memoirs), Irvine states:

When Mr. Carr completed the grammar grade he had finished the course of study that now comprises the second year of high school...The mental equipment with which he left the grammar school was perhaps little inferior to that of boasted graduates of higher institutions of learning today...

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Harold Bell Wright’s pro-rural/anti-urban novel *Shepherd of the Hills*, set in the Ozarks near Branson, Missouri--situated roughly between DeWitt in that state and Benton County, Arkansas--was published this year. That area is still known today as the “Shepherd of the Hills Country.” Wright’s sentimental story of mountain life was one of the most read books of the time, and is in fact said to be the fourth most widely read book in publishing history.

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As George Gorham had been in 1819, Albert Kollenborn was born in a year of financial “panic.” In fact, a depression officially began the day Albert was born, March 10th. Panics, hard times, or depressions--however you choose to refer to them--were nothing new. America had faced such from 1873-1879, then from 1882-1885, and yet again from 1893-1897. The hard times that came upon the United States in 1907 would last through the next year. This time, the panic was severe enough that there was a run on banks. J.P. (John Pierpont) Morgan, who owned the nation’s first billion-dollar company, U.S. Steel, arranged loans that bailed out the near-bankrupt U.S. government.

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Albert’s future brother-in-law, James (or Jesse, as his first name is sometimes recorded) Vila “Man” Green, was born in Dug Hill, Arkansas, this year. He was the first of the Green children to be born in Arkansas--and he was Tommy and Belle’s first son. Tommy called him his little “Man” and the name stuck—he was known as “Man Green” throughout his life.

Albert would later live in Arkansas, as well as Oklahoma and Kansas which, taken together with Missouri, form the boundaries of the Ozarks. Together, these make up the AMOK states (Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas) in which Albert would spend the first thirty-odd years of his life.

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The United States, only four years after the Wright flight, established the world's first air force.

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Oklahoma became a state November 16th.

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The first daily comic strip made its appearance this year in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "Mutt," which later became "Mutt and Jeff," thus became the forerunner of "Blondie and Dagwood," "Dennis the Menace," "Garfield," "The Far Side," "Prince Valiant," "Frank and Ernest," "LuAnn," "Calvin and Hobbs," "Nancy and Sluggo," "Doonesbury," and all the rest.

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This year, Congress granted to the Bureau of Indian Affairs the power to sell lands belonging to Indians who the BIA commissioner deemed "incompetent." That is to say, if the government agency adjudged a person as not having "properly" developed his land (according to their viewpoint of how it should be developed, and disregarding any heirs the owner may have had), they would confiscate it.

1908

Married by a Stranger

“What’s in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.”
– William Shakespeare

“The minute we get reconciled to a person, how willing we are to throw aside little needless punctilios and pronounce his name right.” – Mark Twain

- ◆ Ford's Model T
- ◆ Harry Kollenborn and Myrtle Buster wed
- ◆ Charles Kollenborn born

Ford's Model T was made available this year to all who could scrape together the \$825 selling price.



Harry Kollenborn and Lizzie (Huddleston) Kollenborn divorced soon after the birth of their son Albert. Shortly after that, Harry and Myrtle Buster wed--on May 5th, 1908, in Iola, Kansas. They were both residents of nearby La Harpe at the time. If Myrtle was born in 1886 rather than 1891 (records disagree, but most say 1886, as does Myrtle's daughter Thora), she was two years older than Harry. However, on their marriage record, it is claimed that Harry was twenty-two (he was really only nineteen), and that Myrtle was twenty-one (which would have been true if she was born after May 5th in 1886).

The marriage certificate was filled out by somebody who didn't know Harry, apparently--his surname is spelled Colenborn. Or perhaps the anti-German sentiment of the era caused Harry to alter the spelling of his name to disguise his Teutonic blood. Or perhaps Harry was "hiding" from the family he had left behind in Missouri.

Myrtle would become the mother of five half-siblings of Albert Kollenborn: Charles Lee, Roy Edward, James Henry, Emma Marie and Thora Louise. There are family pictures in the 1920 chapter (with Harry), and the 1921 chapter, too (sans Harry).



Harry probably named his son born 1908 Charles Lee for two of his uncles: Charles Edgar Kollenborn and Richard Lee Kollenborn. Harry's first wife Lizzie also had a Charles, born around the same time--between 1909 and 1911--with her second husband Charles Davidson.

James Henry Kollenborn was named for both his grandfather James Wesley Kollenborn and his father Henry Harrison "Harry" Kollenborn.

Half-brothers Albert and James, although they didn't know one another growing up, finally met as aged men.

As of the time of writing, the two youngest of Albert Kollenborn's half-siblings (he had no full brothers or sisters) are the only ones surviving. His paternal half-sister, Thora Louise (Kollenborn) Wheeler, born 1920 in Carlyle, Kansas, resides with her husband in Central California. Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon, born 1922 in Hiwasse, Arkansas, still lives near there, in Siloam Springs, Arkansas.

1909

Walking Aisles and Endless Miles

“Reflections on hunting. My father was a hunter. During the Great Depression and the war years, he killed dozens of deer, hundreds of cottontail rabbits, in order to put meat on the table for his hungry family. My mother would can the extra rabbit, putting it up in jars. During the fifties and sixties, as the times got better, my father gradually gave up hunting. Never in his life has he killed another living thing for sport. Except, that is, during his boyhood. Before he grew up. Hunters, he would explain, never kill for sport. ...All those red-coated men we see out in the field during deer season--what are they up to? Well, some of them are hunters, engaged in the ancient, honorable, and serious business of providing meat for kith and kin. The majority, however, outnumbering the hunters and the deer as well by ninety-nine to one, are not hunters but merely gunners. Sportsmen.” -- from “The Journey Home: Some Words in Defense of the American West” by Edward Abbey

“Today hunting and fishing are an important source of food of poverty-stricken Indian peoples, but they are merely a sport for white men in the western Pacific states. Yet the states insist upon harassment of Indian people in continual attempts to take by force what they promised a century earlier would be reserved for Indians forever.” – Vine Deloria, Jr., in “Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto”

“Buy land. They've stopped making it.” – Mark Twain

- ◆ Howard Shannon born California
- ◆ Theodore Shannon kills his first deer
- ◆ E. P. Weston walks from New York to San Francisco
- ◆ Lizzie Huddleston and Charles Davidson wed
- ◆ Emma Silva and Jeremiah Nelson wed
- ◆ Homestead Act Revisited

Theodore Shannon's second brother--and Will and Gertie Shannon's second boy named Howard--was born this year, on February 14th in Hoaglin Valley, California. Howard William Shannon was born five years after Kenneth Howard Shannon.

As mentioned in the 1906 chapter, Will Shannon didn't care for the midwife they had employed when Gertie gave birth to their daughter Debra ("Girlie"). This time, Will took over the duties himself and helped with the delivery of Howard, a service he would perform at the births of others of his subsequent children, too.



Howard's oldest brother Theodore was seven years old at this time. A milestone for Theodore this year was bagging his first deer. His garb was

probably coveralls, not a red jacket or camouflage and an orange cap. His mode of transportation was not a 4-wheel drive truck or jeep. He stalked his prey on foot. It wasn't a trophy he was after, but meat for the table. Although he would grow up to be a stout man able to impress others with his physical strength--hefting 100-lb. sacks as if they were bags of marshmallows--at the age of seven Theodore needed help to port the game back home. Gertie noted about this incident: "I remember when Theodore was seven years old, he killed his first deer. He came home for the horse and I went with him to get the deer."

Had the Shannons been a Wintu Indian family (many of whom still lived in the area, their traditional territory ranging from Trinity County on the west to Shasta County on the east, the eldest of whom could at this time still remember "Pre-Contact" times, before the whites came), this event would have marked Theodore's "coming of age," and a feast would have been thrown in his honor. This is described in Alice Shepherd's *In My Own Words; Stories, Songs, and Memories of Grace McKibbin, Wintu*, as follows:

Very little is known about traditional Wintu approaches to rearing children. They were expected to rise early and bathe in the river, and from an early age they accompanied family members of their own sex to learn their roles. When a boy shot his first deer or caught his first salmon, he had to bathe as soon as he got home and was not allowed to eat any of the meat. His parents gave a small feast in his honor and that marked his maturity.

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A man named E.P. Weston "hoofed it" all the way from New York to San Francisco this year, a distance of over three thousand miles.

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Marrying for the second time at the age of twenty, Ruie Lee Elizabeth (Huddleston) Kollenborn and Charles Davidson tied the knot. Although the exact date for this event is unknown, it was probably mid-summer at the latest, as they would have a child in April of the following year.

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Walking the matrimonial aisle on November 27th this year in northern California were Midwest-born mariner Jeremiah Bliss Nelson and Emma Laura Silva. Emma was George Gorham's granddaughter and Theodore Shannon's future mother-in-law.

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The original homestead act had allowed pioneers 160 acres of land, free of charge if they personally lived on and otherwise made use of the land. For some parts of the country, 160 acres wasn't always enough from which to extract a living. This year, an enlarged allowance was made for homesteaders, doubling the amount of land they could claim to 320 acres.

Although the American wilderness had been officially proclaimed as no longer existing by the 1890 census bureau, there was a section of the country that still needed settlers, in the government's eyes: The plains, an area that had been passed over as migrants passed through it on the way west to California and Oregon. The driest regions on the plains were not productive enough for a family to make a go of it lest they were able to claim a full half-section of land (320 acres).

The first white men to utilize the region turned their cattle out to the grassy plains, a seemingly limitless supply of fodder. Later, men whom the ranchers would derisively term "sodbusters" came in, and put the land to work growing wheat. As we will see in the Dust Bowl chapters, though, that was an egregious error.

1910

Going Out Together

"I came in with Halley's Comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's Comet. The Almighty has said, no doubt: "Now here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together." – Mark Twain, 1909

"Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral? It is because we are not the person involved." -- Mark Twain

- ◆ Charles “Buck” Davidson born Missouri or Kansas
- ◆ Mark Twain dies
- ◆ Census

Shortly after his birth in 1907, Albert Kollenborn’s parents divorced. His father Harry married Myrtle Buster on May 5th, 1908. Harry and Myrtle’s first child Charles was born in December of that year. Harry and Myrtle would end up having five children together. Albert’s mother Lizzie also soon remarried. Whereas Harry was only one year older than Lizzie, her second husband, Charles Edgar Davidson, was nine years her senior. As was the case with her union with Harry, she and Charles only had one child together. Although named for his father, Charles Davidson, born this year, was known as “Buck” throughout his life. Albert now had a half-brother in the household.

There was also a Charles Edgar Kollenborn, who was an uncle of Harry’s. Assuming Lizzie knew him, she could have either named her son Charles after the boy’s father and her ex-husband’s uncle (the father’s middle name also started with E, and could easily have been Edgar).

Lizzie’s only surviving child at the time of writing, Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon, of Siloam Springs, Arkansas, recalls that Harry wanted to live in Kansas, while Lizzie preferred remaining in Missouri. With that background information, it is somewhat ironic that Lizzie and Charles Davidson’s son--according to the 1930 census--was born in Kansas.

It should be noted regarding census data, though, that it can not be completely relied on for accuracy. Oftentimes a respondent will state one thing in one census, and another thing in another--or the responses are recorded or transcribed inaccurately. The answers the householders provide the census enumerators are taken at face value, and it may be that the respondents are either not always truthful, not consistent, or perhaps misunderstood the question. In determining which conflicting piece of data is right, one might elect to accept the answer given most often—for example, if a person appears in five census reports, and in four he says he was born in Missouri and in one he claims Kansas as his

birthplace, he was (barring solid evidence proving otherwise) probably born in Missouri.

Census data is not made available until seventy-two years after the date of the census. The most recent census for which the data has been made public, at time of writing, is 1930. The 1940 census will not be made public until 2012.

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Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) died on April 21st of this year. The man known for frivolity and wit in his younger years had grown increasingly caustic and pessimistic as a result of the many difficult times he faced later in life. His wry irreverence grew less playful and more scathing as tragedy embittered his heart. At the time of his death, Twain had lost not only his parents and many of his siblings, but also his wife, his only son, his namesake nephew, and all of his daughters but one. Twain “went out,” as he predicted, with Halley’s Comet, just as he had arrived with its most recent previous appearance.

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As recorded in the 1910 census, Albert’s mother Lizzie and her then-husband Charles Davidson, a carpenter, were living in DeWitt, Missouri. Charles and Lizzie had been married less than a year at the time the census was administered on April 18th. Included in the household were their son Charles as well as Lizzie and Harry’s son Albert (whose last name was unaccountably recorded as “Mellelborn”). Albert was recorded as a three-year old stepson, so it was apparently Charles who answered the census enumerator’s questions. He may have really not known Albert’s true last name, or deliberately mangled it out of spite or misguided mirth.

For both Charles and Lizzie it is claimed that their fathers were born in Tennessee and their mothers in Missouri. This provides an example of the unreliability of census data, for Lizzie’s father Robert, in his response to the question as to the place of his birth, stated that he was born in Missouri (according to the family story, though, Robert *was* born in Tennessee and came to Missouri as a young boy). Another anomaly is that, although Buck was recorded as being born in Missouri in this census, in the 1930 census Kansas is given as the place of his birth. Again, besides the possibilities of faulty memories or being misinformed, there is always the possibility with census data that a question--or answer--was misunderstood--or even that the interviewee purposely (for whatever reason) misled the census enumerator.

Lizzie and Charles and the two boys were living in the same household with Lizzie’s parents and siblings. Lizzie had two sisters, Rosie and Viola, and two brothers, Robert and Samuel. Her youngest brother Samuel, her mother’s last child, and her first son Albert were about the

same age. Albert's aunt Rosie was ten years older than him. Since they were living in the same household, she was probably more like an older sister or even a second mother to Albert than an aunt. Rosie apparently made a favorable impression on Albert, for in 1938 he would give his first daughter that name.

Harry Kollenborn had by now made his way to Prospect, in Butler County, Kansas. Harry's grandfather William was still in Missouri, though--in Metz township, Vernon County. Metz is only 29 miles north of Nevada, Missouri, where actor/producer John Huston was born in 1907.

On the census, Harry claimed that both he and his father were born in Illinois, but that his mother was born in Germany. But at least in his case, that wasn't true; Harry was born either somewhere in Kansas or--more likely--in Jasper County, Missouri.

Over on the Pacific coast, in Trinity County, the Will Shannon family was residing in Mad River township. Will is listed as an independent farmer (meaning he owned the land he was farming). Gertie's father is listed as having been born in Michigan (we know that to be true), and her mother in Illinois (which is an otherwise-undocumented bit of data).

1911

Lost and Found

"When people are free to do as they please, they usually imitate each other." -- Eric Hoffer

"One girl tried to keep her body upright. Until the very instant she touched the sidewalk, she was trying to balance herself." -- William Gunn Shepherd

"Sometimes I guess there just aren't enough rocks." -- Tom Hanks as Forrest Gump in the movie of that name

"Possibly I know now what the soldier feels when a bullet crashes through his heart." -- Mark Twain, writing about the death of his daughter Jean

- ◆ Alice Green born Arkansas
- ◆ Triangle Shirtwaist Fire
- ◆ Debra Shannon dies from Rattlesnake Bite
- ◆ "Ishi" Found near Oroville

A law was passed in Kansas this year disallowing the public consumption of snakes. Apparently, this macabre culinary practice was a problem in that part of the country at the time.

Meanwhile, a little to the southeast, in a state that *almost* borders Kansas, near the spot where it touches southwestern Missouri and northeastern Oklahoma (whose northern side juts up into Kansas, preventing Kansas and Arkansas from meeting), Alice Gladys Green was born at her parents' home at Dug Hill in Benton County, Arkansas. Tommy and Belle (Myers) Green welcomed their little girl on January 18th--the same date on which Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and his brother Kenneth were born, back in 1902 and 1904, respectively. Nineteen years later Alice would marry Albert Kollenborn.

A couple of Alice's better-known contemporaries that she outlived include Ronald Reagan (1911-2004), and Bonnie Parker (of "Bonnie and Clyde" infamy), who was born 1911 and died in 1934, when Alice's first child, David, was one year old.

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Alice Green in an early photograph

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On March 26th in New York City, unsafe working conditions led to what would rank as America's worst workplace disaster until September 11th, 2001. Shirtwaists (blouses) had been popularized by Charles Dana

Gibson's "Gibson girl," and were replacing corsets as *de rigueur* for the new, modern, twentieth century woman. Demand was great; shirtwaist makers were so busy that the workers often put in eighty-four hour weeks, and sometimes as much as one hundred or more.

Tragedies caused by bullets discharged from "empty" guns are perhaps only eclipsed in number by fires started by "extinguished" cigarettes. The latter phenomenon was the cause of a wicked inferno at the Triangle Shirtwaist Company in New York City. A supposedly extinguished cigarette had been discarded into a scrap bin at the factory. The resulting blaze ultimately resulted in the deaths of one hundred forty-six workers who had no other recourse when the flames reached them than to jump out windows on the eighth and ninth floors.

The tallest ladder the New York Fire Department had did not reach high enough to rescue the trapped workers. The building's fire escape was so inadequate that it could not bear the weight of those who attempted to use it. It collapsed in a Mobius strip-like heap of twisted metal, spilling its human contents out into the alley below. More than eighty of the victims died from making impact with the ground, having either fallen, jumped, or been pushed by panicking co-workers behind them. Some of the women and girls (most of the workers were sixteen- to twenty-three year old immigrants of the feminine gender) were seen jumping out together, hand-in-hand, falling to their deaths.

Crowds gathered on the street and watched in horror, unable to do anything to help the victims. Some of those falling and jumping from the buildings trailed flames from their clothing and hair. One girl seemed to be saved when her dress caught on a wire, suspending her in midair above the pavement. Shortly, though, the flames burned her dress—her lifeline—and she plunged the rest of the way to the street, to her death.

A thirteen-year-old girl clung tenaciously to life, gripping the windowsill on the tenth floor until flames reached her; she also fell to her death.

Exacerbating the danger of the situation was the fact that the owners were so worried about theft by their low-paid employees that they kept one of the exit doors locked at closing time (the conflagration began right at the end of the work day). Because of this situation, all of the workers had to file past an inspector who would look into their purses, and frisk them if he deemed such necessary, to see that no shirtwaists were stolen.

After the conflagration ended, the crumpled bodies were picked up from the street and gathered from where they were strewn throughout the building. Many of the victims had fallen or jumped down the elevator shaft, and were found on top of the elevator car. The bodies were taken to a central location to be identified by family members. Many of the victims were so badly charred that this was a very difficult undertaking indeed. In most cases the victims were identified by a particular item of jewelry or something unique about their clothing. The book "Triangle: The Fire that Changed America" by David von Drehle, reports:

Now and then a shock of recognition announced itself in a piercing cry or sudden sob splitting the ghastly quiet. When Clara Nussbaum found her daughter Sadie, she ran to the edge of the pier and tried to throw herself into the river.

Naturally, many heartrending stories could be told regarding individual victims and their families. One more of these, from the above-mentioned book, will suffice:

A teenager named Rosie Shannon joined the line at 8 A.M. on the morning after the fire. After waiting several hours, she reached the rows of coffins and began filing past the burned and battered faces in search of her boyfriend, Joseph Wilson. He had come to New York from Philadelphia not long before, intending to marry her. The previous evening, Shannon waited for Wilson to meet her after work. They were planning to pick a date for their wedding, but he never arrived. She found his badly burned body in coffin No. 34. Though his face was beyond recognition, he was wearing the ring she had given him. Shannon mentioned to a policeman that he should also have been carrying a pocket watch. When the authorities produced it, she opened the case--and there, inside the cover, was her picture staring back at her.*

* No relation to the Rosie Lee (Kollenborn) Shannon in this book.

As proof that some people never learn and have no shame, one of the owners (the two being known at the time as "The Shirtwaist Kings"), Max Blanck, was arrested two years later, in 1913, for locking a door at his 5th Avenue factory during working hours. In 1914, he was caught again--this time, his company was sewing counterfeit Consumer's League labels into its garments. These labels were supposed to guarantee that the garments had been produced in safe workplace conditions.

The ironic thing about these later transgressions by Blanck is that the Triangle Fire was the catalyst for many of the legal reforms which had been instituted in subsequent years. The reason people wanted to be assured a garment was produced in safe workplace conditions was precisely because of the tragedy at the Triangle Shirtwaist Company. For example, laws were passed that called for automatic sprinklers in high-rise buildings, and for mandatory fire drills to be conducted in large shops. Doors had to be unlocked during working hours, and swing outward. Blanck never got the point, or simply didn't care.

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A little over three months after the Triangle Shirtwaist Fire, another tragedy struck, at the home of Will and Gertie Shannon in Trinity County. Their daughter Debra May ("Girlie") was bitten by a rattlesnake on July 2nd, died the next day, and was buried on the fourth of July, on

the twenty-third anniversary of Harry Kollenborn's birth. Writing of her firstborn daughter Debra, Gertie reminisced:

She made some biscuits and was not going to tell her father that she had made them but she waited as long as she could, after he had eaten a couple, and just could not wait for him to say anything. She asked him how they were, and he told her fine. She then told him she had made them. She knew if they were not good, he would say something.

She often said she was mama's little helper.

The day before she was bitten by the rattle snake, she and I went up into the field where the two oldest boys were working in the hay, and she and Kenneth ran a race to the house. She beat him, and I think to this day that he let her beat on purpose. She was so happy.

The 3rd of July, 1911, Dad and Theodore and Kenneth were up on top of the hill, working in the hay. Girlie took Howard up, walking with him around the side of the mountain, through the woods and the brush. She hadn't quite reached the field when the rattlesnake bit her on the inside of the instep. She pushed Howard out of the way, and cried for her daddy. They ran to where she was, and carried her to the house. She begged for water but someone told us to give her whiskey, and keep all the water away from her. It wasn't the 3rd after all because that is when she died and she did live for a day. It was the second that she'd gone for her stroll with Howard. Howard was 2 ½ when Girlie was taken from us, and Theodore was 9 and Kenneth was 7. She was a little over five years old. She is buried in her family's beloved Trinity County, in Hoaglin Valley, real close to where Theodore and Robert live.

Whether refraining from administering her whiskey and/or allowing her to quench her thirst with water would have saved Girlie's life, it is impossible to say. The Indians who lived in the area had what they considered a sure-fire way of preventing death by rattlesnake bite. Che-na-wah Weitch-ah-wah, whose "English" name was Lucy Thompson, wrote about this in *To the American Indian, Reminiscences of a Yurok Woman*:

...the doctors...used roots and herbs of different kinds, and they are hard to beat as doctors in a great many kinds of sickness. They can cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not one of them ever dying from the bite. I knew many of the people that were bitten by the rattlesnake at different times, and they were cured and lived to be very old. For this cure they use saltwater out of the ocean and the root of the onion of what you call kelp and which is taken out of the ocean. They pound the onion of the kelp and make a poultice out of it, place it over the wound and keep it wet with the saltwater, at the same time letting the patient drink all he can of the saltwater. The patient is kept perfectly still and not allowed to move about

more than is necessary. They bind the limb or place where the part is bitten to prevent the free circulation of the blood through these parts.

Would the Indian cure have worked in Girlie's case? Who knows? It's interesting to note the differing medical approaches to the problem taken by the two cultures, though.

Gertie returns to this event later on in her memoirs:

Sadness also came to our house when our Girlie was bitten by a rattlesnake and we had to bury her. She was bitten on the 3rd of July & we buried her the 4th of July. This day is a hard one for me to be happy on. There was the annual picnic and Dad was carrying mail at the time. He asked John Holtorf if he would carry the mail that day, as he had to bury his girl. John said he couldn't as he had to be at that picnic, and it was too bad that she had to die just at this time. This answer made us both feel real bad, as it was too bad she had to die at all, and she certainly couldn't help what day the Lord took her home.

Anyway, Dad asked Mr. Caar to carry the mail so he could attend Girlie's funeral, and Mr. Caar said yea, right away. He also made the coffin and lined it all with sheets. Mrs. Monroe Lampley was not able to come so she sent Mrs. Frank Lampley to help us out. She came and spent the night with us, fixing up her body for burial. They also went to the cemetery with us. They were the only ones except for the grave diggers to come to her funeral. Everyone else had to go to a 4th of July picnic and this has never ceased to leave a horrible feeling with us.

Mrs. Gray was so sick she couldn't come to the house to comfort or help us, and yet she was at this picnic. Maude Gilman said she'd come but that it was too late by the time she heard. She said she liked Girlie and would have been with us. She said even if she didn't know or like the parents, she would have come for the child. Mrs. Frank Lampley invited us all to come home with them, and we appreciated it but we had to go home.

Dad always said we buried her about the same as they'd bury a dog. There wasn't a minister and Dad had to say what was said. We had no songs or no service of any kind. We'll never forget that horrible day. Just put the box in the ground, Dad say a couple of words, & put the dirt on the box. All the neighbors at a picnic.

Gertie and Will were obviously bitter about the 4th of July picnic taking precedence with their neighbors over their daughter's funeral services. Showing just how significant 4th of July celebrations in California were at the time, Arthur T. Johnson wrote in his 1912 book *California, an Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State* about a town in the Shasta foothills (Shasta County borders Trinity County):

It was July 3rd, and great were the preparations being made at the central establishment, an inefficient combination of saloon, post-office, and store, of the colony, for the proper celebration of the “Glorious Fourth.” There was much bunting displayed on all sides. Stars and Stripes swaddled every unsightly board of barn and veranda; they wall-papered the wooden erection put up for the accommodation of dancers; festoons of ensigns hung limply in the sultry air from tree to tree...Everybody was in that high state of nervous tension which broods over the eve of a calamity, and it was only after the most judicious pleading, only after I had walked some miles to and from half a dozen ranches, that I could obtain enough horse-feed for the night. It strained the efforts of the whole family at the store to the utmost, to provide me with a few simple necessities. Everybody was so busy. There was so much going and coming, bustle and commotion. Yet it appeared to me that there was very little being achieved beyond talking and drinking. What did one want with bread and stamps and eggs on the eve of “The Fourth”?



Only about 160 miles south/southeast from the Shannon ranch in Trinity County, another real-life drama was unfolding. A Yahi Indian who came to be known as Ishi (he considered it immodest to tell others his given name, so he was known by the word in his language for “man”), was found near an outbuilding near Oroville, California. Forced by hunger to leave his mountain stronghold, Ishi was the sole surviving member of the Yahi Tribe, which was until his sudden appearance thought to have been extinct. Shortly after 1850, the white settlers killed all but a handful of the Yahi, who had resisted American settlement. Ishi and a few others had escaped and hid for decades in the harsh and wild country at the foot of Mount Lassen.

Eventually only Ishi, his mother, and his sister remained of the Yahi. After his aged mother had died, and his sister had been killed by whites, Ishi was alone. His hunting implements were then found and taken by a group of people walking through his land in the hills above town. Had his hunting and fishing utensils not been confiscated by these souvenir-hunters, Ishi could have lived off the land alone indefinitely. But as it was, he was on the verge of starvation.

The frightened, gaunt, middle-aged Indian was taken into protective custody when discovered near the slaughter house on the outskirts of Oroville. Soon thereafter, he was transferred to San Francisco, where he became the friend of Native American expert A.L. Kroeber. While at the Museum of Anthropology there, Ishi was something of a living artifact, a piece of history on display. As would be the fate of so many Indians, this kindhearted man, who found brooms fascinating but accepted airplanes as a matter of course, would eventually succumb to a disease he contracted from living among the Euro-Americans.

1912

Icebergs, Maidens, and the Bull Moose

“Bring your life preservers, please.” – What stewards on the Titanic said to the passengers

“I don’t know whether you fully understand that I have just been shot; but it takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose. But fortunately I had my manuscript, so you see I was going to make a long speech, and there is a bullet - there is where the bullet went through - and it probably saved me from it going into my heart. The bullet is in me now, so that I cannot make a very long speech, but I will try my best.” – Theodore Roosevelt

“I do remember once my father coming home with a black eye from voting.” – Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, speaking of his father Will

- ◆ Marian Shannon born California
- ◆ Esther Nelson born California
- ◆ Titanic Sinks
- ◆ Robert Scott Reaches the South Pole
- ◆ U.S. Government Attempts to Curb Violence in the Media
- ◆ Theodore Roosevelt forms the “Bull Moose” Party, Shot in Milwaukee

By 1912, railroads had become ascendant as a means of domestic travel and transportation of goods, gradually displacing water transport via keel boats, barges, canal boats, and steamships, which were completely out of service by the 1930s. A generation later a new wrinkle would arise, undercutting some of the railroad’s business: By the late 1930s, “big rig” trucks began rolling.

Getting back to the year at hand, Theodore Shannon’s sister Marian Adele Shannon was born on January 7th. It had been only six months since “Girlie” had died as a result of the snake bite. That means that Gertie was already three months pregnant with Marian when Girlie died. “He was so glad we had a baby girl,” Gertie said of her husband Will. And Theodore, Kenneth and Howard now had a sister again. Of course, nobody could *replace* Debra, although having Marian in the household was doubtless quite a comfort to the family.



Esther Sylvia Nelson was also born this year, on January 23rd, to Jeremiah Bliss Nelson and Emma Laura (Silva) Nelson in Samoa, California, near Eureka. Esther, an eleventh generation Mayflower descendant, would marry Theodore Shannon nineteen years later.

Some records indicate that Esther’s middle name was Silva or Silvia, rather than Sylvia. Either way would make sense--Sylvia is a common

feminine name, and Silva was Esther's mother's maiden name. As has been mentioned elsewhere, it was very common in those days to give a baby the mother's maiden name as a middle name. Some other examples in the extended family where maiden names were used in this way include Esther's father (Bliss), Esther's grandfather (Raymond), and John Huddleston and Laura (Lee) Huddleston's daughter Anna Lee Huddleston.

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Fourteen years earlier, in 1898, Morgan Robertson had written a novel about a new, supposedly unsinkable, eight hundred foot ocean liner named *Titan* which--in the novel--sank in the Atlantic on its maiden voyage after hitting an iceberg in April.

The supposedly unsinkable 882-foot double-hulled ship *The Titanic*, on its maiden voyage, struck an iceberg late on April 14th, 1912, and sank a little after midnight the next day, on that fateful date which is still dreaded by taxpayers (the Federal income tax was introduced the following year, in 1913).

As has been the case in so many other disasters down through the ages, warnings had been given, but had gone unheeded. Many reports of icebergs had been made to the *Titanic* by other vessels. When the ship's wireless officer received a message from another ship saying, "Much heavy pack ice and great numbers of large icebergs," two factors prevented his quickly relaying this message to the bridge: The large volume of warnings already received, diminishing the impact of yet another report, and the fact that he didn't realize that the ship giving the warning was directly ahead of them.

By the time the forty-to-fifty foot high iceberg was spotted, it was too late to avoid contact. Although the helmsman had already begun steering away from the iceberg at the time of impact, the glancing blow ripped a hundred-yard-long gash below the waterline. The immediate effect on the passengers of the gash thus created differed depending on where on the ship the passengers were located: For those in first class, who were situated higher up than the other passengers, they saw the iceberg through their windows; the portals of those below them, in second class, were broken by the ice; those in steerage, although not seeing what had caused it, felt the full force of the collision.

A first was achieved, in that the distress signal SOS had never been sent out before. It was now—multiple times, in fact. The *Californian* was only five minutes away, but had turned off its radio for the night, and so did not hear the distress calls. The captain *did* see the signal rockets that the *Titanic* sent up, but assumed they were simply a manifestation of rambunctious revelry.

Contact between ship and iceberg lasted only ten seconds; a little more than two hours later, the unsinkable super liner was at the bottom of the watery deep.

One thousand five hundred thirteen people perished as the ship disappeared beneath the ocean's surface. Acts of heroism found their counterpoint in acts of cowardice, as some men dressed up as women so as to be able to secure a berth on a lifeboat (early on, it was realized that there would be no room on the lifeboats for most of the men). Although the White Star Line had accepted 2,207 passengers aboard, the *Titanic* was equipped with only enough lifeboats to carry 1,178 people.

Through it all, the ship's band played on. Their final performance started out with ragtime tunes, but concluded with hymns. The *Carnpathia* arrived and rescued hundreds from the lifeboats.

In response to the tragedy, the following rules were subsequently instituted for international ships:

- ◆ Each ship was to carry enough lifeboats for all passengers
 - ◆ Ships must maintain a round-the-clock radio watch

Additionally, the International Ice Patrol was established, to warn ships of icebergs in North Atlantic shipping lanes.

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Explorer Robert Scott, enjoying more success than the Titanic, steered clear of icebergs and reached the South Pole this year.

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In an attempt to reduce the portrayal of violence in the media, the U.S. government this year prohibited movies and photographs of boxing matches, but stopped short of banning the “sport” itself.

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Theodore Roosevelt, unhappy with the way things were going in the Republican Party, formed a new, more dynamic version of the party called the Progressive, or "Bull Moose" Party. This party was founded by Republicans who were opposed to the re-election of President William Taft, a man whom Roosevelt had chosen and groomed as his successor, but who had proved a disappointment to them. Teddy the Trust-buster was unable to fulfill his ambitions for another run at the Presidential post, despite gamely following through with his scheduled speech while on the campaign trail in Milwaukee after being shot there by a would-be assassin on October 14th.

The upshot of the effect Roosevelt had on the Presidential race was that he indeed proved a spoiler to Taft. However, by means of the split between the "old" Republicans and the "new" Republicans ("Progressives"), he inadvertently contributed to the election of the

Democrat Woodrow Wilson. This was a bitter pill to swallow for Roosevelt, who subsequently refused to run as a Progressive in 1916.

Also on the Presidential ballot that year, besides incumbent Taft, former President Roosevelt, and future President Wilson, was labor leader Eugene Debs, representing the Socialist ticket. Like Henry Clay and William Jennings Bryan previously, and Ralph Nader later, Debs would run for President many times, but never win. As pie-in-the-sky as such a bid may seem from our current vantage point, it may surprise many to know that at that time between four hundred and five hundred socialists held political office in the United States.

1913

No Dam, Taxes, and Pavement

"There is no lack of water here, unless you try to establish a city where no city should be." – Edward Abbey, writing of the American West

"Be thankful we're not getting all the government we're paying for." -- Will Rogers

"These temple-destroyers, devotees of ravaging commercialism, seem to have a perfect contempt for Nature, and instead of lifting their eyes to the God of the mountains, lift them to the Almighty Dollar. Dam Hetch Hetchy! As well dam for water-tanks the people's cathedrals and churches, for no holier temple has ever been consecrated by the heart of man." – John Muir

"The Tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing that stands in the way." -- William Blake

- ◆ Federal Income Tax Introduced
- ◆ Hetch Hetchy is Dammed
- ◆ First Coast-to-Coast Paved Road in the U.S.
- ◆ “Moses” dies
- ◆ Refrigerator Invented
- ◆ Japan Considers Declaring War on California

The Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution was instituted on February 25th. This (income tax law) would soon affect Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, as he would begin working full-time two years later at the age of thirteen.



John Muir attempted to save the Hetch Hetchy Valley from being dammed. Muir claimed its beauty rivaled that of his beloved neighboring Yosemite Valley. In “A Backward Glance at Eighty,” Charles Murdock relates an experience he had. Speaking of Muir, he wrote:

Late in life he was shocked at what he considered the desecration of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley by the city of San Francisco, which sought to dam it and form a great lake that should forever furnish a supply of water and power. He came to my office to supervise the publication of the Sierra Club Bulletin, and we had a spirited but friendly discussion of the matter, I being much interested as a supervisor of the city. As a climax he exclaimed, “Why, if San Francisco ever gets the Hetch-Hetchy I shall swear, even if I am in heaven.”

Muir did all in his power to prevent the project from proceeding. But in this battle Muir—and all of us, really—lost. The city of San Francisco “needed” the water supply. Many other water sources came under consideration for this purpose, including the South Eel River in Humboldt County (near where Theodore Roosevelt Shannon lived at the time) and the Mokelumne River (where his son Theodore Russell Shannon would later live). But when Woodrow Wilson signed the Raker Act, it sealed the valley’s fate. The Hetch Hetchy dam came to be, and the magnificently majestic valley was buried under water. May we all see it—drained—some day.

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The construction of the first paved road traversing the entire breadth of the United States, the Lincoln Highway, was completed this year. Henceforth, traveling from one end of the country to the other would be much less arduous.

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In a related vein (as Abraham Lincoln is most often thought of in reference to emancipation of the slaves), a frequent traveler on a different sort of road, the Underground Railroad, died this year. The woman born Marinta Ross, who became Harriet “Moses” Tubman, died on March 10th in Auburn, New York at the age of ninety-one. After escaping slavery, “Moses” had courageously made several forays back into the south, ultimately leading dozens of former slaves (relatives, friends, and friends of friends) to “the promised land” of the northern states and Canada.

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Before the invention of the electric refrigerator, people had ice boxes in their homes. Once or twice a week the ice man would make deliveries. The drip pan underneath the ice box which held the melted water had to be emptied on a daily basis. The ice box kept the food cold; if you wanted a piece of ice in a beverage, you had to chip it off the ice block with an ice pick. In 1918 the Frigidaire model first hit the scene; it wasn’t until 1930, though, that prices had dropped enough for refrigerators to become affordable for the average family.

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At one time, the Japanese had called the United States “Dai On Jin,” meaning “The land of the great friendly people.” Things had changed, though. As a result of this year’s “Keep California White!” campaign, some in Japan suggested that their nation declare war, not on the U.S.

as a whole, but on the state of California only. Earlier in the century, the *entire* United States was in danger of becoming embroiled in a war with Japan.

Which side “started it,” as with most such conflicts, is a chicken-and-egg conundrum. A little background information: Japan had defeated China in a war in 1894. A decade later, Japan became involved in a war with Russia. Theodore Roosevelt became the first American to win a Nobel Prize, for his role in helping to end that war. On the heels of that cessation of hostilities, though, Japan and America considered a military confrontation with each other.

The anti-Japanese sentiment in California reached fever pitch at that time, and an attempt was made in the state to segregate all Japanese students in the public schools. The jingoistic feelings of Californians became so heated that a catch-all coordinating organization called “The Associated Anti-Japanese League” was formed. Although seeming embarrassingly crude and even ludicrous now, this confederation even included a member group called the “Anti-Jap Laundry League.” The tension between the two countries became so taut that in 1905 the Navy and Army staffs of both countries had drawn up plans for a possible conflict.

Although an uneasy “truce” followed, suspicion of Japanese-Americans would resurface in 1942.

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